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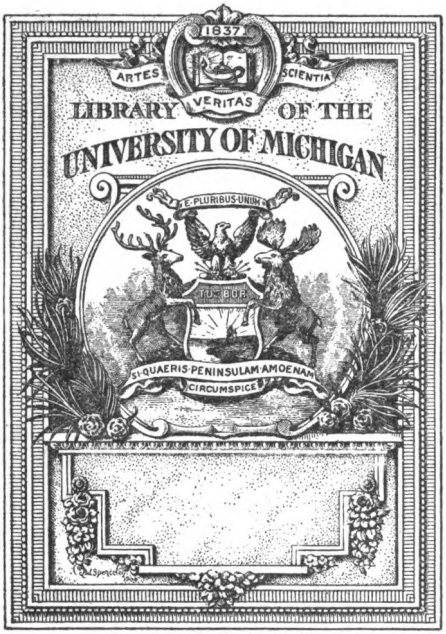

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J. Beck

MORNINGS OF THE RECESS.

VOL. II.

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MORNINGS OF THE RECESS.

1861—64.

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A SERIES OF

BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY PAPERS.

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LORD LYNDHURST.

LORD LYNDHURST died a few minutes before three o'clock on the morning of October 12, 1863, in the 92nd year of his age, at his house in George-street, Hanover-square; and, for all the duration of his public life, of no one of equal eminence can it be said, that so little has been written, and so little is known. John Singleton Copley, Baron Lyndhurst, of Lyndhurst, in the county of Hants, was the only son who grew up to manhood of John Singleton Copley, the distinguished painter, portrayer, among other historical works, of the well-known death-scene of Lord Chatham, now in the possession of the nation, and of the death of the gallant Major Pierson, which the nation ought to possess, if it comes to the hammer of the auctioneer. The artist himself was a native of Boston, in America, whither his father had emigrated from Ireland, and where he was himself residing when his son, the future Chancellor, was born, so long ago as the 21st of May, 1772—so early, therefore, that the latter was a native of the United

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Provinces while they were still an integral part of the British Empire. The year following the birth of Lord Lyndhurst was memorable for the "Tea Riots," an important stage in the alienation of our North American colonies, and by which the inhabitants of his native town signalised their determination to resist their external as well as internal taxation by the mother country. Some three years earlier the riots had occurred which are popularly known as "The Boston Massacre," and in which several lives were lost in a collision with the military; yet with neither of these occasions can the incident be connected, which is popularly told of Lord Lyndhurst's infancy, that when a child in arms he was held up at a window to save the house, in which he then was, from an attack by the excited populace. There was, till it was sold on his decease, to be seen in his house in George-street, Hanover-square, a family-picture painted by his father, in which Lord Lyndhurst is represented as an infant in his mother's arms; and this picture, which may, perhaps, have suggested the story, was probably painted before his father's departure for England, whither it is said that, like many other loyalists, he came, bringing with him his wife and children, in 1774, two years before the Declaration of Independence. From this time the painter resided in this country, and died in 1815, at his residence in George-street, Hanover-square, London, in the house since occupied by his more distinguished son. He himself was only privileged to see the latter on the threshold of that success

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which he afterwards achieved; but his wife, who lived to an advanced age, was more happy, and she was scarcely ever separated from the son, in whose great fortunes she rejoiced, until her own death in 1836. Her longevity was an evidence of that vigorous constitution which her children inherited and have since displayed in common, Lord Lyndhurst and his sisters having been exempted in no ordinary degree from the inroads of age and the feebleness of decaying nature.

Young Copley, afterwards Lord Lyndhurst (according to his statement in the House of Lords in March, 1859), was originally destined for his father's profession, and for some time attended the lectures of Reynolds and Barry. Otherwise, he received his earliest education in this country from a private tutor, until, at the age of nineteen, he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he greatly distinguished himself by his proficiency in mathematics, becoming second Wrangler. He took his A.B. in 1794, and his A.M. in 1797, and, between these two dates, he obtained an opportunity, through his connexion with the University, to visit his native soil, now alienated from Great Britain. How ancient even his earlier manhood appears, when we state that he was accompanied on his tour through the United States by Volney, the well-known author of the 'Ruins of Empires,' and that he visited Washington and passed a week at Mount Vernon. It is said that his own sympathies at this time were identified with the institutions recently developed in America, and

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that he expressed them somewhat liberally in the letter or essay which is customarily written under such circumstances to the University authorities. But against this story there is the counter tradition that the essay in question was written by Legh Richmond, who accommodated himself, at his friend's request, to that friend's idleness or indifference. J. S. Copley was, at all events, in due time elected a Fellow of his College, and had thus the means of acquiring those tastes, and forming those friendships, to which he adhered so tenaciously throughout his after life. At this date he also developed his natural taste for practical chemistry and mechanics, in both which branches of science he was afterwards accounted an adept. "Towards the close of a longer public life than usually falls to the lot of any man, we find him," says a writer in the 'Law Magazine and Review,' "fixing the date of an event by his recollecting that it occurred at the time when he was reading the 'Principia.'" So keen was the ardour with which he applied himself to science, and so definite was the space which his acquisitions, with their incidental circumstances, occupied in the capacious storehouse of his memory.

From Cambridge, if we follow him to London, we find that he was called to the bar by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn on the 8th of June, 1804; but before this he had been thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of special pleading by the noted Tidd, who lived to see four of his pupils sitting together in the House of Lords—viz., Lord

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Lyndhurst, Lord Denman, Lord Cottenham, and Lord Campbell, and through whom the last-mentioned celebrity, in his 'Life of Lord Thurlow,' deduces his own descent from Tom Warren, the great founder of the special-pleading race, a race now going out of favour, and probably doomed to a speedy extinction. After Mr. Copley's call to the bar he went the Midland Circuit, then graced by a Romilly and a Percival, and where he himself in a reasonable time obtained a position, which appeared to warrant him in 1813 assuming the coif. The rings which he presented on that occasion bore the motto "*studiis vigilare severis*," which was appropriate to the severe training he had undergone. But although by that training, added to the force and lucidity of his intellect, he had obtained a considerable reputation on circuit, it was not till the year 1817 that he succeeded in attracting the public attention. In this very year he had distinguished himself greatly in professional circles by his conduct of a well-known trial respecting a lace patent, in which Mr. Heathcote, the Member for Tiverton, was interested. Here his scientific acquirements had come into play, for he had so previously studied the principles of the invention, and made himself so thoroughly acquainted with the working of the machines, that, to the astonishment of some who were present at the trial, and at least to the admiration of all who heard him, he explained the whole nature of the process to the Court. His performance on this occasion was, of its class, so masterly, that it doubtless assisted

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to make his forensic reputation; but the trial which brought him more conspicuously before the public was identified with the public policy of the country, when he appeared, on the occasion referred to by Lord Campbell, as counsel, in conjunction with Sir Charles Wetherell, for James Watson the elder, who was indicted for high treason in 1817.

The report of this trial is contained in Howell's 'State Trials,' where the reader will find ample evidence of the skill with which Serjeant Copley could lead or cross-examine a witness, as also of his power to convince a jury by clear and logical arguments. There also is evidence of that equable temper which never lost a point by passion or intemperance, of that courtesy to the bar and bench which he could so gracefully exhibit, and of that just appreciation of the precise limits beyond which it would have been imprudent to press his case. He had not perhaps on the whole such a difficult task to obtain an acquittal for his client, for he had the notorious Castles to deal with as principal witness, and the means of covering that rascal with discredit were superabundant. But the manner in which he laid out the case to the jury, and especially in which he put the law applicable to the crime of treason, was really worthy of a more difficult occasion, and warranted the admiration of discerning critics. Lord Campbell, in his 'Life of Lord Ellenborough,' says that Lord Castlereagh was sitting on the bench during the trial, and he adds the statement, which Lord Lyndhurst

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resented—viz., that Lord Castlereagh, expressing great admiration of Mr. Serjeant Copley's Republican eloquence, is said to have added, "I will set my *rat-trap* for him, baited with *Cheshire cheese.*" This anecdote was probably a joke of circuit invention, but it had just this basis of actual fact, that Mr. Serjeant Copley in the year following (1818) was made by the Government Chief Justice of Chester.

Shortly before this time it is said he had discarded as an encumbrance the ultra-Liberal opinions, with which it is alleged he entered life. Again and again was this charge brought against him throughout his career; again and again did Lord Lyndhurst resent it in terms from which we may infer either that it was overstated, or that the allegation with its innuendoes nipped him too closely. He was certainly not open to graver imputations in this respect than many other statesmen of acknowledged worth and probity; but his sensitiveness, rather than the unusual gravity of the impeachment, was always an inducement for its renewal in the rivalries of party warfare. When he was Solicitor-General he was thus taunted by the Marquis of Tavistock, to whom he replied, "Why are such charges as have been hinted brought against me? I have never, before my entrance into this House, belonged to any political society, nor have I in any way been connected with politics." To which assertion of a position usually recognised by the House, Mr. Scarlett, nevertheless, persisted in retorting his change of "*opinions.*"

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When Earl Grey ventured to remind him that he (then being Lord Lyndhurst) had at one period of his life been favourable to a measure of Parliamentary Reform, he replied emphatically, "*Never!*" and when, in the debate on the Municipal Corporation Bill, his own phrase was turned against him, and he was charged by Lord Lansdowne with having been himself "a Whig, and something more than a Whig," he instantly challenged the noble marquis to point out any speech or act which could justify the application of such language to him. In short, on all those occasions it would appear that he was pressed in this direction further than Parliamentary usage would warrant, and probably further than any known facts would justify.

There is no doubt that, from the date referred to, his habitual *discretion* restrained the more vague aspirations of his youth, and opened to him the path of an honourable preferment. As another version, apparently, of the story given by Lord Campbell, it was rumoured, as a writer in the 'Law Review' states, that Lord Castlereagh was present at his argument in the cause of "Thorpe *v.* the Governor of Upper Canada," and was struck by the discretion with which he opposed the disclosure of certain official documents; and hence, so ran the story, Mr. Serjeant Copley attracted the notice of the Government. The writer of a recent article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' on Lord Campbell's 'Lives of the Chief Justices,' attributes his rise to another cause;—such is the conflict of forensic rumours.

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We add the statement from the writer in the 'Edinburgh Review,' because we have his assurance that it was based on information supplied by Lord Lyndhurst himself, and that it was read over to him, and declared correct, prior to publication:—"This (the Cheshire cheese joke) is an old joke, which was revived for the benefit of the late Mr. Warren, in 1819; and it was during the trial of a prosecution against the publisher of the 'Quarterly Review,' for an alleged libel on Colonel Maceroni, that Lord Lyndhurst (then Serjeant Copley) first fixed the attention of the Tory leaders as a desirable auxiliary. He conducted the defence, and the Duke of Wellington, Lord Liverpool, with other members of the Government, having been subpœnaed as witnesses, were seated on the Bench. Shortly afterwards the successful advocate was requested to call on the Prime Minister, who told him that, if he wished to come into Parliament, a seat was at his disposal, and requested him to take time to consider. The reply was an immediate acceptance, and Mr. Serjeant Copley was forthwith elected member for Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, on the nomination of Mr. Holmes. No pledge, promise, or condition of any sort was required, offered, suggested, or imposed."*

By the resignation of Mr. Maconochie (afterwards Lord Meadowbank) a seat was, at all events, found for him in the House of Commons, and he was returned as member

* 'Edinburgh Review,' No. 216, p. 456.

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for Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, on the 28th of March, 1818. On the 19th of May in the same year he delivered his first speech in the House, in opposition to Sir Samuel Romilly, on the subject of the Alien Bill, which he always supported. This speech was temperate, clear, and forcible, and called forth the eulogy of Mackintosh, who followed; yet, if we turn to 'Hansard,' vol. xxxviii. p. 821, we shall find that it nevertheless drew upon Mr. Copley some aspersions of the class with which he had all his life to contend, but which he met at the outset with a prompt and dignified assertion of his sincerity.

From this time he rendered a series of Parliamentary services, without boring the House, or incurring the imputation of officiousness; and accordingly towards the close of 1818 his career of official distinction commenced, for he was then, as we have mentioned, made Chief Justice of Chester. In the same year he exchanged his borough of Yarmouth for that of Ashburton, in Devon, which he continued to represent till the year 1826. The following year he married the first Lady Lyndhurst, whose beautiful face, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is so familiar to the collectors of engraved portraits; and during the long vacation of the same year, Sir Robert Gifford having been appointed Attorney-General in the month of July, he succeeded to the office of Solicitor-General, and subsequently received the honour of knighthood.

In his official position he exerted himself on behalf

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of the Ministry in the debate on the Address (24th and 25th of November, 1819), which arose out of the sanguinary collision at Manchester between the mob and the military. He gave a more decisive proof of his ready talents a few days later, when, on the 2nd of December, 1819, the duty was suddenly cast upon him, after he had come down to the House, to unfold the details of the "Seditious Meetings Prevention Bill." In April, 1820, a more arduous labour awaited him in the trial of Thistlewood, who had been associated with the acts of his former client, James Watson, and whom, in conjunction with Ings and others, he had now to prosecute for the notorious Cato-street conspiracy. "Throughout the whole of that remarkable occasion," says his legal critic, "which occupied the attention of the Court during a period of ten successive days, the Solicitor-General kept the long chain of evidence clearly in view; not a single link was allowed to drop, and many of the questions put by him, in cross-examination, to the witnesses for the defence had reference to remote objects, and minute though important incidents, which probably neither witness nor jury conceived to be material, until the obscurity was dispelled by his luminous reply." His reply in the case of Ings was considered particularly conclusive. In short, in this, as in the other cases, conviction properly followed, but it was made doubly safe by the unfaltering clearness with which he pressed his allegations home.

Still higher accomplishments, in a forensic sense, were

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displayed by him on a more famous trial—that of Queen Caroline before the Peers (which commenced on the 17th of August, 1820)—and in which, by the moderation and dignity of his demeanour, added to his tact and discrimination in dealing with its indelicate details, he actually exempted himself from the obloquy generally heaped upon its managers. His review and summing up of the evidence (28th October, 1820) was regarded as a grand and admirable performance. In the House of Commons at the same time, on a series of questions, he was as zealous and efficient in support of Ministerial proposals, so that his superior talents and energy enabled him practically to take the lead out of the hands of his amiable colleague, who was raised first to the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas, and then to the Mastership of the Rolls, on the death of Sir Thomas Plumer, in 1824, whereby Sir John Copley succeeded him as Attorney-General.

In this capacity Sir John Copley continued to afford considerable services to his colleagues and to the House. For the former he shaped or matured many of the measures which they agreed to introduce; and the latter, when in a state of angry altercation, arising out of an imputation cast upon Mr. Abercromby by Lord Eldon in the Court of Chancery, was effectually pacified by his interposition, and by the adroitness with which he insinuated his moderating counsels. But it must be added that so little was he of a legal reformer at this time that on two successive occasions, on April 6, 1824, and April 25, 1826, he resisted

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motions for allowing counsel to prisoners prosecuted for felony, a course which he took, with the support of Mr. Secretary Peel and others, and with the decided concurrence of the House, thus showing that his own bias was, up to this date, decidedly adverse to the required improvements in our legal procedure.

When Parliament was prorogued in July of the latter year he had so far sustained his position in the House that on the 24th of the following August he was chosen, with Lord Palmerston, to represent the University of Cambridge. In the same year Lord Gifford died, and he succeeded him in the Mastership of the Rolls, retaining his seat in the House of Commons in virtue of that exceptional arrangement which has since been attacked, and so admirably defended by Lord Macaulay. This was his status on the 6th of March, 1827, when he delivered his able and memorable speech against Catholic emancipation, and to which Canning retorted so effectually by citing his opinion as law-officer of the Crown. Canning remarked, with some appearance of justice, that, "had he been required to predict the quarter from which the attack would proceed, the quarter from which it had proceeded would have been the last he should have conjectured." He also charged Sir John Copley with not being original in his remarks. "I have met them," said he, "in print," alluding to the pamphlet of Dr. Philpotts, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, and which, having then just appeared, it is said Sir John actually held in his hand, when Mr. Lushington, or some one

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looking over his shoulder, communicated the circumstance to Canning, who thereupon made the observation reported in his speech, and further, it is said, exclaimed in the words of the song,—

> "Dear Tom, this brown jug, which now foams with mild ale,
> Was once *Toby Philpott's.*"

Yet it is stated by the editor of the speeches, from which this last point is omitted, that this brush between Mr. Canning and the Master of the Rolls did not cause the slightest diminution of the regard which subsisted between them.

A most significant proof of this was in fact afforded a few weeks afterwards. Dissensions on the Catholic claims, together with the death of Lord Liverpool, having broken up the Cabinet, and Lord Eldon having resigned for the very last time, after twenty-five years' occupancy of the woolsack, and an extended series of threatened leave-takings, Canning made an offer of the Chancellorship to Sir John Copley, with the definite intimation "*non obstante Philpotto.*" It is stated that when Lords Liverpool and Eldon were discussing his succession to the Mastership of the Rolls, while Lord Liverpool considered that his claims to that office were paramount, Lord Eldon even went so far as to add that "he goes to school in the lower form (the Rolls) to qualify him to remove into the higher, if he takes the Chancellorship." His Lordship probably found that this contingency occurred sooner than he anticipated, and certainly he had some difficulty in reconciling himself to his own surrender of that dignified office. Yet it was

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quite in due course that it should fall to the lot of Sir John Copley to succeed him as Chancellor, and Sir John, therefore, on the 20th of April, 1827, was created Baron Lyndhurst, of Lyndhurst, and very properly, "*non obstante Philpotto.*"

His transfer to the House of Lords, moreover, opened a path to that great Parliamentary position which he afterwards attained. Before he entered the House he was, comparatively speaking, nowhere. A clever and serviceable official, with a clear head and fluent tongue, though he had been nearly ten years in the House of Commons, he had not succeeded in acquiring what is as definite a privilege in that assembly as a coif or silk gown elsewhere, viz., the ear of the House. His calm and dignified elucidation of a subject in debate was better fitted to the serene temper of the Upper House; and though he did not at once obtain the reputation as Chancellor which he acquired subsequently, he very soon made himself known to the Lords as a political notability. He acted in perfect harmony with Canning until Canning's death in the following August, who, in fact, caught at Wimbledon the feverish cold which killed him, on visiting, as distinguished from his "candid," his cordial friend the Lord Chancellor. In the perplexities which beset the brief Cabinet of Lord Goderich it has been popularly asserted that Lord Lyndhurst had some share, and that he was instrumental to some extent in the Duke of Wellington's return to office. It is true that he afterwards closely allied himself with the

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Duke, that he was always thenceforth what might be termed the Duke's man; but there appears to be no further reason for charging him with undermining a Cabinet, which must have been broken up, and replaced, before long without his intervention.

The Government was now substantially the same as Lord Liverpool's, *minus* Canning and Lord Eldon; and in this Government Lord Lyndhurst naturally retained his high office. He began now to be considerable as a statesman; for George IV. and the Duke of Wellington both took a great liking to him. By those intimately acquainted with the politics of that day it was considered quite on the cards that the King would have made him Prime Minister, if he would have continued to resist the Catholic claims, but he faithfully followed the Duke in recognising that the time for conceding them could not be deferred. He was exposed to some acrimonious abuse in consequence, and a charge of inconsistency is still sustained against him, on a comparison of his speeches of the 10th of June, 1828, and the 3rd of April, 1829, but which the passages relied on hardly warrant. He at all events, like the Duke of Wellington, outlived the imputation or its consequences, while he never incurred the amount of rancour displayed against Sir Robert Peel. He went down to Windsor, as stated in the latter's memoirs, with Peel and the Duke on that memorable occasion when the King, having taken sudden alarm at the proposed Catholic Relief Bill, "took leave of us with great composure and great kindness, gave

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to each of us a salute on each cheek, and accepted our resignation of office;" whereupon the trio thus distinguished returned (as Peel thinks to Lord Bathurst's, where there was a Cabinet dinner party) to announce their resignation to their astonished colleagues; whereupon the farce was concluded by a letter from the King on the same evening, desiring them to withdraw their resignations, and proceed with their measures.

The discussion of these measures naturally gave Lord Lyndhurst great opportunities of distinguishing himself in the House of Lords, and he made much way there in consequence. As a member of the Ministry in that House, he also applied himself to devising various measures for the despatch of public business, and he was introducing—so as to obtain general acceptance and a high eulogium from his *quondam* friend Lord Eldon—a Regency Bill to provide for the contingency of the Crown descending to the Princess Victoria before she was eighteen. This was on the 15th of November, 1830, the very night on which Sir Henry Parnell's motion in the Commons for a committee upon the Civil List occasioned such a division as led to the instant resignation of the Cabinet. We ought not, however, to pass this stage of his Lordship's career without mentioning the charge which was brought against him, of corruption in the distribution of political offices, and for which the defendants in an action of libel were very properly convicted. Those who are curious as to the particulars will find them in 'The Times' for the 30th of June,

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1829, and in "Rex *v.* Gutch" (Fisher and Alexander, Moody and Malk., Rep. p. 433), together with 'The Times' for the 23rd of December, 1829.

When Lord Grey succeeded to the Premiership—probably from a desire to save the pension of a Chancellor, his Ministry being a Government of retrenchment—he offered or accepted an arrangement by which Lord Lyndhurst was made Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in the room of Chief Baron Alexander, but with a complete understanding that his party connexion remained unimpaired. Lord Lyndhurst discharged the duties of the latter office down to November, 1834, when he again for a short term held the Great Seal, which was resigned by Lord Brougham on the 21st of that month. During the interval of his Chief Baronship he developed his high judicial powers, or rather he had fuller opportunities and a longer term for their exercise. It was during this interval that he delivered that great judgment on the colossal case of "Small *v.* Attwood," which elicited the admiration of the whole legal profession, and which he subsequently vindicated on appeal in the House of Lords, where the scale was turned against him by the vote of Lord Devon. The dimensions of the case may be inferred from the time its repeated argument occupied. For twenty-one days it was argued in the Court of Exchequer, commencing on the 21st of November, 1831; while Lord Lyndhurst did not deliver his judgment till the 1st of November, 1832,—till he had had the opportunity of deliberating on the case

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for nearly an entire year. The first argument before the Lords lasted sixteen, and the second thirty days. The mass of papers, printed and written, was so enormous in bulk, that Lord Brougham remarked that he had been furnished with copies of the arguments used in the House of Lords alone amounting to about 10,000 brief-sheets. Through this tangled mass, of disputed facts and of representations, the purport of which was in issue, of minute and intricate details of transactions and accounts, Lord Lyndhurst on each occasion proceeded with apparent ease, diffusing light and bringing into order the chaos he encountered. His vast effort has, in fact, become one of the traditional glories of the judicial bench, while the serenity with which he submitted to the reversal of his decree, while adhering to his original opinion, befitted the altitudes whence such efforts are occasionally expected, and the predominance of pure intellect, from which only they can proceed.

He proved, in short, eminently in this as in other instances that nature had endowed him with the highest qualities of the judicial mind; and it is not an unwarrantable presumption that, had he confined himself to the judicial sphere, he might have rivalled the fame of Lord Mansfield, or any other extraordinary reputation of the Bench. But during the same interval in which he was thus displaying his legal grasp he was keenly alive to political interests, and was sustaining his position as a politician in the House of Lords. With the crisis of the

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Reform Bill he rose to the full height of the occasion; and on the second reading of the second Bill, when the morning sun broke on that assembly in its memorable agony, he was to be seen wrestling hard with Earl Grey against a victory, which was barely assured to the Minister even then. Without undue fervour or inflated eloquence, he so completely represented his party on that occasion, that from that time he became their spokesman in the House of Lords, and almost divided their leadership with the Duke of Wellington. A month or two later, when those members of his party, whom "he would not say had deserted, but had *departed* from their ranks," returned to their allegiance in a species of panic, and when with the aid of these celebrated "Waverers," as they were designated at the time, a resistance was again organised to the most dreaded provisions of the Bill, Lord Lyndhurst, to use the phrase of Miss Martineau, was "the active spirit of the whole transaction;" he proposed in Committee the resolutions for the postponement of the disfranchising clauses, the success of which led to the resignation of Earl Grey and his colleagues; and he himself, in the interregnum which followed, actively seconded the efforts of the Duke to form a Tory Ministry, and would have taken his place in it without passion, but without fear, in the face of the contingencies which then menaced the country.

It may be gathered from the Ministerial explanations of May 17, which followed the Duke's failure to constitute

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this Ministry, not only that Lord Lyndhurst was in the first instance sent for by His Majesty, as, perhaps, his having moved the resolutions warranted, but also that his advice and assistance had been required with much urgency. This is one of many proofs still more decided that he had obtained the confidence of William as of George IV., and was relied on as the King's counsellor in difficult emergencies. Had it rested with him at this moment, the country might have seen the course of its history somewhat modified; more revolutionary or more moderate counsels might have prevailed, and he might have stemmed the tide or been swept away by its surges. But some, who had recklessness enough to encourage him in his enterprise, had not the resolution to carry him through; and some, like Sir Robert Peel, as persistently quailed and held back. The Reform Bill thus passed almost unmitigated, and the new elections on the Bill reduced the Tories of the House of Commons to a remnant. But even that remnant, as well as the Tories generally, were henceforth divided into two sets—those who followed and looked up to Peel, and those who conceived that Peel's want of courage had lost them, and who considered that they had found in Lyndhurst the true qualities of a leader.

This division, and the coldness which consequently sprung up between Peel and Lyndhurst, was, however, better known in close party coteries than it was then, or has since been, notorious to the world. From this time

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Lord Lyndhurst contented himself for a season with labours more consonant with his judicial position; he stated the principle of the Limitation of Actions Bill, pressed on various occasions his objections to the Local Jurisdiction Bill of the Lord Chancellor, on the last cited occasion nipping his Lordship most sharply and effectually; and he also pushed forward a Bill for settling the litigation which arose out of the absurdly pretentious Will of Mr. Thellusson. But, although for some years he relaxed his party efforts in the House of Lords, he was still the preferred counsellor of the Duke of Wellington; while the King was frequently in communication with him and the Duke through the agency of those who were his natural confidants and intermediaries. Sir Robert Peel in the mean time, with his diminished following, was barely allowed to sit as leader of the Opposition, and his importance was hardly recognised with any unanimity by his party, till the blunders of the Whigs broke up their Government in 1834. On that occasion Sir Robert was found to be quite indispensable; but Sir Robert was only to be had at his own price, and that price, it has been said in a work of fiction more authentic than most history, he had sufficiently indicated "when he declared to his late colleagues, after the overthrow of 1830, that he would never again accept a *secondary* position in office." The party who carried the Reform Bill, and who in consequence governed the nation for the ten years that succeeded, had their Prime Ministers in the Lords; but the

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Duke accommodated himself to Peel's requirements, by gracefully professing to regard it as essential that the Prime Minister should be in the House of Commons. Thus Peel was sent for by the King, at the Duke's suggestion, from Rome, "to put himself at the head of the Administration of the country," and for the mean time the Duke administered all the departments of State, with the exception of the Great Seal, for which it was intimated to Sir Robert Peel in the letter of the King that His Majesty had named Lord Lyndhurst the First Commissioner. Thus it may be said to have been implied as a condition of Peel's Premiership, and perhaps it was not superfluously made a condition, that Lord Lyndhurst should be accepted by him as his Lord Chancellor.

For the second time, therefore, Lord Lyndhurst held the seals of this high office, but the Government of which he was a member was on this occasion shortlived; and, as the arena of conflict was the House of Commons, there was little exercise for his political abilities, nor was his political deportment distinguishable from that of his colleagues. When the Ministry were left in a minority on the Irish Church they resigned, and Peel and Lyndhurst went out together; but from this point there was a marked divergence in their political courses. On the resignation of the Ministry, being already relieved from his judicial duties in the Exchequer, Lord Lyndhurst devoted his energies to fight the battle of his party, while Sir Robert hung back, or fought slothfully and reluctantly.

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The occasion which more particularly distinguished and separated them was the following:—When the Whigs came back to office they had to propitiate their supporters with a great Liberal measure, and so introduced their Municipal Corporations Bill. To this Bill Peel, in the Commons, made a timid and feeble resistance; while Lyndhurst, when it came to the Lords, put out all his strength to oppose it. He urged upon the Duke of Wellington that Peel had been playing a mistaken game; that, if this Bill passed, the great strongholds of their party would be lost; and the Duke, influenced by Lord Lyndhurst, and dissatisfied with Peel, pledged himself to stand by the former in his meditated resistance. Thereupon Lord Lyndhurst planned his famous campaign against the Bill. The Duke, sitting by him, rallied the Tories in the House of Lords; and, with an energy and ability which won the admiration even of his opponents, Lord Lyndhurst succeeded in carrying amendments against the measure, which, according to Lords Melbourne and Brougham, went to its root and foundation. Lord Melbourne was consequently on the point of resigning; His Majesty was communicating with Lord Lyndhurst and others, but principally with Lord Lyndhurst, through the intermediaries to whom we have alluded; and Lord Lyndhurst was, in short, in the position of a man, who had not only made a considerable stride, but who by his courage and success had passed all competition, and become the virtual leader of his party in the House of Lords. That there may be

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no mistake on this unknown and most secret phase of history, it is in our power to mention some remarkable circumstances. While the Melbourne Ministry was tottering, and Sir Robert Peel was simultaneously silent in the House of Commons, or sulking at Drayton Manor, His Majesty, not liking to ask the Duke a second time, directly appealed to Lord Lyndhurst to take the reins, if Peel refused. The high courage and self-confidence of Lord Lyndhurst could only admit of one answer. He accepted His Majesty's expression of his desire as an injunction, and the terms on which he was to assume the Premiership were as formally arranged as such terms ever are. He was to have twelve seats placed at his disposal in the Commons, for young aspirants of his party capable of rendering him service in debate. Those who were to occupy them were indicated wholly or in part, and our readers will learn a remarkable proof of his Lordship's discrimination, when we mention that the first on the list was Mr. Disraeli, then a young man, not yet recognised by the public as a statesman; another was Sir Frederick Thesiger; and a third Mr. Bickham Escott. At the suggestion of the King himself, Lord Lyndhurst was to have had an earldom, and, with the title of "Earl Copley," was to have led the ranks of the reaction, and to have dictated the policy which the country was now evidently preparing to receive from a Conservative Minister.

This plan, as the readers of history know, was not

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carried out, but they are little aware how nearly it came to the point of supplanting the history with which they are so familiar. When the Lords' amendments on the Municipal Reform Bill, admitted by its authors to have been destructive of its principles, came down to the House of Commons, the question arose, What would Peel do? for on this subject he had never communicated either with Lord Lyndhurst or the Duke of Wellington. Lord John Russell said he would never assent to certain of the amendments; and Peel "craned" in face of the leap he was expected to take, and was complimented by Joseph Hume on his concessions. In short, as any one, who follows the reports of that Session, will see (and that Session lasted well into the month of September), Sir Robert Peel, insisting on "his own right of private judgment," threw over the old Tories, and it was in consequence impossible for them to stand to their guns. The Duke was greatly disgusted with Peel's conduct, and Lord Lyndhurst was quite estranged from him; so much so that for two or three years it was thought impossible that they could sit in the same Cabinet. On the other hand, the Duke of Wellington assured Lord Lyndhurst, that he would never himself take office without him. In consequence of this, Peel *alone* was for a time contemplated as a possible Premier, but Peel's manœuvres had fixed the Whigs in office for several years. So protracted was the rupture between him and Lord Lyndhurst, that, so late as the contested election for the High Stewardship of

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Cambridge, in 1840, when the younger generation of Peelites and High Churchmen supported Lord Lyttelton, it was thought that Peel himself would have countenanced their endeavours. But Lord Lyndhurst, who had been throwing his whole energies into political life, who had been delivering his famous Sessional summaries, and who had become the life and soul of his party, had grown very alarmingly great in the interim, and Peel took the opportunity to make approaches, and to express his disgust at his Lordship's harsh treatment by his followers. Thus the breach was healed in time for the return to power of the Conservatives in 1841, when Lord Lyndhurst and Peel again sate in the same Cabinet, the former, with the fortune of a legal Whittington, being for the third time Lord Chancellor of Great Britain.

He remained, as the world knows, a member of that Cabinet till the dissolution of the Conservative party and the retirement of Sir Robert Peel in 1846; and, during that interval, as M. Guizot observes, he was instrumental in promoting many legal reforms of importance. We shall not pursue his history during this interval; in fact, obliged from considerations of space to make our election, we have already slurred it from 1835, since when the recollections of the present generation will better supply unavoidable omissions. We may point to, as passages thus untouched, but still of very considerable interest, the famous encounter between him and Lord Melbourne, on the 26th of February, 1838; his attack on the appoint-

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ment of Lord Ebrington to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, on the 28th of February, 1839; and the controversy with respect to his own phrase of "aliens," which called forth the fine declamation of Sheil, and which was referred to also in the debate last mentioned, but of which he himself denied the imputed signification. A variety of subjects might be here mentioned, on which, after his official career was closed, his great capacities were exercised with advantage to his country. The Irish Leasehold Tenure of Lands, the Registration of Assurances, the privileges and procedure of the House of Lords, the Judicial Proceedings in Lunacy, the case of the Baron de Bode, and the great case commonly known as the "Bridgewater case," were the subjects of his less appreciated labours. Again and again he pleaded for the removal of Jewish disabilities. On the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, while vindicating his whole conduct towards the Roman Catholics, he warned the Peers against the aggressive designs of the Romish Church; and, when his country was battling for the balance of power against aggressive Absolutism and its menacing hordes, his voice was solemnly raised upon divers occasions to proclaim the sympathies, and assert the principles of the greatest surviving citizen of a free State, purged now from all taint of personal ambition, and blessing patriarchally the cause of human liberty.

In his latter years, indeed, struggling with infirmities, which neither eclipsed his intellect, nor chilled his aspira-

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tions, he was a grand and stately spectacle to listening senates, and there were moments when his voice startled the diplomacy of Europe, while its accents thrilled and exalted its immediate auditors. To the House of Peers, and to the humblest even of his fellow-citizens, he was the "old man eloquent," who had no longer any interest, any hope, or any care but the maintenance of his order and the good of his countrymen. He put away ambition from the hour when he declined to take a place in the first Cabinet of Lord Derby, though he gave that nobleman his warm and efficient support during the short intervals of his two administrations. From the fall of the former of these to his own decease he was absolved from the ordinary obligations of party, though he retained the attachments which arose out of its connexion. By common consent he thenceforth ascended to a more than judicial eminence and elevation; like the old Athenians cherished in the Prytaneium, he enjoyed at his option the liberty of repose; but his gratuitous energy and his public services surrounded him with an ever-glowing interest. He was still presently and promptly active, while, in virtue of half a century's labours, he had entered already on that inheritance of fame which the greatest men commonly obtain only from posterity.

Of his oratory, as we have said, it was more than usually adapted to the assembly in which it was principally displayed. It was chaste and dignified; it might almost be termed cold, so correctly elegant was the structure of its

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sentences, and so free was it from metaphor, exaggeration, and ornament. Such was its accuracy and concinnity of expression, you might have printed it as it came from his lips, and you could scarcely have improved it. In the statement of a case, therefore, it has probably never been surpassed. It was, nevertheless, eloquence, for it was high-reaching and sustained; but it was lucid rather than brilliant, and, though searching, it was not electrical. It was the eloquence rather of a great pleader than of a great orator who carries away violently the sympathies of his audience; and, inasmuch as it was better adapted than Lord Brougham's for the House of Lords, it was less adapted for, and it proved less successful in, the House of Commons. But in the Upper Assembly, through the medium of a marvellous voice and an articulation which was distinct and melodious without appearance of effort, a spell was cast which will long be remembered, and the precise equivalent of which may never be heard again.

It is singular, indeed, that his greatest efforts in that assembly, his famous sessional reviews, at first fell coldly on his fastidious audience. The idea of his first summary, suggested to him by Mr. Disraeli, then acting in amateur as his private secretary, was seized upon by his keen perception as the right thing at the right moment. It was, in fact, the first body blow, and was electrical in the country, though it was not in the first instance so effective in the House. This was one of many proofs of that unrivalled judgment which never stumbled at a crisis, which

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clearly perceived both its own object and its means, and which staked its gage boldly in the confidence of a prudent venture. No man under heaven could be more resolute and courageous, yet none could be more thoroughly inclined to conciliate, for he had a sweet and even temper, and was incapable of rancour. In this respect, as in many others, he resembled Lord Palmerston—that he would take office with his oldest enemy without a semblance of antipathy. For, with a fearless spirit, he was flexible in disposition—flexible to an extent which is almost unprecedented in a man, who throughout his public life held substantially the same principles, and to the end of that life was sensitive and solicitous for his honour.

To this last-mentioned subject, the source of his solicitude, we are bound to advert equally without malice or favour. One with whom he crossed swords, and who therefore watched him closely, but whose name we are not at liberty to mention, acquits him spontaneously of the scandalous imputation so incessantly made against him in the heats of party warfare. "No man," he believes, "to have been more free from corrupt motives, or to have acted more independently of sordid influences." And this testimony may fairly be cited in his behalf. The reputation of the man may have suffered from the *abandon* of the pleasant companion; his motives may have been questioned because his manners were free, and his sincerity may have been doubted because his affections were unexcitable. The equableness of his temperament may have concealed

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the true friend, and the lightness of his deportment may have hidden the steadfast statesman. His brow of Olympian Jove was combined with weak facial proportions, and he may have had temptations to resist and lax tendencies to conquer. But we are not aware that there is or can be alleged any valid ground for the aspersions cast upon his character or his conduct. He was a great, free, and clear spirit, and we should be sorry to conclude upon sufficient evidence that there was any stain resting on his memory and reputation.

Lord Lyndhurst was twice married, and in the second instance to Miss Goldsmith, on the 5th of August, 1837. He had issue by both marriages, but his only surviving children are three daughters, married respectively to Mr. H. J. Selwin, Mr. Hamilton Beckett, and Mr. Charles Ducane.

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DIARY OF LADY COWPER.*

THE Lady Cowper, whose 'Diary' is now before us, was the wife of Lord Chancellor Cowper, and a Lady of the Bedchamber to Caroline Princess of Wales during a part of the reign of George I. She was originally a Miss Clavering, one of a Jacobite family in the north of England, and she became acquainted with Lord Cowper by going to his chambers to consult him on certain law business; whereupon, as she was pretty, clever, and accomplished, a toast of the Kitcat Club, and otherwise a highly attractive person, it is not surprising that Lord Cowper fell in love with her, and that they were forthwith married, though, for reasons with which we are not made acquainted, their marriage was for some time kept secret from their friends. There is a story which Lady Cowper tells of a design upon her Lord's affections carried on by Lady Harriet Vere with much assiduity and craft while his marriage with herself remained unknown; and the tenour

* 'Diary of Mary Countess Cowper, Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales—1714-1720.' John Murray, 1864.

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of this little *embroglio* is so characteristic of the time, and it is recounted with so much simplicity and grace, that we extract it as a means of introducing Lady Cowper to our readers :—

"My Lord being a widower when the late Queen gave him the seals, it was no wonder the young women laid out all their snares to catch him. None took so much pains as Lady Harriet Vere, whose poverty and ruined reputation made it impossible for her to run any risk in the pursuit, let it end as it would. She had made several advances to my Lord by Mrs. Morley, her kinswoman, and finding nothing came of it they immediately concluded my Lord must be pre-engaged to somebody else; so they set a spy upon him, and found that he had country lodgings at Hammersmith, where he lay constantly, and upon inquiry they found I was the cause of this coldness to Lady H. Upon this they settled a correspondence under a feigned name with him, and in those letters (which were always sent by a fellow dressed up in woman's clothes, who could never be overtaken) they pretended to be some great person that threatened him if he married me to hinder the passing of his title. The first of these letters came the day before I was married. However, it did not hinder our marriage, though my Lord thought it advisable to keep it a secret; and so he removed the next day to London. His correspondents, seeing they had made him leave the place, thought it would be no hard matter to break the match; and from that time to the

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beginning of January, which was almost four months, my Lord had a letter every day, some of whole sheets of paper, filled with lies about me, to say that I was a mean wretch; that I was coquette, and should be more so; that my playing so well was, and would be, a temptation to bring all the rakes in town about me; that it had been so thus far of my life, and that I was treated so familiarly by the rakish part of the town that one night, at a play, my Lord Wharton had said to my Lord Dorchester, 'Now that the opera is done, let's go and hear Molly Clavering play it over again' (which was all a plain lie, for I never did play in any public company, and only at home, when anybody that visited my aunt Wood, with whom I lived, asked me; and for those two Lords, I had never been in a room with either of them in my whole life). These are only specimens of what lies they invented to hurt me. At last, when they thought they had routed me by the ill-impressions they had falsely given of me, upon a day when my Lord was at the House of Lords, one Mr. Mason, of the House of Commons, came to him and told him that Mrs. Weedon (a client of my brother's, that had a foul cause in the Court of Delegates) desired to speak with him. My Lord at first refused, but at length she teased him so much that he consented to see her; and by her appointment, and saying she had a very fine lady to recommend to him (which gave him a thought he should find out his correspondent), he waited upon her at Mrs. Kirk's, which was the place appointed. He had some little jealousy

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before he went that the fine lady was Lady Harriet Vere, for she and Mrs. Kirk had always been in a hackney-coach every Sunday for at least a month to ogle him, and pass and repass his coach, when he went and came from the chapel. He found he was right; for there she was, set out in all her airs, with her elbow upon a table that had two wax candles on it, and holding her head, which she said ached. There she displayed herself, and so did her two artificers, and not a word said of the cause. This interview brought on several others, and those visits to my Lord from Mrs. K. and Mrs. W., to try to make this match. They told him that the Queen had promised Lady H. 100,000*l.* when she married. He said upon that score he durst not presume to marry her, for he had not an estate to make a settlement answerable to so great a fortune; and at last they pressed him so much that he owned he was engaged to me, and that it would be barbarous to ruin an innocent young woman who had no fault but receiving his visits so long. They could not agree with him that it was barbarous, for it was only serving me in my own kind, for I was contracted to Mr. Floyd, whom I had left for him. My Lord said they were mistaken in that affair (which he knew full well). However, this did not discourage them; and once, when he seemed to yield, he brought Mrs. Kirk to confess the pains they had been at to bring this about, and she mentioned particularly the letters, which were contrived and writ at her house, and copied afterwards by Lady

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H. V. herself. As soon as my Lord had got this confession, he wrote to Lady H., in answer to a love-letter from her (for she pretended to be terribly in love with him), to excuse himself, and say that he resolved to marry me, for now he was assured that he had met with a wife whose conduct was unblemished; for that the greatest enemy I had in the world had been writing every day an invective against me, which was duly sent to him; and that now all the letters were laid out before him he did not find anything I was accused of but of playing the best upon the harpsichord of any woman in England, which was so far from being a fault that it was an argument to him that I had been used to employ many of my hours alone, and not in the company of rakes, as they would suggest. But they thought there was hope, since they did not believe that we were actually married, and my Lord could never get quit of their importunity till he owned our marriage to them, though it was before he owned it publicly; and even after that both Mrs. K. and Lady H. V. wrote frequently to him. This I had not inserted, but as a justification for my endeavouring to hinder her coming into the Princess's bedchamber."

In Lady Cowper's own capacity of Lady of the Bedchamber her 'Diary' was commenced, and she undertook to write down all the events worth remembering while she was at Court, as a corrective to "the perpetual lies that one hears" there. Had this 'Diary' remained complete as written, and still more if revised and digested as she

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intended, it would have been a still more valuable contribution to history, and still more important as a record of the social phenomena of the time. It is not often observed how little we know of the life of the Court circles of Queen Anne and the earlier Georges. There is nothing like the copiousness of memoirs and anecdotes which illustrate the times before and after; and between Evelyn and Pepys on the one hand, and Lord Harvey and Walpole on the other, there is an interruption in the flow of gossip over the scandals of the hour, though, as we have reason to believe, they were not a whit less flagrant and diverting than those which were perpetrated under a fuller historical illumination. If Lady Cowper does not fill up this blank more completely, it is simply because the greater portion of her 'Diary' was destroyed by herself under a misplaced apprehension, at the time when Lord Cowper was falsely accused of complicity in Layer's plot. What remains, however, which is somewhat more than Lord Campbell had before him when he was writing the life of the Lord Chancellor himself, nevertheless covers the two principal passages in the reign of the first George and the most critical perils of the Hanoverian dynasty. The rebellion of 1715, on the one hand, and on the other, the quarrel between the King and the Prince which jeopardised the "interests" of the Revolution by shaking the stability of the throne, are both included and illustrated in this Diary. Moreover, Lord Campbell, who saw the major part of it in MS., justly describes it as a

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charming production, and adds that it well deserves to be printed, for it gives a more lively picture of the Court of England at the commencement of the Brunswick dynasty than he had ever met with, in which sense we ourselves regard it, though unhappily, for the reasons we have mentioned, it is so brief and so very fragmentary.

One of the first experiences recorded by Lady Cowper was her presence at the coronation of George I., Oct. 20, 1714, a scene of singularly suppressed passions and smouldering antipathies:—

"When we came from the Hall into the Abbey (for we saw every part of the ceremony), the Peeresses' places were so full that we and several other ladies went to the Bishops' benches at the side of the altar. I sat next the pulpit stairs on the back bench, and several ladies coming by me to go nearer the altar, at last my Lady Northampton came pulling my Lady Nottingham by the hand, which last took my place from me, and I was forced to mount the pulpit stairs. I thought this rude, but did not suppose there had been any design in it, though we had both been talked of for being governess to the young Princesses, and she, I believe, had really solicited for it, and apprehended I had done so too, notwithstanding that I never thought of it. However, her ill-breeding got me the best place in the Abbey, for I saw all the ceremony, which few besides did, and I own I never was so affected with joy in all my life; it brought tears into my eyes, and I hope I shall never forget the blessing of seeing our

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holy religion thus preserved, as well as our liberties and properties.

"My Lady Nottingham, when the Litany was to be sung, broke from behind the rest of the company where she was placed, and kneeled before them all (though none of the rest did), facing the King, and repeating the Litany. Everybody stared at her, and I could read in their countenances that they thought she overdid her High Church part. But to return to my place. The Lords that were over against me, seeing me thus mounted, said to my Lord that they hoped I would preach; to which he answered that he believed I had zeal enough for it, but that he did not know that I could preach; to which my Lord Nottingham answered, 'No, my Lord? Indeed you must pardon me. She can, and has preached for these last four years such doctrines as, had she been prosecuted in any court for them, you yourself could not defend her.' This he said with such an air that my Lord spoke of it to me. That, joined to what my Lady Nottingham had done that day, and some other little passages that had happened, opened my eyes, and showed me how that family maligned me, and helped to persuade me that it was impossible the Princess could think of me."

At the coronation Lord Bolingbroke saw the King for the first, and probably for the only time in his life. "The King seeing a face he did not know, asked his name when he did him homage; and he (Lord B.) hearing it as he went down the steps from the Throne, turned round and

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bowed three times down to the very ground." Those bows, significant of outward homage only, were even then of small account. All the Jacobites were there, "looking as cheerful as they could," and Lady Dorchester among them, who could not spare her jeer at the Archbishop. "However, there was no remedy but patience, and so everybody was pleased, or pretended to be so." Thus the Coronation was performed grudgingly by perhaps half of those who assisted at it.

The next day Lady Cowper received her appointment as Lady of the Bedchamber, and she made up her own quarrel with the Duchess of Shrewsbury for the ease and quiet of her Highness. At the Lord Mayor's show, which shortly followed, the Lady Mayoress,—

"My poor Lady Humphreys, made a sad figure in her black velvet, and did make a most violent bawling to her page to hold up her train before the Princess, being loth to lose the privilege of her mayoralty. But the greatest jest was that the King and the Princess both had been told that my Lord Mayor had borrowed her for that day only; so I had much ado to convince them of the contrary, though he by marriage is a sort of relation of my Lord's first wife. At last they did agree that if he had borrowed a wife, it would have been another sort of one than she was."

Lady Cowper mentions the affronts offered to the King even on the Coronation-day, and the inquiries which were made into them. Towards the close of November almost

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all the Lords in office received the Pretender's declaration by post. In the following year we hear that the rebels are up in Northumberland, and then on November 16 came the news that the rebels had surrendered to the King's forces at Preston, and the English section of the Rebellion of 1715 was suppressed. Lady Cowper's own family and relatives in the North were implicated in this rising, and one of her cousins, Thomas Foster, was their general in Northumberland. "This week," says Lady Cowper, in December, 1715,—

"This week the prisoners were brought to town from Preston. They came in with their arms tied, and their horses (whose bridles were taken off) led each by a soldier. The mob insulted them terribly, carrying a warming-pan before them, and saying a thousand barbarous things, which some of the prisoners returned with spirit. The chief of my father's family was among them. He is above seventy years old. A desperate fortune had drove him from home in hopes to have repaired it. I did not see them come into town, nor let any of my children do so. I thought it would be an insulting of the relations I had here; though almost everybody went to see them.

"I forgot in the last month a strange offer made me by Mademoiselle Schutz from Baron Bernstorff, which was to let Tom Forster escape, if I had a mind to it, upon the road."

Lord Campbell has already quoted from this Diary the curious passage, in which Lady Cowper compares Lord

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Cowper's disinterested refusal of the New-year's gifts in the Court of Chancery with the easier compliance of his predecessor, the Earl of Nottingham, with the same practice, or, as he designated it, the "tyrant *cuthtom.*" But it did not fall in Lord Campbell's way to observe that other curiosity, that Madame Kielmansegge kept a certificate of her own virtue, under her husband's hand, in her pocket, and that she showed it, as Lady Cowper avers, to the Princess of Wales. Lady Dorchester, Catherine Sedley that had been, also entertains Lady Cowper on several occasions with her caustic remarks, and Lady Cowper concludes that her Ladyship's wit makes amends for her ugliness. The Duchess of Monmouth tells her stories of King Charles's Court and death. The Duchess of Marlborough also courts and caresses her, and they canvass their female enemies and friends *more mulierum.* Moreover, occasionally we come upon a good story of an indifferent person, such as that of the wife of Mr. Collingwood, who was hanged at Liverpool on the suppression of the rebellion.

"Mrs. Collingwood wrote to a friend in town to try to get her husband's life granted to her. The friend's answer was as follows:—'I think you are mad when you talk of saving your husband's life. Don't you know you will have 500*l.* a year jointure if he's hanged, and that you won't have a groat if he's saved? Consider, and let me have your answer, for I shall do nothing in it till then.' The answer did not come time enough, and so he was hanged."

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Lady Cowper gives the reasons for the selection of the Lords Kenmare and Derwentwater as the rebel lords who were beheaded in February, 1716, and she rejoices over the famous escape of Lord Nithsdale, protesting that she never was better pleased with anything in her life, and believed that everybody else was the same. She describes those extraordinary lights which were at this time visible in the sky, and which originated the name for the Aurora Borealis in the North of England, where it is known as "Lord Derwentwater's lights" to this day. She tells some stories suggestive of the insecurity of the London streets as late as 1716, and she throws some light on the struggles of Ministers and the manœuvres of partisans in a variety of little details which come under her observation, and in which she was more or less personally interested. Lord Townshend jostles Lord Cowper, Lord Sunderland lays traps for Lord Townshend, and Lady Cowper looks on, playing her own little part in the service of her husband or her friends with zeal and adroitness, until we come to a point in 1716 at which her narrative suddenly ceases, or from which we should rather say it was destroyed, with the exception of another fragment belonging to 1720.

In this latter portion of her Diary we have Lady Cowper's account of the overtures for the reconciliation of the King and Prince, and the termination of their long and tedious embroilments. In this story we have a remarkable testimony to the influence of the Duchess of Kendal, and of the deference which our most prominent

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statesmen accorded to her desires. Sir Robert Walpole tells Lord Cowper that he would not wait upon the Duchess of Kendal till things were far advanced; that now he intended it, and that her interest did everything; that she was in effect as much Queen of England as ever any was; that he did everything by her. Lady Cowper accuses Walpole himself, with Townshend, as having been the causes of all the ill-blood between the Prince and King, and "which, though it seemed by appearance to be upon another account, was nevertheless owing to that secret spring." She adds that they not only created the quarrel, but threw cold water upon the attempt of the Prince's best friends, meaning, among others, the Cowpers themselves, to serve the Prince in the sense of a reconciliation. The reconciliation, after all, was a very shabby proceeding, after the manner of the earlier Princes of the House of Brunswick. The Prince took his chair and went to St. James's, where he saw the King in his closet. The Prince made him a short compliment, saying it had been a great grief to him to have been in his displeasure so long, &c. The King was much dismayed (meaning, we presume, embarrassed), pale, and could not speak to be heard but by broken sentences, and said several times, "*Votre conduite, votre conduite,*" and the Prince said he could not hear distinctly anything but those words. He returned mightily ruffled, but, when Lady Cowper wished him joy and comfort of what he had been doing, he embraced and kissed her five or six times, and with his usual heartiness

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when he meant sincerely. He said he knew the part she took in all his good or ill fortune, and he knew her good heart so well he was sure she was pleased with this. The Princess burst out into a loud laugh, and said, "So! I think you two always kiss upon great occasions." The "reconciliation," such as it was, was, at all events, of great importance to the maintenance of the existing state of things, and the following little item is highly significant:—I kissed Lord Cowper at coming home, and said to him, "Well, I thank God your head is your own, and that's more than one could be sure of two months ago." Lady Cowper herself had much ado to prevent his Lordship's resigning his office in consequence of his annoyance at having contributed so little to this result. But a reconciliation dinner was held at Lord Sunderland's, six old Ministers and six new, Lord Cowper being one of them, and the Royal drawing-room was again crowded. There was "great hugging and kissing between the two old and the two new Ministers. They walk all four with their arms round one another, to show that they are all one." All the way round people seem to have lost their heads or their tempers on the occasion, and the process of explanation seems to reflect credit on nobody. Among others,

"Craggs had been with the Princess, and makes many professions and tells many lies. He says he was not for taking the children from the Princess. He said the quarrel had been made by under-servants, who had reported abundance of things, which they said were true; that for

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the Ministers he would answer that they had never done any such things; that their complaint against the Prince was that he spoiled and opposed the King's affairs; and they used to say to the King that the Prince's friends were like a battalion that broke through all their measures. 'And perhaps,' says he, 'I myself have been one of the foremost to say it, it being true.' She said, 'I was told you had condescended so low as to call me a b——h;' at which he began a volley of oaths and curses of the falseness of the assertion, for so long a time, and with so much vehemence, that she said to him, 'Fie! Mr. Craggs, you renounce God like a woman that's caught in the fact.' He talked of sending the C. home; but was not clear in the manner nor anything."

Lady Cowper had her own grievance out of the confusion in her disappointment of an honorary office which the Princess had offered her, and which, somehow or other, she did not obtain. There is, perhaps, also something more hinted at in an expression of her daughter Lady Sarah, which is quoted towards the close of the Introduction. The Diary almost closes with the expression of her disgust, and she charges the Princess with gross dissimulation. The feeling, it seems, was transmitted to her daughter after her mother's decease, as the memorandum to which we have just referred implies, and the curtain falls somewhat gloomily upon Lady Cowper's career, with a warning to those who put their trust in Princes.

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We cannot close our remarks upon this very interesting volume without pointing admiringly to its general appearance, style of typography, and ornamental embellishments. The vignette woodcuts introduced so freely are evidently of the date of the early part of the last century, and have been employed here with excellent taste and appropriateness.

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CAPTAIN BURTON'S MISSION TO THE KING OF DAHOME.*

CAPTAIN BURTON, that exemplar of modern travel in its widest sense and its most interesting phases, has recently, (in 1864), returned from the mission with which he was accredited by Her Majesty's Government to the King of Dahome, and now gives the story of that mission, and the results of his experience, in the form of two handsome and acceptable volumes for the edification and enjoyment of his expectant fellow-countrymen. His direct charge, as stated by Lord John Russell, was to confirm the friendly sentiments expressed by Commodore Wilmot to the King, on the occasion of the visit which he made to that chief in December and January, 1862. Thus, Captain Burton took with him the necessary instructions and presents, and passed three months in the country and capital of

* 'A Mission to Gelele, King of Dahome.' With Notices of the so-called 'Amazons,' the Grand Customs, the Yearly Customs, the Human Sacrifices, the present State of the Slave Trade, and the Negro's Place in Nature. By Richard F. Burton, &c. 2 vols. Tinsley Brothers, 1864.

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Dahome in communication with the remarkable potentate who governs that peculiarly interesting community. He witnessed the Grand Customs and the Yearly Customs of that grotesquely ceremonious people, including the evolutions of their army of "Amazons" and the traces of their cruel human sacrifices, of which he himself with proper taste, declined to be an actual spectator, and he brought away impressions of the Dahoman proclivities, which are really very curious and instructive, though they were not very satisfactory to himself, nor to be commended to the imitation of the gentle philanthropists who patronise the Dahomans or their congeners, under the fallacious impression that they can ever be elevated up to the same level of being as themselves. Captain Burton's book is a rude but honest blow to delusions of this kind, and speaks for his courage and candour in the exposition of the conclusions to which he has come, in virtue of an ample experience, in which he has had few, and, perhaps we may add, scarcely any equal competitors.

To give his narrative, as far as we can, in his own language will be our endeavour here. By way of Whydah, of course, Captain Burton and his companions proceeded to make their way to the Dahoman capital. At Whydah he found that the slaving interest was languishing. Whereas a dozen years ago there were there 200 Spaniards and Portuguese, including Brazilians and half-castes, the slave-consuming interest has dwindled to some thirty individuals; and he estimates that the next decade will find

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the survivors engaged in cotton or in palm oil—the "doulometer of the slave trade" or in nothing. From Whydah to Allada, the halfway station, and from Allada to Agrime he proceeded with a moderate amount of ceremonial welcome, obtaining only "the small reception" at the latter place, until he arrived at Kana, the King's country quarters, a site described as being particularly beautiful. Here the Englishmen met with one of the greatest nuisances in Dahome—the obligation to throw themselves "into the bush" while the women slaves of the palace were passing by them to get water. At the words "Gan ja! the bell comes," all the males are bound to make themselves scarce, while the lower, the older, and the uglier the slave girls are, the louder and longer they tinkle, and "almost all of them seemed to enjoy the ignoble scamper of our interpreters and hammock-men, whom the old women order to look the other way." At Kana they encountered the procession which was commissioned to escort them to the Royal presence, at the head of which walked the bearer of the Royal cane and the King's half brother, Bosu Sau. "Followed by his band, drums, and rattles, and by his armed escort, he advanced, snapped fingers with us (which is the Dahoman substitute for a shake of the hand), and presented the cane. We drank with him three toasts, beginning with his master's health." After this certain companies of the Dahoman army passed round in succession and saluted the Englishmen. One party carried past them eight human crania

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dished up on small wooden bowls like bread-plates, at the top of very tall poles, a ninth remaining ominously ungarnished; and the musical warriors, a separate detachment, formed line opposite Captain Burton, waved their chauris or horse-tails, with human jawbones above their handles, and sung thus in his praise,—

"Burton (pronounced Batunu) he hath seen all the world with its Kings and caboceers;
He now cometh to see Dahome, and he shall see everything here!"

Then, preceded by the Union Jack and four flags, came the Akho-'si—"King's wife"—or eunuch company, and the headman informed the Captain that he had been commissioned by the Chief Eunuch, the principal palace dignitary, to guide his steps. When the review was over, the most numerous of the companies set out palacewards, leaving the Englishmen to fall in, and the latter were lustily cheered on passing the several gates of the palace.

Marshalled by "Silver Bell and Giraffe Horns," two functionaries of the Court, they entered the Royal Gate, first removing their swords and closing their umbrellas, which might not appear before the King; and they were told to walk hurriedly across the nearer half of the palace yard, until they halted at a circle of pure loose white sand, the Court powder of Dahome, in which the Ministers prostrated themselves. There the Englishmen doffed hats and caps, and, waving them in the right hand, bowed four several times to a figure that was sitting under the chiaros-

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curo of a thatch shed, and was, they were told, returning their compliments. This was Gelele himself, otherwise known as Dahome-Dadda, the grandfather of Dahome, and of whose personal appearance Captain Burton speaks rather favourably. "He looks like a King of (negro) men, without tenderness of heart or weakness of head, and he appears in form and complexion the *κάλλιστός ἀνὴρ* of this black Iliad; while his dress, though simple, was effective also, and his left elbow, as he sat, rested on a cushion of crimson velvet, while he smoked the weed in a long-stemmed, silver-mounted article of native manufacture." Such was the state of Gelele, whose "strong names" are given in the appendix, like those of the kings his predecessors, and to whom Captain Burton had now to convey the compliments and advice of Her Majesty's Government.

A throng of unarmed women, the Royal spouses, sat in a semicircle behind him under the same thatch, the warrioresses being on stools or at squat outside; yet not a pretty face appeared, most of the fair sex having sooty skins, and the few browns showing negro features. But they atoned for this homeliness by an extreme devotion to their lord and master. If perspiration appeared upon the Royal brow, it was instantly removed with the softest cloth by the gentlest hands; if the Royal dress was disarranged, it was at once adjusted; if the Royal lips moved, a plated spittoon, held by one of the wives, was moved within convenient distance; if the King sneezed, all

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present touched the ground with their foreheads; if he drank, every lip uttered an exclamation of blessing. Captain Burton remarks the resemblance of this intense personal veneration to that said to have been rendered to Mohammed by his followers; but he suspects that in Dahome it is rather the principle than the person that is respected, and that were the King to be succeeded on the morrow the same semi-idolatry would be heaped upon his successor. He might have found a mild analogy to this in the sentiment of our Legitimist neighbours—"Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi."

Captain Burton walked up a lane of squatting Amazons, and after the usual quadruple bowings and handwavings the King arose, tucked in his toga, descended from his *estrade*, donned his slippers—each act being aided by some dozen nimble feminine fingers, and, advancing, greeted him with sundry wrings *à la John Bull*. He made the usual inquiries after the health of the Sovereign, the Ministry, and the people of England, and interposed a compliment to Captain Burton upon his having kept his word in returning. Captain Burton had promised on a previous occasion to apply for permission to revisit Dahome, and there to redeem a promise was a thing unknown. The King frequently afterwards referred to this as a circumstance that impressed his ingenuous nature. For the present the materials for drinking were produced, several toasts followed in succession, and salutes were fired, until Captain Burton was relegated to the side-scenes, while

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another deputation of four Moslems, from Porto Novo, was brought in by the Mingan to be presented to his Dahoman Majesty, whereupon Captain Burton turned to his note-books and sketch-books, to the great satisfaction of the King, who was always pleased to see him thus occupied. After the reception of the Moslem deputation, in which the Moslem dignity was well maintained before this Dahoman heathenry, a dance followed, and it was joined by a dozen razor-women, who wield blades about eighteen inches long, and shaped exactly like an European razor. These women (they are called "Nyekplohento,"—there's a name for the yokels!) seemed the largest and strongest women present, and they gesticulated freely with these portable guillotines, which were the invention of a brother of the late King Gezo, till even Captain Burton thought that the terror which they would probably inspire might make them useful as a *corps d'élite* for the contingencies of the forms of Dahoman war.

"At the end of the dance, Ji-bi-whe-ton, acting captainness of the Beauty Company, came forward, with the usual affected military swagger, not without a suspicion of a dance. She is, or was, a fine tall woman, with glittering teeth, and a not unpleasant expression when her features are at rest. She addressed a violent speech to the male Min-gan, who repeated it aloud to the King, with whom it found favour. Ending with cutting off the head of an imaginary corpse upon the ground, she retired to her command. Presently (for the *cacoëthes loquendi* was

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upon her) she again advanced, and spoke with even more gesticulation than before, 'Thus they would treat Abeokuta!' The sentiment elicited immense applause. Followed chorus, solo, and various decapitation dancings of the mixed company, the weapons being, as usual, grounded, the war-club seized, and the shoulder-blades and posteriors being agitated to excess. Even the performances of these figurantes—the cream of the Royal ballet—are not to be admired. They stand most ungracefully; the legs, which are somewhat slight for the body, being wide apart, and the toes certainly turned in, and probably up. When exercise ended, the razor and chopper women brandished their weapons, and all the line advancing 'presented' with upraised muskets."

* * * * *

"After the Amazons all the male caboceers, taking choppers and peculiar billhook-like blades, some iron, others silver, danced tumultuously before the King, to the general song of the women on the right of the throne. Even the tottering Meu, who leaned upon a tomahawk long enough to act as a staff, joined in the movement. Presently Gelele sent a message to the Gau, declaring that this year Abeokuta must be taken; the tall old man standing up with a military air, swore that it certainly should fall, and the oath was repeated by his surly-looking junior the Po-su. The King then addressed me through the Meu and Mr. Beecham, to the effect that this year Abeokuta must be as a mouse before the cat; he also in-

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vited me to accompany him, to sit behind the army, and to see the sport. I replied that 'Understone' had long ceased friendship with the white man. A little pleasantry ensued, touching it not being our English habit to hang back when aught is doing; and the King, taking all in excellent part, we stood up bareheaded, and waved four salutations."

The chiefs of the army then made speeches in the style of negro Bobadils, and the voice from the throne added, as is the habit, many an illustration of these speeches, concluding with the declaration that the Abeokutans must not only be beheaded, their bodies must also be cut to pieces. These incidents were further illustrated by the spectacle of the three skulls of the three chief among forty kings or petty headsmen said to have been destroyed by Gelele, and which skulls were displayed to their English visitors as works of art, with emblematic decorations. Among other speeches of the King, he informed Captain Burton that "the forest tree is strong with root and cordage, and is heavy with trunk and branch, while the wind is thin and cannot be seen; but the gale lays low the loftiest of the green wood, and Dahome is that wind, while Abeokuta is that tree." Dances, songs, discharges of fire-arms, and other ostentations of a valorous resolution succeeded. "The bayonet women, after firing, extended a single very *gauche* thrust." Finally, when the sun had set, a Dakro brought the English directions to advance and bid adieu to the King, while sundry flasks and decanters of 'tafia and other liquors were distributed in token of dismissal. Gelele,

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wrapping his robe around him, went away with the most subservient attentions on the part of his subjects, and with what Captain Burton considers "a right kingly stride." The attendant crowd was most solicitous for the safety and comfort of the royal toes; and the ceremonial faculty, which the Dahomian possesses, was exhibited to the utmost. But, as Captain Burton truly observes, "the outside displays were wretched. Misery mixes with magnificence; ragged beggars and naked boys jostled jewelled chiefs and velvet-clad Amazons; while the real negro grotesqueness, like bad perspective, injured the whole picture."

The King had intended to march at once to his capital, Agbome, but he was detained, as Captain Burton subsequently learnt, by the discovery of a wholesale scandal, most detrimental to the credit and efficiency of his Amazonian reserves. Not less than one hundred and fifty Amazons were found to be pregnant, and they had to confess and stand their trials with their respective paramours. On this occasion a few only were condemned to execution; the judgments of the King appear to have been lenient, and Captain Burton accordingly moved on. As they passed along the southern wall of the Agbome Palace, Captain Burton observed that its cranial decorations were as nothing to what they had been. There was only one human relic,—a great alteration since the days of Sinmenkpen (Adahoonzou II.), who, though six slavers were awaiting their loads at Whydah, excited the admiration of his subjects by taking off one hundred and forty-seven

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heads to complete the "thatching of his house." On December 21, the writer witnessed the King's ceremonious return to his capital, a process which, as described, must have been very characteristic, though tedious. On the following day the presents sent by Her Majesty's Government were delivered; but the tent was found to be too small; the tent-pegs, which should have been metal for a land of white ants, were of wood. The pipe was never used, Gelele preferring for lightness his old red clay and wooden stem. The *belts* caused great disappointment; all the officials declared that *bracelets* had been mentioned to Commodore Wilmot. As Captain Burton observes, Africans are offended if their wishes are not exactly consulted; and they mulishly look upon any such small oversight as an intended slight. The silver waiters were much admired, but the coat of mail was found to be too heavy, while the carriage and horses desired by His Majesty were of necessity not forthcoming. After a considerable delay in the inspection of the presents, the Amazons brought back a dismissal decanter of rum, with the tidings (from which Captain Burton did not augur favourably), that his "message" would be heard at another opportunity.

A few days later, the day for the commencement of the celebration of the King's Annual Customs arrived. The Grand Customs, which are performed only after the death of a king, have been very sanguinary ceremonies in the Dahome of the past. In 1791 there were not less than five hundred men, women, and children offered as "victims

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to revenge and ostentation, under the show of piety." The Yearly Customs were becoming less exacting in the sacrifice of human life, but Gelele seems to have increased their severity in comparison with his father Gezo. That which Captain Burton describes here is called the So-sin Custom, and hitherto, he says, it has not been described, though its ceremonies differ but little from those of the Atto. In the Market-place stood a victim-shed, in shape not unlike that of an English village church—a barn and a tower. In the turret and the barn were twenty victims. All were seated on cage stools, and were secured by various arrangements of rope to certain posts, which we gather to have been part of the fabric of the shed; but the confinement was by no means cruel. Each victim had an attendant squatting behind him, to keep off the flies; all were fed four times a day, and were loosed at night for sleep. They exhibited an extraordinary nonchalance, marking time to the music, and chattering together, especially remarking the Englishmen. Among the various ceremonies which took place, and which Captain Burton and his companions were invited to witness, the King for his part, in the face of the outsiders, delivered an address, the sense of which is short to relate, "His ancestors had built rough and simple So-sin sheds. His father Gezo had improved them when 'making Customs' for the ghost of Agongoro (Wheenoohew). It is good to beget children who can perform such pious rites. Therefore he (Gelele) would do for his sire what he hoped that his son would do for him." And some score of men

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sat listening, about to die, while Gelele was preaching their funeral sermon!

Without describing the details of the first day's So-sin Custom, which will be found towards the end of Captain Burton's first volume, we remark in his behalf that he again sent a message, officially objecting to be present at any human sacrifice, proposing that lower animals be substituted for man, and declaring that if any death took place before him, he should at once return to Whydah. The official to whom he sent this message replied that there would be no necessity for the latter measure, and with respect to the victims that many would be released, and that those executed would be only the worst of criminals and malignant war-captives: with which crumb of comfort Captain Burton was compelled to rest satisfied.

The Captain was present on the second day of the So-sin, when the King himself danced no less than thirty-two character dances in view of his subjects, who greeted some of his performances with the most vociferous rapture. On the third day there was a considerable addition to the pans of Abeokutan crania which were displayed to the multitude. Then came a procession of eighteen Tan-si-no, or Fetish women, who have charge of the last monarch's grave; slow and solemn old gipsies in gold-trimmed broad-brim felts, or white nightcaps; then a dance of six Amazons; then twenty-one umbrellas, headed by the Shemingan, who performed the knife-dance. Then the King rose and walked forward to throw cowries, the local money,

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among his subjects. All removed their ornaments and girt their loins: it is a point of honour to fight for the Royal bakhshish, and nob and snob join in the *mêlée*. No notice is taken if a man be killed or maimed in the affair—he has fallen honourably, fighting for his Sovereign. Some lose eyes and noses; the Dahomans gouge like Lancashire "purrers" or Soestudalian peasants, bite like hyænas—"I have seen," says Captain Burton, "a hand through which teeth met,"—and scratch like fisherwomen or cat-o-mountains. The English withdrew their chairs, but they were nevertheless summoned by Royalty to "fight for cowries, and," says Captain Burton, "not being in uniform, we scrambled like schoolboys, omitting, however, the Dahoman adjuncts." Then came a performance with a hide-whip by the chief of the hunchbacks; then a dance of Fetishers; then the King walked up to the victim-shed, and paced down its length within the railing. To the score of wretches there sitting pilloried he threw with two hands as many heads of cowries, and these were placed by the attendants upon the heads of the recipients. He then came up and snapped fingers with Captain Burton, when a hint was given that at his intercession several victims would be pardoned. This also is a Dahoman formula. The captain pleaded for them, saying that mercy is the prerogative of kings, whereupon nearly half of them were brought up before Gelele, were untied, and placed by their keepers on all fours to hear the Royal clemency. It seems that they had been the subjects

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of a chief of a tributary town who had sent to the King palm-kernels instead of cowries, and whom the Min-gan had captured as prisoners in expiation of the outrage. The Min-gan declaimed on the enormity of the offence, and the King informed him that he approved his proceeding, and that the pardoned rebels must be speedily removed from his sight. Thereupon there was an uproar of cymbals, accompanied by decanters of rum, the emblems of permission to the strangers to leave the Royal presence. Thus ended the third day of the So-sin Customs.

On the fourth day there was a suspicious gathering of vultures on the tree under which the Englishmen's chairs were disposed, and Captain Burton asked himself the question, "Can their sagacity extend to guessing that death is near?" The "Evil Night," as it is termed, came at the close of the fourth day's dancing, singing, and speechifying. On this night the King walks in procession with his wives, and attended by the high officials, from the Komasi-house to the Market-place, where the Min-gan performs sundry executions with his own hand. Human sacrifice in Dahome is founded upon a purely religious basis, which not only strengthens but perpetuates the custom. It is a touching instance, says Captain Burton, of the King's filial piety, deplorably mistaken, but perfectly sincere. The Dahoman Sovereign must enter Deadland with Royal state, accompanied by a ghostly court of Leopard wives, head wives, birthday wives, Afa wives, eunuchs—especially the chief eunuch—singers, and

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drummers, King's "Toto'si" and "King's devils," bards, and soldiers. This is the object of what is called the Grand Customs, when the victims may amount to a *maximum* of 500. Every year, moreover, decorum exacts that the first-fruits of war and that all criminals should be sent as recruits to swell the King's retinue. Hence the ordinary Annual Customs. There are always, at least, two "Evil Nights" during the Annual Customs, and there may be more. Commander Forbes owns that King Gezo had reduced the number of his victims to thirty-six. The present King has increased them to thirty-nine or forty; but this number must be doubled, to include the female victims killed by the Amazons within the palace, and not permitted to be seen by man. The presumed total of the "butchery bill" will, therefore, be seventy-eight or eighty. As all who leave the house during the "Evil Night" are beheaded, it is not easy to learn what is then enacted. There are two or three versions of the manner of the execution; but Captain Burton believes the King himself begins by using a broad sharp blade upon the neck of a kneeling criminal, after which the same is done to others by the Min-gan, the men, and their assistants.

Dahome, however, shows to advantage in this respect by the side of Abeokuta, Ashantee, and Benin. When Captain Burton visited in 1860 what Mr. Duncan calls that "saintly place of so many converts," one "basket sacrifice," as the Egbas delicately call it, had just been performed: one occurred during his week's residence in the town, and

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a third immediately after he left. In Dahome, on the other hand, however trivial an action is done by the King —such as inventing a new drum, being visited by a white man, or even removing from one palace to another—it must be dutifully reported by some male or female messenger to the paternal ghost. When the King has despatched a courier to the shades, it has not unfrequently happened during the present reign that, as something new has occurred to the King's mind, another messenger (as Mr. Canning very justly observed, like the postscript of a letter) has instantly followed on the same errand, perhaps in itself of the most trivial import. It is evident, says Captain Burton, that to abolish human sacrifice here is to abolish Dahome. The practice originates from filial piety, it is sanctioned by long use and custom, and it is strenuously upheld by a powerful and interested priesthood. The interference of strangers will cause more secrecy and more decorum in the practice, but the remedy must come from the people themselves.

During the "Evil Night" the deep sound of the death-drum and the loud report of a musket told the visitors that some mortal spirit had fled. On the following morning the approach to the palace was not pleasant. A number of victims were hanging or lying about, with or without their heads. During the night twenty-three human beings had lost their lives. Another procession of the Royal army, the he and she Ministers and captainesses, followed on the morrow. A profusion of drums, duck-guns, small

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infernal machines on wheels, the Royal equipages, with men harnessed to them by ropes, a blue-green shandridan of native manufacture, a sedan-chair, a metal soup-tureen, the present King's cab-brougham, with a lion on the panels —a collection that might have come from Wardour-street —and infinite jars of native beer, with crowds of umbrellas and fetish figures, and even a rocking-horse, made items in the miscellaneous display. Seven hours' exhibition of these paraphernalia the Englishmen witnessed from the palace, before they were permitted to retire, and have a quiet day at home on the Sunday which followed. Captain Burton made out the total of the Royal army, razor women, bayonet women, blunderbuss women, &c. &c., all included, to be about 2500 persons. The fact is, he says, that these illustrious viragos are now a mere handful. King Gezo lost the flower of his force under the walls of Abeokuta, and the loss has never been made good. The origin of this somewhat exceptional organization of the Dahoman army was the masculine *physique* of the women, enabling them to compete with men in enduring toil, hardships, and privations; and Captain Burton says that he has remarked this corporeal equality of the sexes in the Grand Bonny and the "Oil rivers" of the Biafran Bight, where the feminine harshness of feature and robustness of form rival the masculine; and writers upon Siam have made the same observation. Notwithstanding the sexual weaknesses discovered at Kana, Captain Burton computes that about two-thirds of Gelele's Amazons are maidens: the remaining

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third has been married. Women taken in adultery, and liable to death, are "dashed" (as they call all presents) to the King and duly enlisted. Besides these criminals, the Xantippes who make men's eyes yellow are very properly put into the army, and the regimen in which these women are compelled to live doubtless increases their ferocity in fight. The Agbarya, or blunderbuss women, may be considered the grenadiers. The elephant huntresses are held to be the bravest. The Nyekplo-hen-to, or razor women, seem to be simply an *épouvantail*. The infantry or line's women are armed with Tower muskets, and are cleanly made, without much muscle. They are hard dancers, indefatigable singers, and, though affecting a military swagger, their faces are anything but ferocious; they are rather mild and unassuming in appearance. The Go-hen-to, or Archeresses, were in Gezo's time young girls—the parade corps, the pick of the army, and the pink of dancers. But they have gone down in the eyes of Dahoman military critics, and when in the field they are used as scouts and porters: like our drummers and doolie-bearers, they also carry the wounded to the rear. "In 1863," says Captain Burton, "I saw all these women troops marching on service out of Kana. They are mostly remarkable for a development of adipose tissue, which suggested anything but ancient virginity. Man does not readily believe in fat 'old maids.'" "I expected," he adds, "to see Penthesileas, Thalestrises, Dianas—lovely names. I saw old ugly and square-built frows, trudging grumpily along, with

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the face of cook after being much 'knagged' by 'the missus.'"

There is a second king in Dahome called the Bush King, who also has his Customs, and with whom Captain Burton was obliged to join in a dance of ceremony. He too had his "Evil Night." Gelele himself subsequently required Captain Burton to dance with him. Gelele expects strangers not to refuse him this compliment, and he led the Captain out amid tempestuous applause, who boasts that he had the honour of executing a very notable decapitating movement with the courteous assistance of the Dahoman Sovereign.

Captain Burton has a chapter on the Dahoman religion. There is a *sensus numinis* even among this brutal people; but it has not had time to separate itself from the material objects of Fetish. Yet Fetish is throughout the dark continent the strongest engine of Government—a moral police—whose sudden removal would break up society. Kutomen, or Dead Land, is the place which receives the "nidon," or ghostly part of man proceeding from him after death. In Dahome marriages are a somewhat complicated arrangement. Throughout savage Africa osculation is unknown, even by name, and an offer to salute on the part of a white man is attributed to a display of his cannibal propensities. Curious to say, there is in barbarous Dahome a coroner's inquest after every death. There is also a Sin-kwain, or water-sprinkling custom, founded on the belief that the ghosts of the old kings are

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induced to lend their aid in present wars by their tombs being sprinkled with water; which, in Dahome, means, of course, blood, and that the blood of human victims. The King has to perform a disagreeable task over his ancestral graves, and he does it; his subjects would deem it impious were he to curtail, or to omit, the performance; and suddenly to suppress it, would be as if a European monarch were forcibly to suppress prayers for the dead. A most remarkable speech made by one of them, Adahoonzou, in reply to Governor Abson's remonstrances on the subject of the slave trade, is given in a note, and the arguments are far more cogent than we should have expected to find them from such a quarter. "For a parcel of men with long heads to sit down in England," said he, "and frame laws for us, and pretend to dictate how we are to live, of whom they know nothing, never having been in a black man's country during the whole course of their lives, is to me somewhat extraordinary;" and then he goes on to put the alternative that they must kill their captives or sell them to the white men.

Captain Burton has an elaborate chapter on the negro's place in nature, which is, at all events, founded on a very intimate experience of his capacities. He insists on the arrested physical development of the race, and he records his own corroborative experience of the working of the African's mental machinery. The capacity of this stops short in embryo. The pure negro ranks in the human family below the two great Arab and Aryan races. A

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very little learning addles his feeble brain. He has never grasped the ideas of a personal deity, a duty in life, a moral code, or a shame of lying. He rarely believes in a future state of rewards and punishments, which, whether true or not, are infallible indices of human progress. He has an instinctive and unreasoning aversion to increasing population. As a rule he despises agriculture. His cruelty is like that of a schoolboy, the blind impulse of rage combined with want of sympathy. Thus he thoughtlessly tortures and slays his prisoners as the youth of England torment and kill cats. He fails in the domestication of the lower animals, because he is deficient in forbearance with them; in a short time his violence will ruin the temper of a horse, and he will starve to death the English dog, for which perhaps he has paid a high price. Music and dancing, his passions, are, as arts, still in embryo. He cultivates oratory, and so do all barbarians. He is eternally singing, but he has no idea of poetry. His painting and statuary are, like his person, ungraceful and grotesque, while his art, like his mind, is arrested by the hand of nature. His year is a rainy season, his moons have no names, and of an hour he has not the remotest conception. His technology consists of weaving, cutting canoes, making rude weapons, and in some places practising a rough metallurgy. The negro, in mass, will not improve beyond a certain point, and that not respectable; he mentally remains a child, and is never capable of a generalization. He is nowhere worse than at home, where he is a curious

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mixture of cowardice and ferocity. With the barbarian's dread and horror of death, he delights in the torments and destruction of others, and with more than the usual savage timidity, his highest boast is that of heroism. He is nought but self, unenlightened self; he lacks even the rude virtue of hospitality, and, ever, as Commander Forbes has it, he "baits with a sprat to catch a mackerel."

On the 20th of January, Captain Burton witnessed a day of his brutal triumph at Komasi Palace over wretches from Sabatan, whose town had been taken after six shots. His experience of the modern Dahomans was, speaking summarily, that they are a mongrel breed and a bad, Cretan liars, Cretins at learning; cowardly, and therefore cruel; gamblers, and consequently cheaters; brutal, noisy, boisterous, unvenerative, and disobedient; dipsas-bitten things, who deem it "a duty to the gods to be drunk;" a flatulent, self-conceited herd of barbarians, who endeavour to humiliate those with whom they have to deal; in fact, a slave race—vermin with a soul apiece.

Not till February 11 did the conclusion of the Customs take place. Then the rum was sprinkled on the ground and the glasses were broken to conclude the ceremonies, and the time had arrived for delivery of the message of her British Majesty. It was difficult to bring this to bear, and the Captain had, almost in despair, resolved to retire to the coast, when the King or his ministers gave way, and permitted the required audience. Gelele justified his slave-dealing like his ancestors before him. So also on

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the subject of sacrifices he was equally proof against Captain Burton's admonitions. "The King," said the latter, "had never heard so much truth before in his life: he did not accept my plain speaking without 'striving of the mind,' nor could I expect it." Captain Burton was quite disenchanted by this last message scene. At the close, however, they shook hands cordially, and the King told him that he was "a good man," but, rolling his head, "too angry." He wished him to promise to return to Dahome again, but Captain Burton intimated that he must reform his manners, or rather his Customs. Then they shook hands together, snapped fingers, and bade each other adieu.

The expedition to Abeokuta, as Captain Burton learnt afterwards, went hopelessly to ruin. The Dahoman army, repulsed in the siege and assaults, was nearly cut to pieces in its retreat, and the King escaped only in utter disgrace and humiliation. "Many years must elapse," says Captain Burton, "before Dahome can recover from the blow, and before that time I hope to see her level with the ground."

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OUR ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.*

As far as we have observed, our critical contemporaries have not as yet done adequate justice to the series of volumes on the cathedrals of England now issuing from the *Columnæ* of 50, Albemarle-street. This duty, therefore, which is left to us, consists in first inviting attention to a work of solid pretensions, in respect of the care and cost it is involving, and, secondly, in pointing out such particulars of general interest as come prominently forth from the mass of professional descriptions and technical details, which in the full scope of such a work are not

* 'Handbook to the Cathedrals of England.' Southern Division. Part I. Winchester, Salisbury, Exeter, Wells. Murray and Parker. 1861.

'Handbook to the Cathedrals of England.' Southern Division. Part II. Chichester, Canterbury, Rochester. Murray and Parker. 1861.

'Handbook to the Cathedrals of England.' Eastern Division. Oxford, Peterborough, Norwich, Ely, Lincoln. Murray and Parker. 1862.

'Handbook to the Cathedrals of England.' Western Division. Bristol, Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester, Lichfield. Murray and Parker. 1864.

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only appropriate but indispensable. Nor to the reader of the work itself, if he will be at the trouble of mastering a few architectural terms, is the difficulty equal to the pleasure of understanding the peculiarities of these structures, and the several beauties of their design and ornamentation, when his discrimination is assisted by so many, and such vigorous and choice illustrations on the wood. The want of these illustrations in his own text is a disability only of the Reviewer, from which the reader is relieved directly when he has the work itself before him. Moreover, while it is yet incomplete, neither of them has the advantage of its index, for only the southern, eastern, and western cathedrals, in four volumes, have yet appeared, and there yet remain the northern and Welsh cathedrals to complete the series. Thus we make such observations as we can in default of these helpful accessories, and confine ourselves within the limits which are imposed upon us by their absolute absence, or, as in the case of the index, by their temporary non-existence.

In the case of each cathedral, the editor, Richard John King, has adopted the plan of giving us first the history and details of the structure itself, with a description of its important monuments and accessory edifices; and in a second division of each subject the history of the see, with notices of the principal Bishops who successively held it. This division is highly judicious, and facilitates greatly the reader's reference. Mr. King also admits in his preface his obligations to modern authorities, especially the 'Archi-

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tectural Histories' of Professor Willis, and the adoption of his dates from Mr. Stubbs's very useful 'Registrum Sacrum Anglicanum,' Oxford, 1858. In referring to the sculpture of these ancient buildings he makes excellent use, as his text discloses, of the criticisms of Flaxman, Cockerell, &c., while, in respect of their stained glass, he pays a proper deference to the laborious and learned researches of Mr. Winston. We do not observe that he quotes Winckelman, though he notes with effect, in certain passages, the criticisms of Fergusson, Pugin, Stanley, Viollet le Duc, and Freeman, while, in his preface to the 'Handbook to the Western Cathedrals,' he speaks of much special assistance from Mr. Pope, the architect to the Dean and Chapter at Bristol, from Mr. Waller at Gloucester, from Mr. Perkins, at Worcester; and lastly, from Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A., under whom the cathedrals of Hereford and Lichfield have been recently restored to their ancient beauty. Mr. Godwin and Mr. Bloxam are also mentioned with his thanks, and he has thus fully performed this duty of a conscientious compiler, having acknowledged the services of his predecessors in their several lines, either as structurists or artistic and historical critics, and without which it would have been impossible to produce at this day a work so learned, accurate, and perspicuous as this clearly is. Credit, therefore, to Mr. King, in conjunction with his predecessors, and further credit, that he has not forgotten his own obligations to them, which it is the fashion of

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some literary and other caitiffs to ignore, when they value their piracies more than their reputations as honest men.

As far, then, as Mr. King can assist us, we proceed to note some of the incidents which are pretty general in the structure of these cathedrals or in their history. Not one of them now is in the same state as when they came out of the hands of their original founders. In this respect a cathedral is inferior to a pyramid. The pyramid is just as the Cheops ordered it; the cathedral is as numberless hands have made or marred it after an interval of many generations. It has suffered abridgments, it has submitted to extensions, it has been a flexible edifice at the mercy of its many contributors. It has often been at the mercy of the elements also. In the course even of its erection Exeter was much injured by fire, at the time of the siege of Exeter by Stephen in 1136. In 1174, four years after the murder of Becket, the choir of Canterbury was entirely burnt down, so that the "glorious choir of Conrad," in which the body of Becket was watched by the monks throughout the night following the murder, was replaced by the choir of William of Sens and his successor, English William (1174-1184); though the people, says the monk Gervase, "blasphemed the Lord, and His saints the patrons of the church" on the occasion of its previous combustion. In the episcopate of Roger Skirnyng, of Norwich, in the year 1172 the cathedral of Norwich was also greatly damaged by fire, which broke

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out during an attack on the priory by the citizens. Gloucester Cathedral again was destroyed by fire in 1088; its new church suffered much from fire in 1102, and still more in 1122, when the 'Saxon Chronicle' asserts that "in Lent time . . . . . the town of Glocester was burnt while the monks were singing their mass, and the deacon had begun the Gospel 'Præteriens Jesus.' Then came the fire in the upper part of the steeple, and burnt all the monastery and all the treasures that were there within, except a few books and three mass robes." In 1113 the cathedral of Worcester, with the city and its castle, were greatly injured by fire, and in 1189 another great fire destroyed nearly the whole of Worcester, but on this occasion the Cathedral escaped. If the editor had got so far in the execution of his office he would have told us how much of York Minster also was destroyed by the act of a mad incendiary in our own time. Thus has fire, whether originating wilfully or by accident, done its work on no less than six out of the twenty-seven cathedrals of England.

In the case of Worcester, the miracles of St. Wulfstan, and in that of Canterbury those of Becket, contributed no doubt speedily to repair the fiery mischief. Of St. Wulfstan's own *bonâ fide* performance, the crypt, which extends at present under the choir and aisles, is the only certain relic; but, like many other saints, he did much vicariously in the upper air after his own powers of edification were palpably extinct. The ghost of Becket worked

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after a similar fashion, especially through the agency of its famous *well.* The dust and blood from the pavement, after the murder, are said to have been thrown into it. The spring changed four times into blood and once into milk, and constant miracles were wrought by the water. Thus the choir was reconstructed, and Becket's shrine enriched. This marvel did not appear, however, until the 14th century, and is unknown by the earlier chroniclers. From its recorded effects it seems, says Mr. King, to have been slightly chalybeate, like the well of Zem-Zem at Mecca. It was, we may add, a rather singular coincidence that Becket and Mahomet should have been possessed of similar miraculous taps. But, query, which of these fountains lasted longest and latest—the Moslem prophet's or the Christian martyr's? The spring of Becket is, at all events, completely dry at this day, and, apart from its incapacity to repair the wreck of fire, it could not now supply one drop of the pure drinking water of a single unpretending metropolitan fountain of our own days.

Nor are the cathedrals like the Pyramids in some other senses, for they sometimes settle on their deep foundations —that is to say, they *un*settle and come down, in defiance of astonished architects, with a perverse run and a collapse into hideous ruin. It is not long since the spire of Chichester succumbed to this very fate. When Mr. King was editing its history this incident had not occurred, and he could eulogise its octagonal form, 271 feet from the ground, and made exactly central, to an inch, by the addi-

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tions of the Lady Chapel and the west porch. According to the Rev. P. Freeman, in the 'Transactions of the Sussex Archæological Society,' vol. i., "Michael Angelo's most perfect outline, the pyramidal, was thus gained. The eye was carried upward to the spire point from the chapels clustering at the base, along the roof and pinnacles, a result to which a certain squareness of detail in the abaci of the capitals of the nook shafts, which adorned the openings, materially contributed." The upper part of this spire was taken down and rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, who, says his biographer Elwes, "fixed therein a pendulum stage to counteract the effects of the south and south-west gales of wind, which act with considerable power against it, and had forced it from its perpendicularity, and of which pendulum stage the editor himself adds a diagram." He further relates that in a storm the effect was surprising and satisfactory. While the wind blew high against the vane and spire, the pendulum floor touched on the lee side, and its aperture was double on the windward. At the cessation it oscillated slightly, and terminated in a perpendicular. Nevertheless, if it gained to the eye the pyramidal outline of Michael Angelo, it did not possess in substance the pyramidal security of the work of Cheops, for on the occasion of which we speak it oscillated, not slightly, but fearfully, until it terminated in a catastrophe instead of a perpendicular. We know, too, who was answerable for this final wreck, if unhappy architect ever was answerable for any-

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thing, and we confide him to the ghost of Wren, with his *Si monumentum quæris, circumspice*, for a suitable epitaph and a sympathetic reception.

By the help of miracles, and the money which they brought in in the Middle Ages, by some holy virgin's tibia here, or some shirtless saint's humerus there, the wreck of fire or rude masonry was speedily repaired, and our cathedrals were enlarged and beautified in accordance with the taste, the graceful conceptions, and the faith of the times. One man built a chantry, and another added his monument, and shaft and column and pinnacle ascended, and corbels and mullions grew and multiplied, till at some one epoch in the Middle Ages the majority of our great English cathedrals were completed. Some master builders on a grand scale planned their several operations superbly. William of Wykeham, for example, purchased the use of the stone-quarries of Quarr Abbey, in the Isle of Wight, whence Walkelin had quarried before him; and he began the *transformation* of the nave of Winchester from Norman to Perpendicular. "I use the word advisedly," says Professor Willis, "instead of *rebuilding*, for the Norman core still remains in the piers and walls, up to the parapet, and in many places the Norman ashlaring as well." The admirable manner in which the original Norman work was partly cut away and partly worked into the New Perpendicular, will best be appreciated by a comparison between the nave of Winchester and the choir of Gloucester Cathedral, which is

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purely Norman in design, and, like the former, has been "overlaid with a veneer of masonry in the Pointed style." The work of Gloucester, however, is of a later age, and executed by far less vigorous hands; and, instead of a complete amalgamation of the two styles, as at Winchester, the Pointed is in effect added to the round-arched style. Owing partly to the necessary thickness produced by casing the Norman piers, the dimensions of the nave at Winchester are somewhat unusual. The piers dividing the aisles are 12 feet thick, while the side aisles are only 13 feet wide, and the central aisle is 32 feet. "Yet, with all this," says Mr. Fergusson, "there is nothing heavy, but, on the contrary, it is, perhaps, the most beautiful nave of a church either in England or elsewhere, wanting only somewhat *increased* dimensions." Yet the length of Winchester (520 feet from its western entrance to the extreme eastern buttresses) exceeds that of any cathedral on this side of the Alps, with the exception of Ely (560 feet) and of Canterbury, which is about five feet longer than Winchester. The extreme length of St. Peter's at Rome is 607 feet, while the cathedral of Milan (the largest of all mediæval cathedrals) covers one-third more ground than Winchester, but is not so long by nearly 100 feet. The effect of its great length, 390 feet of which (as far as the end of the choir) are visible from the west door, unbroken by the organ, is in the highest degree grand and impressive. A certain coldness, arising from want of colour,

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is, perhaps, felt at first; but the eye soon learns to dwell contentedly on the magnificent range of piers, and on all the graceful details above and around them. The string-course of corbel heads and the light balustrade of the triforium in the nave aid remarkably the general effect, and the spectator must be told, if the light of his vision does not suffice, that he is gazing up one of the most magnificent avenues in existence, which is here the main feature of a Christian temple, the backbone of its glorious structure, and one of the highest and noblest types of true Catholic art.

Another great triumph of the English school of Gothic architecture—for an English school we had then which was specially endowed with a sense of chaste and serene beauty—was Salisbury, than which the history of no English cathedral is so clear and so readily traceable. The point to which the attention of the stranger is at once drawn, is, of course, the grand peculiarity of Salisbury, the "silent finger" of its *spire*. This is the loftiest in England, rising 400 feet above the pavement (Chichester, said, but very doubtfully, to have been built in imitation of it, was 271 feet in height; Norwich, 313 feet), and its summit is 30 feet above the top of St. Paul's. The central spire of Amiens (422 feet) is 22 feet higher than Salisbury; and that of Strasburg (468 feet), the highest in the world, 68 feet. It may well be doubted, however, whether in general effect and in grace of proportion Salisbury should not occupy the first place. The spire of Amiens is

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reduced to comparative insignificance by the enormous height of the roof (208 feet), above which it rises (the height of the nave roof of Salisbury is only 81 feet); that of Strasburg, covered as it is with elaborate ornament, is far less graceful in form, and the traceries which enclose it are "unmeaning and constructively useless." It is almost certain, for reasons which we do not dwell upon, that this central tower and spire formed part of the original plan of the church. We say nothing of the remarkable frame of timber work with which it is filled, or the relic found there in 1762, and supposed to be placed there to avert lightning and tempest. Owing to a settlement in the two western tower piers, as a plumb-line dropped from the vane indicates, it is actually 23 inches out of the perpendicular. Great fears were entertained at one time that it might fall, but no further movement has been detected for the last two centuries. The test of the plumb-line was repeated September 30, 1858, the 600th anniversary of the dedication of the cathedral. We believe, however, that, as we write these lines, the authorities have determined to underpin the spire.

In other respects the Abbey Church of Westminster is the only great building of this age which can be considered finer than Salisbury, and it is probable that Henry III. was induced to undertake the rebuilding of Westminster from admiration of the rising glories of the Wiltshire Cathedral, which he had several times visited. On the Continent the great rival of Salisbury is Amiens, com-

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menced in the same year (1220), and completed, nearly as at present, in 1272. And what might not Beauvais have been had that been completed also? Amiens is a glorious mass with its stupendous west front, which looks as if it were expanding to include all the world, and it covers nearly twice as much ground as Salisbury; its internal height is far greater; yet, say our English school of critics, in variety of outline and in play of light and shade the English examples—Westminster especially—are beyond all doubt finer; although in comparing them we have constantly to bear in mind the vast difference in their dimensions. Amiens covers 71,000 square feet, Salisbury only 55,000. The vault of Amiens is 152 feet in height, that of Salisbury only 85. Altogether the cubic contents of Amiens are at least double those of Salisbury, and the labour and cost bestowed upon it must have been more than double. Thus, in making a comparison between the two, says Mr. Fergusson, the fair mode is to ask whether the cathedral of Amiens is finer than Salisbury would be if at least twice as large as it is? and we confess, with all our admiration for the English school, we are not able to give an affirmative verdict upon this hypothesis.

We are staggered by Mr. Fergusson's orthodoxy, and rendered more mistrustful of his judgment, when we see him importing the shadow of a doubt into his panegyric on the supreme loveliness of Wells. "Though one of the smallest," says he, "it is, *perhaps*, taken altogether, the most beautiful of English cathedrals." Now we demur to

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this "perhaps," while admitting the great charm of its site and accessories, for, to our conception, the like of Wells is not in the world for superlative grace and beauty. The west front of Wells (147 ft.) is considerably broader than the fronts of either Notre Dame (136 ft.) or of Amiens (116 ft.), both of them contemporary buildings. This unusual breadth may have been designed with reference to the arrangement of the statues, which differs altogether from that on the west fronts of the French cathedrals, although the subjects are of the same character. The excellent stone which the neighbourhood of Wells affords —easily worked and hardening on exposure to the air— will account, to some extent, for the profusion and fine style of the sculptures throughout the cathedral. The speculations on the subjects of the west front in the learned "Iconography" of Mr. Cockerell have been somewhat impeached by Mr. Planché in a very able paper read at the Congress of the British Archæological Association in 1857, but the comments of Winckelman, the eulogies of Flaxman, and the one suggestion of Cockerell's that we may regard them as in effect illustrating the great Ambrosian Hymn, are unimpeachable. "The Glorious Company of the Apostles," "The Goodly Fellowship of the Prophets," and "The Noble Army of Martyrs," keep their solemn watch at the entrance of the sanctuary. The figures of the Celestial host proclaim, "To Thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens, and all the powers therein." The crowned kings, the churchmen, and the warriors represent

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the "Holy Church throughout all the world;" while the spirit of the entire work asserts that Church's ceaseless adoration, "Day by day we magnify Thee, and we worship Thy name ever world without end." Flaxman selected the death of Jacob, the figure of St. John, and the creation of Eve for the beauty of their composition, and made from them careful drawings which he exhibited at the Royal Academy. "The work," he says, "is necessarily ill-drawn and deficient in principle, and much of the sculpture is rude and severe; yet in parts there is a beautiful simplicity, an irresistible sentiment, and sometimes a grace excelling more modern productions." "Startling in significance, pathos, and expression," said Mr. Cockerell of the sixth tier, "worthy of John of Pisa, or of a greater man, John Flaxman." None of the usual mediæval types of evil spirits, serpents, and monsters occur in it. "The distinction given to the sexes and professions," says Mr. Cockerell, "the tombstones which they heave up, and their appropriate attitudes, are the only materials which the sculptor has called into use for the carrying out of his difficult task." The present editor himself observes that in this respect the sculptures by Nicola Pisano at Orvieto, those at Amiens and elsewhere, are far less satisfactory, and it is a curious fact to add, and one in which a Somersetshire man may take a just pride, that they were apparently all the work of a local company of artists, by whom, according to Professor Willis, the nave itself was built—a school of masons who continued working with their

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own companions, in their own style, long after the Early English style was introduced and practised in this country. Honour to those Somersetshire masons, say we, who worked their Somersetshire stone to such effect; we know of no better hands in old Italy or old France. Their nave, choir, Lady Chapel, and retro-choir are all so perfectly in unison, that it is difficult to say where a beauty is wanting, or a blemish is to be found.

Among other triumphs of the English artists in Gothic we may mention the five aisles of Chichester, a peculiarity shared by no other English cathedral but that of Manchester, and the effects of light and shade produced by which are so obviously grand. Canterbury may well be glorious also, inasmuch as the very elements respected the work of its construction, and, though it remained uncovered for three years, no rain (says Eadmer) fell during that time within its sacred enclosure. What a superb lie of Eadmer! Erasmus, a more truthful man, so appreciated its dominance over the surrounding town that he said in his *Peregrinatio Religionis ergo*, "Tantâ majestate se erigit in cœlum, ut procul etiam intuentibus religionem incutiat." It has all the impressiveness, says the editor, of some great feature—rock or mountain—in the midst of a comparatively level district; a worthy shrine for the memorials of almost every reign in English history with which it is thronged. Nearly all the archbishops—"*Alterius Orbis Papæ*" (the words are first applied by Pope Urban II. to Archbishop Anselm), before

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the Reformation are buried here, and most of their tombs remain. "There is no church, no place in the kingdom, with the exception of Westminster Abbey," says Dean Stanley, "that is so closely connected with the history of our country."

At Canterbury, when it had, in 1378, fallen into a ruinous condition, as we have previously observed of Winchester, a Norman nave had to be transformed, but the piers here were altogether rebuilt, and hence the piers of Winchester are much more massive. The height to which the choir is raised above the crypt below, and the numerous steps which are consequently necessary in order to reach it from the nave, cause Canterbury to stand alone among both English and foreign cathedrals. Its stately "escaliers," combined with the height and gradient of the piers, breaking up from the pavement like some natural forest of stone, have always produced their effect, even in the darkest anti-Gothic periods. "Entering in company with some of our colonists just arrived from America," says Gostling of the "Walks through Canterbury" of 1770, "how have I seen the countenances even of their negroes sparkle with raptures of admiration. Here the pilgrims of the older times waited, admiring the *speciosa ædificii majestas*, and deciphering the painted windows, until the time came for visiting the great shrine; and of this shrine, though it is vanished now, a drawing still remains among the Cottonian MSS., and it is also represented in one of the stained windows. It resembled

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that of St. Cuthbert at Durham, and the altar of St. Thomas stood at the head of it. The lower part was of stone and on marble arches, against which the sick and lame pilgrims were allowed to rub themselves in hope of a cure. The mass of worshippers did not pass beyond the iron rails that surrounded it. "The shrine itself rested on the marble arches, and it was covered with a wooden canopy, which at a given signal was drawn up and the shrine then appeared, blazing with gold and jewels; the wooden sides were plated with gold, and damasked with gold wire, and embossed with innumerable pearls and jewels and rings, cramped together on this gold ground." As all at this opening fell on their knees, the prior came forward and touched the several jewels with a white wand, naming the giver of each. Here was the carbuncle or diamond as large as a hen's egg, called the "Regale of France," and presented by Louis VII., who, said the legend, was somewhat unwilling to part with so great a treasure, but the stone *leapt* from the ring in which he wore it, and fastened itself firmly into the shrine, a miracle against which there was no striving; and here this "Regale" burnt at night like a fire, and would suffice alone, it was said, for a king's ransom. Here Louis knelt in gratitude, like a true Frenchman, happy at having traversed the Channel in safety. Here, also, came Richard on his liberation from his Austrian dungeon, walking from Sandwich to give thanks to "God and St. Thomas." Here also John followed him; and every succeeding

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English King, and their great foreign visitors, did repeated homage at the Upper Shrine. Edward I. (1299) offered here no less a gift than the golden crown of Scotland. Henry V. was here on his return from Agincourt. Emanuel, the Emperor of the East, paid his visit to Canterbury in 1400; Sigismund, the Emperor of the West, in 1417. In 1520 Henry VIII. and the Emperor Charles V. knelt here together. They rode here under the same canopy, Cardinal Wolsey in front, on the right and left the proud nobles of Spain and England, the streets lined with clergy, all in full ecclesiastical costume. "They lighted off their horses at the west door of the cathedral. Wareham was there to receive them; together they said their devotions—doubtless before the shrine." Myriads of pilgrims, after the fashion of that immortal company which shines in the pages of Chaucer, with a glory more lasting than that of the great Regale itself, thronged year after year to Canterbury, "the holy, blissful martyr for to seek;" and before their eyes at that blazing shrine there floated, as it were, a vision, a great gory phantasm, with a shattered brow, encircled with a *nimbus* or celestial platter, for these children of the Middle Ages to reverence and imprecate. And these children persevered till Archbishop Cranmer (if it is true) ate flesh in derision on the vigil of the translation, and "did sup in his hall with his family, which was never seen before," and until in April, 1538 (so was the story current on the Continent), a summons was addressed in the name of

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Henry VIII., "To thee, Thomas Becket, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury," charging the shade with treason, contumacy, and rebellion. The shade was a mightier presence when Henry II. knelt before it two years after the murder, after living on bread and water from the time of his arrival at Southampton, whence he walked barefoot through Canterbury to be scourged in the crypt by each bishop and abbot present, and by each of the eighty monks who had their allotted share in his chastisement. He, one of the mightiest of our earlier kings, passed after this the whole night in the crypt, fasting and resting against one of the pillars, and finally departed fully absolved. But Henry VIII. did not depart so considerately, for when the shade of Becket did not appear at his Royal summons it was tried at Westminster for contumacy, the bones of its dead flesh were sentenced to be burnt, though, as a fact, they were only buried, its shrine, with its offerings, was confiscated, and the "Regale" was long worn by Royal Henry in the ring upon his Royal thumb, Becket's Cornish choughs were removed from the arms of the city, his images throughout the realm were pulled down, and his name rased out of all books, until a late Canon of his Cathedral, so learned and so tolerant, is gently impressed by the circumstance that "the name of Geta has not been more carefully erased by his rival brother on every monument of Roman Empire." And thus, though his figure still remains here and there in the stained windows of his glorious church, his shrine is gone,

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his *nimbus* has paled, and his posthumous glory and power have passed like a dream of the night, or a misty wreath of the morning which drifts away in the sun glare, and is seen no more even in the horizon of time or the recollection of Christian men.

The great lightness and beauty of the Corona, the extreme east end of the cathedral are remarkable, says Mr. King, and we add, illustrative also of the fate of the martyred archbishop. It is English William's work. When Archbishop Anselm was at Rome in the early part of his episcopate, and attending a council in the Lateran, a question arose as to his proper place, since no Archbishop of Canterbury had as yet been present at a Roman Council. Pope Pascal II. decided by assigning to the "Alterius Orbis Papa" a seat in the "Corona," the most honourable position. It is possible that this fact may have led the architects, on the rebuilding of the choir, to make the addition of an Eastern apse, or Corona, which did not exist in the earlier church. In it were the shrines of Archbishop Odo and Wilfrid of York and a golden reliquary in the form of a head, containing some relic of Becket—perhaps the severed scalp. By a confusion of its proper name with this relic the Eastern apse came to be generally known as "Becket's Crown." On the north side is the tomb of Cardinal Pole, Queen Mary's Archbishop (1556-58) and the last archbishop buried at Canterbury. His Royal blood gave him a title to so distinguished a place of sepulture.

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At Rochester the double transepts, the numberless shafts of Petworth marble, and perhaps the flights of stairs ascending from either side of the crypts, recall immediately the works of the two Williams in the mother church, which always maintained the closest connexion with Rochester, her earliest daughter. At Oxford the visitor would do well to remark the choir screen and the pulpit, the screen being Jacobean, and deserving notice for its curious mixture of Gothic and Italian detail, while the pulpit, at the angle of the south transept, is still more interesting and remarkable. It is probably of the same date as the screen, the grotesque carvings on its sides, being "strikingly similar to others of about the same date in some of the old houses in Holywell," are especially worthy of attention. The original canopy, terminating in the symbol of the pelican, has been removed into the choir, where it now serves as the canopy of the episcopal throne. The porch of Peterborough is also to be remarked, in our hurried transit, as being of the purest Early English architecture. The work "seems about coeval with the Chapter-house at Lincoln, and the west porch at Ely, both of which were built shortly after 1200, and have very florid and elaborate details." . . . . "The fineness of the masonry, and the close jointing of the deeply-moulded archstones, are unsurpassed by anything of this period in the kingdom." At Peterborough, too, we are inevitably struck by the west front, which, "as a portico," says Mr. Fergusson, "using the term in its classical sense, is the grandest and

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finest in Europe; though wanting in the accompaniments which would enable it to rival some of the great façades of Continental cathedrals." There is no "similar" arrangement on an important scale in England, although on the Continent it is not uncommon, as at Amiens and Chartres. Nowhere is the triple entrance to the sanctuary—typical, it is usually considered, of the Holy Trinity—grander or more emphatically marked. The effects of light and shade produced by the great piers and arches of "this majestic front of columel work," as Fuller calls it, are wonderful. The upper portion of the space within them is generally in deep shadow, even at sunset, when the rest of the front is glowing with rosy light; this moment should be watched for by the visitor, and the effect of a full moon is still more impressive. See a full moon also at Wells, Mr. King, to rivet the consciousness of the fact that that cathedral grew out of the ground in virtue of a gracious incantation. An especial reverence for the Blessed Virgin was encouraged in the Church of Wells by Bishop Jocelyn, says the Canon Wellen, *ap. Wharton,* 'Anglia Sacra,' i. p. 564. Be assured that Bishop Jocelyn had some special reason for this, which he did not choose to make known except to certain of the discerning or initiated.

Stop at Ely also, hurried and perplexed traveller, and take off your hat in reverence to its central octagon. It is, "perhaps, the most beautiful and original design to be found in the whole range of Gothic architecture." The first impression here is almost bewildering, so great is the

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mass of details pressing for notice, so varied and unusual, the many lines and levels of piers, windows, and roofs, all glowing with colour, and intersected with the most graceful and delicate tracery. There is, perhaps, no architectural view in Europe more striking—when seen under a good effect of light, on which all such views so greatly depend, —than that across the octagon of Ely from the angle of the nave aisles. Nor should the visitor, while at Ely, look heedlessly at the Galilee and eastern portion of the choir, for they "take rank among the very best works of the Early English period; while the octagon, the western choir, and the Lady Chapel are probably the finest examples of pure Decorated to be found in England." It should also be mentioned here (we continue the words of a quotation without the inverted commas, because we ourselves adopt them) that the restoration of the cathedral, commenced by the late Dean Pecock and already far advanced, will, when completed, be one of the most perfect and elaborate that has anywhere been attempted. The whole is under the direction of Mr. G. G. Scott, and there is considerable satisfaction in our ability to make and repeat this statement.

Now, look at Lincoln, *viator*, for there is something superior in its site. In grandeur of situation Lincoln has no rival among English cathedrals. It rises on its "sovereign hill," a conspicuous landmark from every part of the surrounding country; and its towers are full in view as the traveller ascends the steep High-street, and winds upward towards the Close. As he passes beyond the gateway, the

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east end of the building, and the Chapter-house with its flying buttresses, first appear. The road then proceeds close under the south side of the cathedral, the lines of which are varied by projecting chapels and porches to an unusual extent. An entire new church seems to open after passing the Galilee porch, and finally the west front appears, with the towers rising behind it. No other cathedral is richer or more varied in its outlines, although it may perhaps be exceeded in the interest of its details. This unrivalled effect results entirely from the grandeur of the building itself, and from that of its situation.

At Gloucester note the great peculiarity of the later work, ranging from 1329 to 1377, with which the original Norman walls and piers of the transepts and choir are cased and transformed. The manner in which this transformation is effected not only differs altogether from that in which other Norman buildings (the nave of Winchester for example) were recased and altered, but the work at Gloucester affords us perhaps the earliest example of English Perpendicular; since it exhibits far more characteristics of this style than even of the later Decorated which from the date of the work we should expect to find. The Perpendicular work thus begun is continued through a series of magnificent examples—the cloister (1377-1412), the great tower (1450-60), and the Lady Chapel (1457-98), almost to the last days of Gothic architecture. The alteration in the south transept may be regarded as, perhaps, the earliest approach to Perpendicular work in England.

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The design is, indeed, wanting in one chief characteristic of true Perpendicular, as the mullions are not carried straight up to the head of the arch, but branch off into arches before reaching it. But, although the work in this transept retains much of Decorated character, the tendency to change is sufficiently marked, and in the rest of the Cathedral (north transept and choir) the Perpendicular style is completely developed. According to Professor Willis, it may have commenced here. It must have begun somewhere; in some place the mullion must have been carried up for the first time, and no place is so likely as Gloucester to have produced the change of style.

At Hereford, thanks to modern artificers, Viator will now see erected the magnificent screen of wrought-iron work which made one of the choicest attractions of the last International Exhibition, and which, painted and gilt, was executed by Messrs. Skidmore, of Coventry, from the designs of Mr. G. G. Scott. This is the second great work of the kind which has been produced in England. It is in many respects finer and more important than the screen at Lichfield; but it is designed and constructed on precisely the same principles, and affords a complete vindication of the advantage and beauty of metal work for the purpose to which it is here applied. But it is unnecessary to describe it here when the world at large has had an opportunity of seeing it so recently.

Bristol Cathedral, as far as Mr. King is our conductor, is the next and last, which deserves a most careful study.

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The Norman and Decorated portions are of unusual value and interest; and the latter, especially, presents many features which "partake very much more of the nature of what we may call German than English Gothic of that period." The peculiar vaulting of the choir aisles, and the richly-decorated monumental recesses in the work of Abbot Knowle may be regarded as the specialities of this cathedral. In passing into the north choir aisle the eye is at once attracted by the vaulting of the roof, which is altogether unusual. The choir and the aisles are of the same height, and "to carry out this arrangement," says the Rev. J. Eccles Carter:—

"The following ingenious construction has been adopted. A transom, as we must call it, has been thrown across the aisles from the outer walls to the capitals of the choir pillars. These are supported on arches springing from attached shafts on each side of the aisle, and in the spandrils formed by these are lesser arches, so that the transom is supported by the points of three arches. From the centre of the transom springs a vaulting shaft which carries the groining of the roof. A horizontal buttress is thus obtained, which receives the thrust of the groining of the choir, and carries it across the aisle to the external buttress. We cannot but perceive that the principles of carpentry are here employed, and it is an arrangement we should find in wooden construction, though we are surprised to see it carried out in stone."

The vaulting of both aisles is the same. The windows,

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which have transoms, are specially to be noticed for the beauty of their Decorated tracery. A string course, with the ball flower, runs immediately under them in each aisle. Such is the strange peculiarity of Bristol, to which we must add the splendour of the great Norman gateway leading into the Lower College Green, a beautiful but much decayed Early English doorway at the south-west corner of the cloister, and the site of a chapel in the Lower College Green in which St. Jordan, traditionally said to have been one of the companions of St. Augustine of Canterbury, was interred. "Ibique in magnâ areâ sacellum in quo sepultus est S. Jordanus, unus ex discipulis Augustini, Anglorum apostoli,"—thus wrote Leland, that trusty antiquary, but all sign of the chapel itself and of the saint's resting-place has disappeared.

Thus have we ranged the chief English Cathedrals, south, east, and west—that is, such of them as are possessed of the greatest beauties or the most significant features in their fabrics, their accessories, or their sites. There is the further world of their monuments, their sculptures, their stained glass, their bishops, and their traditions, in which the traveller will find much beauty, much history, and much gorgeous recreation for his sight and hearing. Beginning again with *Winchester*, he may hear how St. Swithun by his own choice lay out in its churchyard where the rain from the eaves might fall on his grave; but his body was translated from this lowly grave to a golden shrine within the cathedral, having been

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delayed by incessant rain for forty days, whence his subsequent reputation as a weather saint. Denewulf, husband of the good wife whose cakes King Alfred burnt, was also afterwards one of its bishops. Henry of Blois, not only the most powerful prelate who ever occupied the See of Winchester, but the most powerful Churchman of his time, was nominated Bishop of Winchester by his uncle, Henry the Beauclerc. He was one of the greatest "castle-builders" of Stephen's time, yet founder, at the same time, of the beautiful Hospital of St. Cross. Peter de Rupibus, his successor, after one intermediary, was also a gallant bishop, strong for his King against Innocent III., and subsequently against the rebellious Barons. After many intermediaries, however, we come to the more magnificent prelate, who, of all the Bishops of Winchester, left most impress of his capacity here; and, indeed, his architectural capacity was elsewhere evidenced by so many castles and colleges that we may look upon him as the most masterly builder of whom we ever yet have boasted, while his benefaction to learning, as Fuller said, "is not to be paralleled by any English subject in all particulars," not even by Waynflete, Chichele, or Wolsey. He was succeeded by the man so darkly portrayed by Shakespeare, and, as some think, so unjustly, that

> "haughty Cardinal,
> More like a soldier than a man of the Church"—

Beaufort, whose "tawny coats" ruffled it in the streets of

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London against the "blue coats" of Duke Humphrey, and of whose remorse and despair, so wonderfully delineated by Shakespeare, there is not a word; so that, so far from "dying and making no sign," Beaufort's deathbed was peculiarly calm and collected. He, also, was succeeded by William of Waynflete, founder of Magdalen College, Oxford, who thereby showed his prescience of the coming change, in advance even of Fox and Wolsey, by founding colleges rather than monasteries—a man favourably contrasting with Stephen Gardiner, who came later in the Episcopal list, and who was rightly designated "*malleus hereticorum*,"—he, also, a man of sharp wit and quick apprehension, an intense hater, yet certainly capable of eating his dinner without waiting for the news that Ridley and Latimer were passing through the fire to Moloch. Then, after an interval of unconspicuous prelates, comes Lancelot Andrewes—a far brighter light, "*lux mundi*," as the phrase runs on his monument in St. Mary Overy's (St. Saviour's), Southwark; and after him, after more than the lapse of a century, comes Benjamin Hoadley, whose name, at least, is remembered in connexion with the once famous Bangorian controversy, and who distinguished himself as a zealous partisan of what is called "religious liberty." With his name the list of the noted Bishops of Winchester closes, nor do we care to remember any more of them, in their patient and decorous self-seclusion.

In the place of prelates, not of the highest type, with some few prominent exceptions—Bishop Roger of the

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Matilda and Stephen days, who built magnificent castles; Bishop Hallam, who conducted himself as a brave and true representative of the English Church at the Council of Constance (1415-1417); John Jewel, the famous author of the 'Apology of the Church of England,' the glory and the shame of Merton College, the patron of the young, "judicious Hooker"—"a Jewel," says Fuller, "sometimes taken for a single precious stone is properly a collection of many, orderly set together to their best advantage: so several eminences met in this worthy man;" and, after Jewel, Seth Ward and Gilbert Burnet; in the place of the prelates of *Salisbury*, we say, we may easier take an interest in the lay folk who lie bodily in that splendid cemetery. There is one great caitiff among them, Lord Stourton, the rough-handed murderer of the Hartgills, who was hung by a silken cord, and over whose tomb, as a memorial of his crime, a twisted wire with a noose, emblematic of the halter, was hung so late as the year 1775. Here are the tombs of the Longespees, one of them the son of the Fair Rosamond, warriors, whose effigies are elongated on their monuments with "a feeling of art which would not do discredit to a very advanced school," as Sir R. Westmacott asserted of them. Here are the remains of that Sir John Cheyney, the standard-bearer of Henry of Richmond at the Battle of Bosworth, and who was unhorsed by Richard III. in that desperate final rush, and of whom the traditions of his great size were confirmed when Wyatt was fumbling about his resting-place—whose thigh-

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bone measured 21 inches, nearly 4 inches longer than ordinary; and there, by way of contrast, is the tomb of the little boy, or choral bishop, who was elected by the boys of the choir on St. Nicholas's-day, and must have died during his brief episcopate, perhaps of the effects of his Christmas dinner three days before. Here are monuments by Flaxman to William Benson Earle and two of the Longs, and a monument to James Harris, author of 'Hermes,' by Bacon; another to his son, that most amusing writer of memoirs and discreet courtier, the first Earl of Malmesbury, by Chantrey; and monuments, also, to Sir Richard Colt Hoare and John Britton, the father of modern archæology. Here, too, are buried, on the north side of the altar, but without any memorial or inscription, six Earls and four Countesses of Pembroke, and one of the Countesses,

"—— the glory of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother."

John, Duke of Somerset (the "proud" Duke), and his wife, the famous heiress of the Percys, are also interred here; and the monument, which is gilt and painted, was restored by the late Duke of Northumberland. Here also is the touching epitaph on Lord Hertford's monument, he who married in private the sister of Lady Jane Grey, and was so long imprisoned by Elizabeth for his loving imprudence,—"Quo desiderio veteres revocavit amores." Here also is the beautiful tomb of Bishop Giles de Bridport,

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remarkable in an artistic sense, while of the life of the Bishop little or nothing is known. Here also the 62nd or Wiltshire Regiment have their memorial window for those of them who fell on the Sutlej, 1845-6, and in the Crimea, somewhat later. Here also are some of the most interesting remains of early Gothic art which exist either in England or on the Continent, in the sculptures which fill the voussoirs of the arch in the vestibule, and the spandrils of the arcade below the windows in the chapter-house itself, which in other respects, in the estimation of Mr. Burges, is by no means up to the mark of the designers of Westminster, Canterbury, or Wells. Such, however, are some of the memorial attractions for the visitor to Salisbury who has the taste and inclination to study, ponder, or enjoy them.

At *Exeter*, again, the visitor will find fine sculpture on its west front, which, though not such high or ideal art as the earlier work at Wells and Lincoln, is, as Mr. Cockerell held it to be, "remarkable, characteristic, and beautiful sculpture." Its nave corbels are choice and interesting, and the *Minstrel's Gallery* especially is decorated with specimens of sculpture which occur in this perfection nowhere else in England. Here are winged angels playing on musical instruments, on cittern, bagpipes, flageolet, crowth or violin, harp, an unknown or unseen instrument (the fingers are put close to the mouth), trumpet, organ, guitar, wind instrument, tambour, and cymbals; and they are evidently playing well with their hearts in their

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angelic performance. In St. Mary Magdalene's Chapel is a striking Elizabethan monument to Sir Gawain Carew, his wife, and their nephew, Sir Peter Carew, erected in 1589, and restored in 1857 by existing representatives of the family. We find here also some odd but grave-looking fellows of peculiar anatomy in the tombs of Bishop Bartholomew (1184) and Bishop Marshall (1206). Their thumbs especially are a striking contrast, and are as interesting in their respective categories as the thumb of Mr. Justice Buller, which was of such consequence in the question of the liabilities of the irritating British matron. Nor at Exeter must we forget the Norman towers, which must be regarded as constituting its speciality, nor Walter de Stapledon its bishop, who was the founder of Stapledon's Inn (now Exeter College, Oxford), and of Hart Hall, which stood on the north side of Broad-street, in the same city. John Grandison (1327-1369) was the most magnificent prelate who ever filled its see. He produced ample specimens of good work, especially in the building line. His diet was frugal, his receipts were great, his expenses no more than necessary, so that he amassed great riches, and he died on St. Swithun's day, 1369. He had no very remarkable successor except Joseph Hall, author of the 'Divine Institution of Episcopacy,' and Gauden, who wrote 'Icon Basilike,' and represented that "Exeter had a high rack but a low manger," and that his services in the matter of the 'Icon,' the authorship of which he directly claimed in a letter to Clarendon, deserved a higher reward. Brave

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old Henry of Exeter, yet extant, you are as memorable a man as Gauden, and we have heard that you can write quite as venerable a pamphlet.

At *Wells* the visitor may identify the two beautiful chantries between the second and third piers of the nave (counting from the east) as those of Bishop Bubwith and Dean Sugar. A plain blue slab near the centre of the nave was formerly pointed out as "King Ina's grave;" but there seems to be considerable doubt whether King Ina was buried here. The moat of the episcopal palace is still fed by springs from St. Andrew's or the "bottomless" well, the original "great well" of King Ina. There is some ancient stained glass in the choir, in the eastern and two adjoining windows; and the two next windows of the clerestory have been filled with modern glass by Bell and Willement. The ancient glass dates from the early part of the fourteenth century, and is therefore the original glazing. That in the east window is magnificent in colouring; but, owing to the crowded character of the composition, it is inferior to that of the east window of Bristol. The effigy of Bishop Beckington, the great benefactor of Wells, is to be seen, as we understand it, against the wall of the choir; but the chantry which the bishop had constructed for himself projected into the choir, and was removed during the late restorations. This is much to be regretted. It was to this chantry the mayor and corporation of Wells used to repair in solemn procession annually, in order to pray for the repose of the bishop, who had done

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so much for them and for the city. Lastly, Thomas Ken, "one of the most primitive and holy bishops, who, by God's mercy, have been raised up to adorn the apostolical Church in England," is also the bishop who, of all his predecessors and successors, is now most generally remembered in connexion with the see of Bath and Wells. Most beautiful of all cathedrals, may thy shadow never be less! Most gentle of all bishops, may thy memory never fade!

Stigand, chaplain of the Conqueror, removed the chief place of the Saxon bishopric from Selsey to *Chichester*, where it has ever since remained. Bishop Richard de la Wych (1245-53), who died at Dover, where he had rested while preaching the crusade along the southern coast, was canonized after his decease. His miracles, such as the feeding, during a great dearth, at Cakeham, in the parish of West Wittering, of 3000 persons with beans, only sufficient for one-third the number, are of the usual pretension; but enough remains to prove that the life and labours of Bishop de la Wych were of no ordinary excellence. Reginald Pecock also was bishop here (1450-7). Pecock wrote much against the so-called errors of the Lollards. His famous 'Repressor,' according to Hallam, contains passages well worthy of Hooker, both for weight of matter and dignity of style. "Fulness of language, pliancy of expression, argumentative sagacity, extensive learning, and critical skill," says the learned editor of the 'Repressor,' "distinguish almost every chapter . . . . It is no exaggeration to affirm that Pecock's 'Repressor' is the

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earliest piece of good philosophical discussion of which our English prose literature can boast. As such it possesses no small interest for the philologist, and for the lovers of letters generally." The editor of the present volume adds that he probably died at Thorney Abbey, in Cambridgeshire, where he was secluded for his bold opinions and treated with undue rigour, though he is spoken of by Henry Wharton (editor of the 'Anglia Sacra') as "by far the most eminent and learned bishop of the Church of England in his time." His 'Repressor' has been recently edited by the Rev. Churchill Babington, in the series of documents for the illustration of the history of England, published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. So also William Chillingworth, the champion of Protestantism, who died here (1643), after the capture of Arundel Castle, was buried in this cloister, and Cheynell, a Puritan Grand Inquisitor, appeared at the grave with Chillingworth's 'Religion of Protestants,' which he flung into it "to rot with its author and see corruption," accompanying his proceeding with a speech that Torquemada might have envied. Like most impartial writers, Chillingworth shared the fate of the bat in the fable, and was cordially recognised by neither party. The last lines of the inscription on his monument—

> "Sub hoc marmore conditur,
> Nec sentit damna sepulchri,"

are said to be a later addition. The original inscription,

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written by a friend of Chillingworth's soon after the Restoration, contained a special allusion to Cheynell, in which he was styled "Theologaster." His son (evidently an irritable snob) got into the cloister and defaced it with a pickaxe. The nave of Chichester is also rich in monuments by Flaxman, none of which are obtrusive, and one or two of much beauty. One of them is the monument of Collins the poet; another that of Agnes Cromwell, a graceful figure borne upwards by floating angels; and a third that of Jane Smith. Mr. Ruskin says of Flaxman, "He has left you a few outlines of muscular men straddling and frowning behind round shields. Much good may they do you! Another lost mind." Query, does he take into consideration what he might see of Flaxman here? And if he does, as Mr. King observes, his judgment on the artist need not, perhaps, be considered final. Not final, we add, as condemnatory of the artist, and not final, probably, as the opinion of Mr. Ruskin himself.

It is at *Canterbury*, however, hardly excepting Westminster, that we rise to the most monumental edifice of English history. There is *the transept of the Martyrdom.* There is the actual door by which Becket and the knights entered the church; next, the wall in front of which the Archbishop fell; and, lastly, there is reason to believe that the pavement immediately in front of the wall is that existing at the time of the murder. It is a hard Caen stone, and from the centre of one of the flags a small square piece has been cut out, possibly as a relic. In front of the wall,

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and in a portion of the pavement, was erected a wooden altar to the Virgin, called "*Altare ad punctum ensis*," where a portion of the brains was shown under a piece of rock crystal, and where were exhibited and kissed by the pilgrims the fragments of Le Bret's sword, which had been broken on the floor. On the choir side of the aisle, opposite the transept, is the monument of Henry Chichele (1414 to 1443), the Archbishop of Henry V. and of Agincourt, the instigator of the last great war of conquest in France. This monument, in many respects remarkable, was erected by him during his life, and, like his College of All Souls, may possibly indicate his "deep remorse for this sin," which seems also hinted at in a letter to the Pope. Below and within the arched sides of the tomb is laid a wasted figure in a winding-sheet. The steps up which the pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas climbed on their knees, and the indentations on the stones, yet tell of the long trains of worshippers by which they have been mounted age after age. Nor should the visitor fail to observe the stained windows in the Trinity Chapel and the Corona, for they are of the thirteenth century, and among the finest of this date in Europe, excelling in many respects those of Bourges, Troyes, and Chartres "for excellence of drawing, harmony of colouring, and purity of design." He should remark especially the great value given to the brilliant colours by the profusion of white and neutral tints. The scroll and borders surrounding the medallions are also of an extraordinary beauty.

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Between the first two piers of Trinity Chapel, south, is the monument of Edward the Black Prince (died Trinity Sunday, June 8, 1376), "the most authentic memorial remaining of the first of a long line of English heroes." He had already founded a chantry in the crypt, on the occasion of his marriage (1363) with the "Fair Maid of Kent," and his will, dated June 7, the day before his death, contains minute directions for this monument, and for his interment, which he orders to be in the crypt. For some unknown reason the order was disregarded, and he was buried above, his tomb being the first erected in what was then thought to be the most sacred spot in England. The effigy is in brass, and was once entirely gilt, like the cast from it which may be seen at Sydenham. The Plantagenet features are traceable, "the flat cheeks and the well-chiselled nose, as in the effigy of his father at Westminster Abbey, and of his grandfather at Gloucester. Above are suspended the brass gauntlets; the heaume du Leopard" —"that casque which never stooped except to time," lined with leather, "a proof of its being actually intended for use;" the shield of wood, covered with moulded leather; the velvet surcoat, with the arms of France and England; and the scabbard of the sword. It is said that Cromwell carried away the sword itself. In addition to other interesting incidents of this monument above is the long inscription, composed by the Prince himself in Norman French, and inserted in his will, of which we can only find

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space for the last two lines, in which he asks for the prayers of Christian men:—

"Tout cil qe pur moi prieront, ou à Dieu m'accorderont,
Dieu les mette en son parays, ou nul ne poet estre cheitifs."

Immediately opposite is the tomb of Henry IV. (died 1413) and of his second wife, Joan of Navarre (died 1437). The Yorkists asserted that the King's body had been thrown into the sea between Gravesend and Barking, but on the opening of this tomb in 1832, in the presence of the then Dean of Canterbury, two coffins were found, and an inner case of lead was partially sawn through, "when, to the astonishment of all present, the face of the deceased King was seen in complete preservation; the nose elevated, the beard thick and matted, and of a deep russet colour, and the jaws perfect, except one fore tooth, which had probably been lost during the King's life. Henry died at the early age of 46. At the feet of the Black Prince is the monument of Archbishop Courtenay, the severe opponent of the Wycliffites, and the executor to the Black Prince himself. Beyond his monument is that of Odo Coligny, Cardinal Chatillon, who, on account of his Huguenot tendencies, fled to England in 1568, and was favourably received by Elizabeth. He died of poison given him by one of his servants at Canterbury, on his way back to France. On the north side of the Corona is the tomb of Cardinal Pole, Queen Mary's Archbishop (1556-58), and the last Archbishop buried at

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Canterbury, his Royal blood giving him a title to so distinguished a place of sepulture. The screen of St. Anselm's Chapel is formed by the tomb of Archbishop Simon de Meopham, "a beautiful and singular work, consisting of an altar tomb placed between a double arcade." West of Anselm's Chapel, and on the choir side, is the tomb of Simon de Sudbury, the Archbishop who reproved the superstitious pilgrimages to St. Thomas, crowned Richard II., and was himself beheaded by the Kentish rebels under Wat Tyler. "Not many years ago," says Dean Stanley, "when this tomb was accidentally opened, the body was seen within, wrapped in sere-cloth, a leaden ball occupying the vacant place of the head." Then come the tombs of Archbishop Stratford and Archbishop Kemp. In the south-east transept below the easternmost window, there are some indications, in the broken pillars, of the tomb of Archbishop Winchelsea, whose contest with Edward the First, touching clerical subsidies, and whose great almsgiving caused him to be regarded as a saint, though the Pope would not consent to canonize him. In this transept is now placed the *patriarchal chair* of Purbeck marble, called "St. Augustine's chair," traditionally said to be that in which the Pagan Kings of Kent were enthroned, and which, presented by Ethelbert to Augustine, has ever since served as the metropolitan *cathedra* of Canterbury. It is certainly of high antiquity, but not so old as this; and in this chair the archbishops are enthroned, in person or by proxy. West of this transept, against the

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south wall of the choir, is the mutilated effigy of Archbishop Hubert Wallis, who, having accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion and Archbishop Baldwin to the Holy Land, was, on the latter's death, chosen Archbishop in the Crusaders' camp at Acre. Beyond is Walter Reynolds, the courtier archbishop of Edward II., whom he deserted in his adversity. In the pavement, close at the foot of the stairs descending from the tower, is the tombstone of Meric Casaubon; adjoining it is that of Shuckford, of the "Connection." Opening east from this transept is the monument erected by Margaret Holland to her two husbands, John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, half-brother of Henry IV., and Thomas of Clarence, his second son, who was killed by a lance wound in the face at the battle of Baugé in 1421. At the east end, singularly placed, the head alone appearing through the wall, is the stone coffin of Stephen Langton, the great Archbishop of John and Magna Charta, "whose work still remains among us in the familiar division of the Bible into chapters." In the crypt, dedicated as a whole to the Virgin, toward the east end, is the Chapel of our Lady Undercroft; and in beauty this shrine exceeded that of Walsingham, while its wealth was indescribable. Only a very few magnates were permitted to see it. It was, says Erasmus, surrounded by a double rail of iron. "*Quid metuit Virgo? Nihil opinor, nisi fures.*" In the centre of the pavement is the gravestone of the Cardinal Archbishop Merton, who effected the union of the two roses by the marriage of Henry of Richmond to Elizabeth of York.

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The whole of the crypt was given up by Elizabeth in 1561 to the French and Flemish refugees, "they whom the rod of Alva bruised," who fled to England in great numbers—"gentle and profitable strangers," as Archbishop Parker called them—and who, as a company of clothiers and silk weavers, established themselves at Canterbury, where their numbers rapidly increased, and where they had their own pastors and services, *invito Laude*, and where the long table is still left where they used to receive the sacrament. By the way, it is worth inquiring in these days what has become of the endowment for their support. It *was*, at all events, one of the noblest applications of the charities of this metropolitan church, on which a large and liberal policy descended from its earliest institution. Thus Archbishop Theodore founded here a predecessor of the ancient *school* for the study of Greek, and on it he bestowed many Greek books, including a copy of *Homer*, thus marking Canterbury as the earliest place of Greek study in England. Thus, also, while the great cathedral itself rises as the centre of "the first English Christian city," St. Augustine's College, the modern successor of the monastery established by the apostle of England, nestles close below. "From the Christianity here established," says Dean Stanley, "has flowed by direct consequence—first the Christianity of Germany; then, after a long interval, of North America; and lastly, we may trust, in time, of all India and all Australasia. The view from St. Martin's Hill is, indeed, one of the most inspiriting that can be found in

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the world; there is none to which I would more willingly take any one who doubted whether a small beginning could lead to a great and lasting good; none which carries us more vividly back into the past, or more hopefully forward to the future." If again we recall the names only of some of the bishops and archbishops of that ancient see, we seem equally to follow a trail of splendid light through the darkest and the grandest scenes of our domestic history. Here Dunstan wrought his countless miracles after his death, and Stigand vacillated between Edgar Atheling and William the Conqueror. The significant procession sweeps around the aisles,—Lanfranc, Anselm, Becket, Stephen Langton, Simon of Sudbury, Chichele, Cranmer, Pole, Parker, Grindall, Whitgift, Bancroft, Abbot, Laud, Juxon, Sheldon, Sancroft, Tillotson—till a gentler complement fills up the closing scene, emphatic emblem that the great controversies are past, and a promise that hereafter England and her Church shall hold their faith in the unity of spirit and the bond of peace.

If we turn from Canterbury to *Rochester*, her eldest daughter, we have yet to remark the sculptures over the doorway, so much and deservedly praised by Flaxman; but after Walter de Merton, the founder of our Collegiate system, we can recall no prelate here of distinguished character until the Reformation. Then, indeed, we have Fisher, the fellow-sufferer with More, and, later, Sprat and Atterbury. At *Oxford* we linger to hear the story of the shrine of St. Frideswide. Peter Martyr, Divinity Professor

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of Christ Church during the reign of Edward VI., had brought within the college walls his wife, named Catherine Catie, who, like the wife of Luther, had been a professed nun. She died before Mary's accession, and was buried in the cathedral. Cardinal Pole directed that her remains, which had been laid "near the sepulchre of the holy virgin, St. Frideswide," should be cast out from holy ground, and they were accordingly taken from her coffin, and flung into a cesspool at the back of the deanery. Elizabeth ordered that the body should be restored to decent burial. Should a Popish priest in her land do the grave of a woman such grievous dishonour? The fragments were recovered with difficulty, and were about to be replaced in the earth, under the floor of the cathedral, when some one produced the sacred box which contained the remains of Frideswide. They were brought out at the critical moment, and an instant sense of the fitness of things consigned to the same resting-place the bones of the wife of Peter Martyr. The married nun and the virgin saint were buried together, and the dust of the two still remains under the pavement inextricably blended. According to the Jesuit Saunders, the "impious epitaph," on the chest was "Hic jacet religio cum superstitione." "Although," says Fuller, "the words being capable of a favourable sense on his side, he need not have been so angry." Against the pier opposite the shrine is the monument of Robert Burton, author of the well-known 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' who died in 1639. The bust of his monument is certainly marked by the *melancholia*

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which is said to have destroyed him. The inscription written by himself, and placed here by his brother, William Burton, the historian of Leicestershire, runs thus:—

"Paucis notus, paucioribus ignotus
Hic jacet
Democritus Junior
Cui vitam dedit et mortem
Melancholia."

Against the pier below is the monument of Dean Aldrich (died 1711), whose music was better than his logic, and whose anthems and cathedral services are well known; while his catch, "Hark! the bonny Christ Church bells" may be mentioned with respect within hearing of the bells themselves. The most interesting incidents after this in connexion with the see of Oxford are the memory of Bishop Hough and the pleasant presence of Bishop Wilberforce.

At *Peterborough* we have the tomb of Queen Catherine, of whom Mr. King says, with some precipitancy, it is scarcely possible to imagine the closing scene of her life otherwise than as Shakespeare has painted it. The closing scenes of her father's successor wore a very unexpected aspect to the English reader when they were popularized by Mr. Stirling, and we assume those of his daughter, also, would lose somewhat of their ideality if we had a full complement to the letters and traditions of Kimbolton. At *Norwich*, we may remark an opening in the centre of the roof of the nave between the west door

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and the choir screen, about which and similar openings in the roof of Exeter Cathedral, and in other vaults of the Decorated and Perpendicular periods, it has been conjectured that they served for censing the church on great festivals, and for other occasional ceremonies. Mr. Harrod, writing of the castles and convents of Norfolk, quotes the following passage from Lambarde's 'Topographical Dictionary':—

"I, myself, being a child, was once in Paule's Church at London, at a feast at Whitsontide, wheare the comyng down of the Holy Ghost was set forth by a white pigeon that was let to fly out of a hole that is yet to be seen in the midst of the roof of the great ile, and by a long censer, which descending out of the same place almost to the very ground, was swinged up and down at such a length that it reached at one swepe almost to the west gate of the church, and with the other to the queer stairs of the same, breathing out over the whole church and companie a most pleasant perfume of such swete thyngs as burned therein."

The most notable bishops of Norwich were the wag Corbet, who asked for some dust to be put on the bald head of a man, whom he was about to confirm, to keep his hand from slipping, and who regaled himself with his chaplain with so little ceremony in his wine-cellar; and Bishop Hall, who, with the Archbishop of York and eleven other prelates, was in December, 1641, committed to the Tower for protesting against the validity of laws passed

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during the enforced absence of the bishops from Parliament. He has given the story of his sufferings in his 'Hard Measure,' and a picture of the desecration of his cathedral in the Civil Wars, when Dick, Tom, and Harry had their fling there as in many other of our church sanctuaries.

At *Ely* the visitor will be certain to look at the place whence Mr. Basevi, the architect of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, fell from the upper roof, and was killed on the spot. Of its octagon, the triumph of Alan of Walsingham, we have spoken already. Of its Bishops, Cox, who resisted his spoliation by Lord Keeper Hatton, was the unfortunate personage who received the celebrated letter from Queen Elizabeth:—"Proud Prelate,—You know what you were before I made you what you are; if you do not immediately comply with my request, by God I will unfrock you." Simon Patrick was perhaps the most distinguished Bishop who filled the see of Ely subsequent to the Reformation. At *Lincoln* we chiefly commemorate St. Hugh, a far finer character than Becket, and his consistent life a more perfect pattern of saint-like purity; Robert Grostête, whose profound learning won the admiration of Roger Bacon, and who was indeed one of the most remarkable men of the thirteenth century; and Robert Sanderson who wrote 'De Conscientiâ' at the request of Robert Boyle, and whose own life was written by Izaac Walton. At *Gloucester* we must not omit to admire the superb altar-tomb of Edward II., whose effigy

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of alabaster is exhibited there, and of which it seems probable that the features were chiselled from a waxen mask, taken after the King's assassination. The head is very fine, and should be compared with those of Edward III. at Westminster and of the Black Prince at Canterbury. Also the cloisters at Gloucester are memorable as the earliest existing example of the fanvault, which is entirely peculiar to England, and which Professor Willis has suggested that the school of masons who were employed in this cathedral may have originated. The name of Warburton is better known than that of any other prelate who has filled the see, and principally by his 'Julian,' and 'Divine Legation of Moses.' At *Hereford*, in the Chapter Library, is the remarkable 'Map of the World,' which is one of the most valuable relics of mediæval geography, and the most interesting 'Antiphonarium,' containing the old "Hereford Use," which was purchased at a book-stall in Drury-lane about the year 1820, and redeemed by the Dean and Chapter, who restored it to its original and legitimate resting-place. Of the Bishops of *Bristol* we can but distinguish Paul Bush, who had married after the accession of Mary, and, being unwilling to resign his wife, was deprived; Bishop Fletcher, who, as Dean of Peterborough, was present in 1586 at the execution of Queen Mary of Scotland, who, also, like Paul Bush, married to his cost under Elizabeth, and who was the father of John Fletcher, the dramatist; John Trelawny, of the well-known song,—"And shall Trelawny die?" &c.; and

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lastly Bishop Butler, the inscription on the tablet to whose memory, written by Southey, himself a Bristolian, runs partly and grandly as follows:—

"Others had established the historical and prophetical grounds of the Christian religion and the sure testimony of its truth, which is to be found in its perfect adaptation to the heart of man. It was reserved for him to develop its analogy to the constitution and course of nature, and, laying his strong foundations in the depth of that great argument, there to construct another and irrefragable proof; thus rendering philosophy subservient to faith, and finding in outward and visible things the type and evidence of those within the veil."

At *Worcester* we have a most important chantry, that of Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII.; the effigy of Audela, wife of John de Warren, worthy of all praise; the slab for Anne, the sister of Bishop Ken, and the wife of Isaac Walton, who, no doubt, wrote the inscription; and the well-known sepulchral slab on the north walk, with the single word "*Miserrimus.*" The story of "miserrimus" is no secret, and it is briefly indicated by Mr. King, while Wordsworth has written a sonnet on this epitaph. Another curiosity existing at Worcester Cathedral up to 1820, vanished when its ancient north doors were removed. A man who stole the sanctus bell from the high altar was flayed alive for this sacrilege, and the doors are said to have been covered by his skin. Its most famous bishops were Wulfstan II., who resisted the odour of the roasting

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goose; John Carpenter, Provost of Oriel, and Chancellor of Oxford, the friend of Canynges, the great Bristol merchant, one of the principal contributors towards the building of St. Mary Redcliffe Church there,—and who was himself the restorer and endower of the Collegiate Church at Westbury-on-Trym, his birthplace; Hugh Latimer, Prideaux, Hough, translated from Lichfield, and Hurd, of the 'Moral and Political Dialogues,' in whose face Madame D'Arblay remarked the "Beauty of Holiness," and of whom George III. spoke as the "most naturally polite man he had ever known." In *Lichfield* you can see, among other monuments, that of Bishop Hacket, of Major Hodson, who received the submission of the King of Oude; and that well-known monument which is designated Chantrey's "Sleeping Children." St. Chad was its great patron saint; and when Lord Brooke and the Parliamentarians assaulted Lichfield, commencing their siege on St. Chad's-day, it was natural that the fanatics on the other side should boast that,—

> "Thanks to Heaven and good St. Chad,
> A guerdon meet the spoiler had,—"

when Brooke was shot dead from the cathedral spire by the dumb brother of Sir Robert Dyott; and certainly there was a singular combination of circumstances to invest his fate with a superstitious halo, and to provide the subject for a little story-book by a canon of that cathedral.

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The mention of St. Chad, or rather of the Puritans, recalls the long list of ravages committed on these ancient fabrics, though they do not balance the consolation that so much has come down to us. There have been two general epochs of wreck and ruin, the Reformation and the Civil Wars; but besides these there have been some special visitations in particular instances. Thus the cathedral of Rochester suffered much in 1264, when the castle of Rochester was besieged by Simon de Montfort, whose troops, like the Northmen before them, and the Puritan soldiers afterwards, turned the nave into a stable. The stained glass seems to have disappeared at the Dissolution; and, after the retreat of the Commonwealth troops, the nave was long used as a carpenter's shop, and "several sawpits were dug in it." We have already mentioned the successive burnings of Worcester, but it also suffered great desecration and injury from the troops of Essex in 1642, and again from Cromwell's soldiers after the battle of Worcester, in 1651. Gloucester and Bristol suffered little in the Civil Wars, notwithstanding their respective sieges. Wells suffered considerably at the Reformation, but does not seem to have been much damaged during the Civil War, although the troopers of Prince Rupert were more than once quartered in the town. It did not escape so well, however, in the troubles of Monmouth's rebellion, and it was then probably that many of the statues on the west front were destroyed and defaced. On their way to Bridgewater, after the retreat from Philips Norton, the

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rebels proceeded to Wells, and arrived there in no amiable temper. It is Macaulay who tells us this, and that they not only tore the lead from the roof, "for which they might fairly plead the necessities of war, but wantonly defaced the ornaments of the building. Grey (Lord Grey of Wark) with difficulty preserved the altar from the insults of some ruffians who wished to carouse around it, by taking his stand before it with his sword drawn." After the taking of Chichester by Sir William Waller, in 1643, the soldiers "broke down the organ, and dashed the pipes with their pole-axes, crying in scoff, "Harke how the orguns goe;" and after the thanksgiving sermon for the fall of the city, which was preached in the cathedral, they ran up and down with their swords drawn, defacing the monuments of the dead, and hacking the seats and stalls. The stained glass in the south window was destroyed by Waller's pikemen. Stately Canterbury itself at that date lost much of the great window of the north transept, the gift of Edward II. and his Queen. In the centre of the window was Becket himself, at full length, robed and mitred. This part was demolished in 1692, by Richard Culmer, called "Blue Dick," the great Iconoclast of Canterbury, who "rattled down proud Becket's glassy bones" with a pike, and who, while thus engaged, narrowly escaped martyrdom himself at the hands of a Malignant fellow-townsman, who "threw a stone with so good a will that, if St. Richard Culmer had not ducked, he might have laid his own bones among the rubbish." Most

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of the figures in the tomb of Archbishop Chichele were also destroyed by the Puritans, and those which now exist are of later date. Even the monument of Cardinal Archbishop Merton in the crypt was much defaced by Blue Dick. The archives and documents belonging to the cathedral of Lichfield were also entirely destroyed by the Puritan soldiery after the taking of the Close in 1642. In 1643 Peterborough was visited by Cromwell himself, on his way to besiege Crowland; and it is probable that no English cathedral was more completely "set to rights," or underwent more wanton destruction at the hands of the Parliamentarian troopers. In spite of special orders to do no injury to the church, the cloisters, which had been filled with stained glass of unusual beauty, were pulled down, and all the charters and evidences belonging to the cathedral were burnt or destroyed; and, to crown all, a very beautiful Lady Chapel of the Early English period (1274) was demolished after the Restoration for the sake of the materials, in order to repair the damage which the cathedral had received from Cromwell's intractable pikemen.

Alas, for the suggestion of greater havoc, under the mention of that fatal word "restoration." In later days there was a man named Wyatt, a professed architect, a man before his time in his claim to be a restorer, and out of joint with his time in the use of his opportunities. To this man fashion, folly, or what not, surrendered several of our principal cathedrals. He was let loose upon Salisbury,

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Hereford, and Lichfield; and not Simon de Montfort, or the harpies of the Reformation, or the pikemen of the Holy League and Covenant, ever did so much mischief, and with so little remorse. In his own opinion he simply restored and beautified. Under Bishop Barrington he operated at Salisbury (1786-1791); and his untiring use of axe and hammer will stand a very fair comparison with the labours of an iconoclast emperor, or with the burning zeal of a Mahomedan Caliph. He swept away screens, chapels, and porches; desecrated and destroyed the tombs of warriors and prelates; obliterated ancient paintings; flung stained glass by cartloads into the city ditch, and levelled with the ground the campanile, of the same date as the cathedral itself, which stood on the north side of the churchyard. His operations at the time were pronounced "tasteful, effective, and judicious." He complacently displaced the monuments in the nave from their original position, by which their historical interest has materially suffered; while their architectural portions (the tombs on which the effigies are lying) "are ignorantly made up of fragments, evidently belonging to totally different erections, and to distinct periods from those to which the sculptured figures they support are attributable. He wrought wide-spread destruction in the choir, whence its "coldness and leanness" have been so much deplored, until mitigated to some extent by recent improvements; while an incongruous altar-piece was constructed by him out of the original altar-piece of the Beauchamp Chapel

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and from the entrances to that and the Hungerford Chapel, both of which he had ruthlessly destroyed. At Hereford he expended a sum of 20,000*l.* on the Cathedral, shortening the nave by one entire bay, destroying the Norman triforium and clerestory, which he replaced by others of his own devising, and constructing the present west front, which it is hoped will not be permitted to exist much longer. At Lichfield, where the canons complained of cold, this "destructive" of Salisbury and Hereford was called in, and he accordingly walled up the pier arches of the choir, and closed the eastern tower arch with a glass screen, "so as to convert the united choir and Lady Chapel into a long aisleless or apteral chapel." He committed a series of other similar enormities, after which it is satisfactory to record that the canons still complained of cold. He imitated the old work in the bays of the nave in plaster, and he made some original arrangements in the choir, which happily, by this time, have been entirely swept away.

This "restorer" having departed, it has been happily our good fortune to engage in the work of modern restoration the hands and brains of more competent men, and the splendours of Ely, the screens at Hereford and Lichfield, the glass at Wells, the happy reparations there and at Bristol, and other cathedrals, have redeemed several of our noblest edifices from dilapidation and disgrace. The work is still going briskly forward, and a very worthy work it is to preserve the goodly edifices of a more pious

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generation. But we do not build as they did in such colossal proportions, or with such exquisite graces of original design. The plain printing-press has supplanted the magnificent church, and, as Victor Hugo has it, the Book has destroyed the Building. The railway scream is heard above the soaring anthem in many a vaulted roof and long-drawn aisle, and we rush to and fro by the monuments of our fathers with wider sympathies in our hearts and a larger hope of our destination.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MISS CORNELIA KNIGHT.*

WHY we should turn to these volumes as among the most interesting of the recent season will be sufficiently evident as we indicate their contents. We premise, however, that it is not on account of the reputation which Miss Knight obtained with her literary contemporaries, for her works which charmed or astonished them have long disappeared with the trunks of our grandfathers. Most persons had forgotten even the name of the writer, nor do we find that she is noticed in a series of the 'Literary Women of England,' which made its appearance but a few months back. Yet in her day she was praised, caressed, and regarded as quite a literary prodigy. Mrs. Piozzi speaks of her as the "far-famed Cornelia Knight." Even Walpole, who was obliged to accept the dedication of her 'Marcus Flaminius,' thought, or professed to think it, "a wonderful performance." He allowed that as a novel it was "not very

* 'Autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight, Lady Companion to the Princess Charlotte of Wales; with Extracts from her Journals and Anecdote Books.' 2 vols. Allen and Co. 1861.

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amusing," though "there is an old Gothic chieftain, whose story is very affecting," &c. He certainly tried to escape the compliment of its dedication. "I pleaded every argument," says he, "I could devise against such a destination. At last I thought of one that seemed infallible *vis-à-vis* a favourite servant of the Queen; I said Miss Knight was such an honour to her sex that 'Flaminius' deserved the patronage of Her Majesty. Alas! Miss Knight had already enjoyed that honour—I suppose through the same godfather; she had written a sequel to 'Rasselas,' and it had the Queen's sanction. I had no subterfuge left." For our own parts, as we were not condemned to read either 'Dinarbas' or 'Marcus Flaminius,' we had no sense of injury or hardship to deter us from examining the autobiography of the "far-famed" authoress, and, instead of cherishing any grudge in consequence of its perusal, our impressions have been those of a lively and instructive entertainment.

We should add that this entertainment is mainly derived from the close view afforded us of a certain august circle, with whose discords Miss Knight was intimately acquainted in her capacity of Lady Companion to the Princess Charlotte. We have heard part of this story before, but it is told with greater detail here. Before, however, we come to these reminiscences of her official life, we find other things worth observation in her narrative of her antecedents. Thus she was the daughter of a certain Admiral Knight, a distinguished seaman of long naval

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standing, and of a lady whom she profusely eulogises on page 4 of her autobiography, but of whom Walpole speaks lightly as the "*Mad* Lady Knight," who travelled in Italy accompanied by her learned daughter, the authoress of 'Marcus Flaminius.'. At a very early age she was sent to Switzerland to be educated, and one of her masters was a certain M. Petitpierre, who had been pastor of the Church of Neufchatel, but had been dismissed by the authorities for laxity of doctrine. "The heads of his Church said that his doctrine, which implied the non-eternity of punishments, might not be dangerous for themselves, who were enlightened men, but would be greatly so for their wives and servants." Frederick the Great, who was in a certain sense sovereign of Neufchatel, interfered on behalf of Petitpierre, but without success; and Miss Knight says that he finished by remarking, "Eh, bien! si messieurs de Neufchatel veulent être damnés à toute éternité, ainsi soit il." Miss Knight remembered Marat, then practising there as a Swiss physician; but all she recollected were his person and countenance, which were very repulsive.

After this, during her early days in England, she saw much of its literary and artistic circles. She was intimate with Miss Frances Reynolds and the pretty Miss Palmer, Sir Joshua's niece, and was therefore often in and out of Sir Joshua's painting-room. She recollected all his circle, Burke's polished conversation, the mad manner of Barretti, and the buffoonery of Goldsmith. Of Goldsmith she

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repeats the story that he purchased a secondhand coat which had been a nobleman's, without observing that there was visible on the breast a mark showing where a star had been. She knew Gainsborough and Johnson, and Johnson's Mrs. Williams, and Johnson's servant, and Johnson's cat; in fact, the great moralist bestowed upon her his blessing and his good advice when she was again leaving England. She mentions his passing a week at Portsmouth on board her father's ship, and making it his last request to the first lieutenant that he would leave off the practice of swearing. When the lieutenant replied that there was no making the sailors do their duty without using strong language, and that His Majesty's service required it, she remembers that Johnson answered, "Then pray, sir, tell Mr. —— that I beseech him not to use one oath more than is absolutely required for the service of His Majesty." Nevertheless oaths continued to be prevalent in naval speech, as we gather, among other evidence, from the reminiscences of Nelson contained in the journal edited by the Dean of Westminster. Miss Knight's father was a man of better education and more polish, and his daughter records that, when the unfortunate Queen Matilda was brought from Copenhagen to Germany, he would not allow any of the Danish gentleman to hand her into the barge, saying, "No, gentlemen, Her Majesty is now under the protection of England." He himself died at Harwich soon after his promotion to the rank of Rear-Admiral; and Dr. Johnson drew up a memorial of his services, to be

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presented to the King, with a view of obtaining a pension for his widow, which, however, as she was not in absolute want, was not granted. As her income was limited, she found it desirable, however, to live abroad with her daughter, and in the year 1776 they were residing in the Faubourg St. Germain, at Paris.

In Paris Miss Knight was intimate with Lalande, the astronomer, and she had the usual opportunities of seeing the attractions of the Court, from Marie Antoinette downwards. In Toulouse, where her mother and she wintered, she appears to have made the acquaintance of M. de Brienne, who was at that time Archbishop of Toulouse, and who might have been Archbishop of Paris (as he was subsequently Prime Minister), if he had not been considered disqualified by his uncanonical devotion to a certain fair lady. Joseph II. of Austria travelling through Toulouse, while the authoress was there, appears to have reflected on the Archbishop for his non-residence, if we understand Miss Knight's anecdote rightly. Miss Knight elsewhere observes of Brienne, 'his effrontery appeared to me astonishing. . . . . He was at the head of those who were called '*Evêques Administrateurs*,' in opposition to the *Devots*, or pastoral Bishops; both had their defects, and had helped on the Revolution in different ways; for the first were too often libertines, and the second intolerant and illiberal." Miss Knight further witnessed, and has described, a *séance* of an assembly of the States at Montpellier, and she affords us a distinct impression of the

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orators and the questions in debate. The following years she spent in Italy, and chiefly at Rome, where she is equally amusing and instructive on the habits of its dignified ecclesiastics. Monsignor Lucchesini, the Governor of Urbino, forbidding the inhabitants to stir out at night without torches, the order was so unwelcome to them that they all assembled with their torches round the door of the house of a certain lady, whom Monsignor himself visited every evening, and escorted him home in a blaze of unwelcome light; after which *charivari* we assume the torch edict became a dead letter.

Joseph II. and Gustavus III. of Sweden again come on the stage at Rome, and contribute many anecdotes to Miss Knight's biography. She takes cognizance also of the scandal respecting the Countess of Albany and Alfieri, and of many circumstances connected with General Elliot's defence of Gibraltar. From the spring of 1785 to the spring of 1786 she was at Naples, and thence returning to Marseilles she was struck with the change in the manners of the French since her last residence there. Already the revolutionary jealousy of the "haute société" had developed itself, and discontents and murmurs gave notice of the coming convulsion. A few years later she was again in Rome, when in 1793 all the French there were obliged to fly in consequence of a popular tumult, and there she remained until the occupation of that city by General Berthier, in 1798, upon which with some difficulty she and her mother escaped to Naples.

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At Naples Sir William Hamilton, who had been married to Lady Hamilton nearly seven years, was then residing as British Minister, and we have a picture of the English there in a state of suspense and alarm, dreading the advances of the French, and looking for Nelson and the British fleet. Miss Knight throws aside her book to watch the approach of the sloop which was to bring them the news of the battle of the Nile. She records, too, the outburst of exultation when the tidings of victory arrived, the boisterous felicitations of the British, and the equally characteristic incident that Madame Sièyes, the sister-in-law of the famous abbé and the wife of the French Consul, no longer appeared with her inseparable pug upon the balcony. The arrival of Nelson has been described in his biography; but Miss Knight adds some new particulars, especially as to her mode of communicating the news to her friends at Rome. Thus she was in the habit of writing to Angelica Kauffman, who was still allowed to remain at Rome by the French, and she used to send her the news in terms of art, calling the French "landscape painters" and the English "historical painters." Nelson was Don Raffaell; but "I recollect," she says, "being puzzled how to inform her that our fleet was gone to Malta until I thought of referring her for the subject of 'the picture' to a chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, well knowing that the book in which that island was mentioned was not likely to be opened by the inspectors of the post." To another lady she was in the habit of writing in millinery

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phraseology, giving accounts of gimps and ribands; while she sent intelligence to Signor Maretti, a learned personage who was with the Pope, in the form of surreptitious fragments of ancient Greek tragedies found among the MS. in the library of Capo di Monte. She professes that these pretended fragments afforded great comfort to the venerable Pontiff, who bore his then captivity with all the greater fortitude in consequence.

Miss Knight does not claim, but we suspect she added the verse to 'God save the King," which she quotes as popular at that time among the English at Naples:—

"Join we great Nelson's name,
First on the roll of fame
Him let us sing;
Spread we his fame around,
Honour of British ground
Who made Nile's shores resound—
God save the King!"

The British muse, in her patriotic mood, is given to this kind of thing, for she is clumsy and imbecile, yet not ashamed; but it would seem as if there was some extraordinary impediment to the coupling of the Royal anthem with a decent stanza at any time, if such was the performance of the "far-famed Cornelia." Lustily as this anthem was sung, however, the French were still advancing. Little Sièyes was sent out to beat his drum in the passage, and the English party at Naples began to take thought for the morrow. The Royal family were anxious to leave, and

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such secrecy and despatch were required, that one night, just as Miss Knight and her mother were retiring to rest, an officer from Lord Nelson's ship, attended by some seamen, made his appearance and told them a boat was waiting to take them on board. Such was the confusion that an English child fell into the water; but it was not drowned entirely, only damped for the rest of the evening. At this moment little Sièyes, the drumbeater, had considerably the best of it, and we can imagine Madame Sièyes and the pug coming out on the balcony in triumph, and the latter wagging his tail, but for the incapacity of pugs to demonstrate their patriotism through such a very inflexible medium. When the fugitives reached the Admiral's ship, moreover, there was no room for the Knights, and Sir Thomas Hardy explained to them that they would have to go on board a Portuguese man-of-war. After some crowding and discomfort there, amid a medley of negroes, mulattoes, and nondescripts, complicated by a couple of cardinals and some rotten apples, Miss Knight and her mother were brought out of the Bay of Naples by Captain Wilmot, of the Alliance. "We also," she says, "picked up Lord Nelson's chaplain, who had been accidentally left behind;" and, having made salvage of this ecclesiastic, they succeeded in getting safely to Palermo. Some 2000 persons left Naples under similar circumstances, and the sufferings of many of them were very severe. Prince Albert, the youngest son of the King, actually died on board Nelson's ship, of sea sickness.

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Soon after their arrival at Palermo Miss Knight lost her mother, in expectation of whose demise it had been arranged, with her mother's acquiescence, that she should be thereupon taken under the protection of the Hamiltons. Accordingly Mrs. Cadogan, Lady Hamilton's mother, came for her, and she lived under their roof, as we infer, at Naples, to which again, for a time, they had returned. Nor was there, she contends, any impropriety in doing so at that time, for the Hamiltons' house was then "the resort of the best company of all nations, and the attentions paid to Lord Nelson appeared perfectly natural." Miss Knight recalls the affection and respect with which he then used to speak of Lady Nelson. When her mother suggested that the day of his victory at the Nile was, no doubt, the happiest day of his life, he replied, "No; the happiest was that on which I married Lady Nelson."

Here Miss Knight acted in some sense as Nelson's secretary, and translated for him a plan for the defence of Sicily into Italian. She resumed her pen as his poet laureate on the occasion of the capture of the 'Généreux,' a waif escaped from the Nile:—

> "Nelson, thy task's complete;
> All their Egyptian fleet
> *Bows* at thy conquering feet
> To George our King."

Her observations, however, on what was passing around her are happily much better than her metaphors, though we perceive her bias in her remarks on the execution of

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Carracioli and the other Italians. Her testimony to the exemplary conduct of the English naval officers of that day is worth heeding; so also are her remarks on the characteristics of the Sicilians. Of Lady Hamilton she says that "she was possessed of great natural genius, which, added to her beauty, had completely fascinated Sir William. She made herself very useful in public affairs during the distressing circumstances which took place in consequence of the French Revolution. Altogether she was a singular mixture of right and wrong."

Miss Knight sailed with the Hamiltons and Nelson from Palermo on the 23rd of April, 1800, on board the 'Foudroyant,' and she describes the decorations of Nelson's cabin, including the plume of feathers from the cap of the figure-head of the 'Guillaume Tell,' the muskets from the 'San Josef,' and the flagstaff of 'L'Orient,' all spoils of the enemy. Nelson also kept in his cabin a coffin made out of the mainmast of 'L'Orient,' as we know from another authority, Southey's life of him. Miss Knight was on board Nelson's ship when subsequently he landed the Queen of Naples at Leghorn. The news of the battle of Marengo arriving at this point, it was decided that they should travel by land to Ancona, and thence to Trieste. On their way Miss Knight visited Alfieri and the Countess of Albany at Florence. Arrived at Vienna with the Nelson party, she found the people there averse to war with France, for, although the troops were brave and loyal, *they were not well commanded*, and had been as unfortunate as they have

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since been from similar causes. At Vienna she became intimate with Haydn, who set some of her verses on the Battle of the Nile to music, and who accompanied Lady Hamilton when she sung them, "of which," says Miss Knight, "the effect was grand." In the commencement of October she was one of the party at Dresden described so caustically in Mrs. St. George's 'Journal'; but we find no comments of a similar tenour here. Miss Knight draws a picture of the ambassador, which implies that he was indolent, although courteous. "He was very fond of Dresden, and said it was a good *sofa* to repose upon, for, of course, there was not much diplomatic business to be done. "We dined with him," she says, "at a very pretty villa," and she adds how she was struck by his beautiful children, but gives not a hint of the vinous exhilaration of his guests. She mentions, by the way, that "he was much beloved at Dresden, and I believe all strangers who were willing to be sociable were sure of being kindly treated in that capital." At Hamburg, to which the party proceeded down the Elbe, she made the acquaintance of Klopstock and Dumourier, on the latter of whom Nelson handsomely forced a hundred pounds, telling him that he had used his sword too well to live only by his pen. As to Klopstock, he was at that time engaged in writing odes, "very sublime, but too metaphysical to be easily understood." On arriving at Great Yarmouth, in Nelson's own county, the reception was enthusiastic, and subsequently in London the party were lionised to their hearts' content. Yet Miss Knight,

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who met and talked with Windham and Castlereagh and Pitt, expresses a great disappointment at her impressions of her own country after her long continental residence. "Some of the official gentlemen appeared to me conceited and coldly satirical, as I have since observed to be the case with many among our men of letters. There is something in the Southern Italians, and, indeed, in most of the men and women of that country, so natural and unaffected, that it is impossible not to remark the artificial manners of some great capitals." The monotony of social intercourse, the public disheartenment at the war, and even the English climate, made her feel herself a stranger. Soon afterwards came the Nelson perplexity. Lady Nelson, after dining with her husband at the Hamiltons', fainted in the box at the theatre, and, in anticipation of a domestic crisis, Miss Knight was urged by her friends to drop the acquaintance. But, as she says, reasonably enough, "Circumstanced as I had been, I feared the charge of ingratitude, though greatly embarrassed as to what to do, for things became very unpleasant." Mischief was made upon all sides, and Nelson was more attentive than ever to Lady Hamilton, for the sake, as he then called it, of supporting her. Then came the rupture with his wife, and all the consequences which are so unfortunate a phase of his history; after which, in this volume, we hear next to nothing more of him.

Thereupon we come to the point of Miss Knight's introduction to the Court, for which an extending circle of aristocratic acquaintances had prepared her. Early in

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1802 she was presented by Lady Aylesbury, and "one morning in March, 1805, Lady Aylesbury communicated to me the Queen's wishes with regard to myself." These were that Miss Knight should be attached to her person without any particular employment, but with a salary of 300*l.* a year, a house, and a maidservant. On her acceptance of this position she appears to have spent a somewhat monotonous time for some years in the Royal service, for her autobiography breaks off suddenly after a description of her duties, and there is a blank in her rough diaries until the end of May, 1810. Then comes an account of the affair of the Duke of Cumberland and Sellis, followed by the death of the Princess Amelia and the derangement of the King. Miss Knight describes the efforts to blink the condition to which the loss of his favourite daughter had helped to reduce him. The last evening she saw him he went round the circle as usual, but "it was easy to perceive the dreadful excitement in his countenance." It was the custom to speak to him as he approached, as he could not distinguish persons. "I forget what it was I said to him, but shall ever remember what he said to me,—'You are not uneasy, I am sure, about Amelia. You are not to be deceived, but you know that she is in no danger.'" "At the same time," says Miss Knight, "he squeezed my hand with such force that I could hardly help crying out," whereupon the Queen dragged him away. Had Miss Knight actually cried out in that august circle, it is impossible to say what.

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would have been the consequences of such a startling breach of etiquette; for Madame D'Arblay remarks, "You must not upon any account stir either hand or foot. If by chance a black pin runs into your head, you must not take it out. If the pain is very great, you must be sure to bear it without wincing; if it brings the tears into your eyes you must not wipe them off; if they give you a tingling by running down your cheeks, you must look as if nothing was the matter, &c." Such were the obligations of attendance upon the Royal Charlotte, scantily recompensed by 300*l.* a year and house-rent. To this add the tragic element in that *ménage*, in the wanderings of the poor old afflicted King. It appears that he was under the delusion that the Princess Amelia was still alive and in Hanover, where she would never be ill or grow old—in Hanover, that is to say, the Guelphic Avilion, where, till lately, every Prince of the House of Brunswick looked for a certain refuge from his English embarrassments.

In 1812, it being then the time of the Regency, the Princess Charlotte came on a visit to the castle, and in the absence of her governess, Lady de Clifford, on account of illness, Miss Knight was commissioned to accompany her to her fortnightly interview with her mother at Kensington. "I was appointed," she says, "to accompany her, and received my instructions accordingly. I was not to leave Princess Charlotte one moment alone with her mother, nor prolong our stay beyond a certain hour."

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Miss Knight neither saw nor heard anything extraordinary during this visit; but in the following year, on the resignation of Lady De Clifford, the Princess Charlotte was clamorous for an establishment of her own, and wrote a letter on the subject to Lord Liverpool by the advice of some one or other unknown. Miss Knight suggests that Erskine prompted Miss Elphinstone, and that she corresponded with the Princess Charlotte through her mother, the Princess of Wales. Bumble was not more indignant when Oliver asked for more than the Regent at this intimation that his daughter had a will of her own. Old Eldon chimed in with his humour:—"If she had been my daughter," he said, before a roomful of Royal Highnesses, "I would have locked her up." Princess Charlotte heard all this with great dignity, in Miss Knight's opinion, and answered not a word; but she afterwards went to the room of one of her aunts, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "What would the King say if he could know that his granddaughter had been compared to the granddaughter of a collier?" And in truth, if Old Bags himself could behave so irreverently, it was clear that heaven and earth were shortly about to come together.

At the aspect of this commotion Sir Henry Halford "*summâ placidum caput extulit undâ.*" In fact, Sir Henry appears to have been the universal mediator and solvent in the family squabbles, from the convenience of his access as family physician, and he continued so upon this occa-

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sion. The Queen had already, in an embarrassed kind of manner, asked Miss Knight whom she would recommend as lady to the Princess Charlotte, but Sir Henry, after a little preliminary angling, expressed the Prince's wish to Miss Knight that she should occupy this position herself. Whether she had herself angled for this proposal we know not. If she had, she keeps her counsel. But of course it brought the alternative of deserting the Queen, and to this Miss Knight tremulously demurred. She naturally wished, no doubt, to exchange to the Princess, for it was put to her as advancement in many senses, and as involving the title of Honourable, &c.; but gratitude or discretion induced her to manœuvre, and, judge of her feelings as we may, we must allow that she showed a very courtier-like tact.

Thus, the Princess Charlotte had written to protest against any more governesses, and to ask for ladies-in-waiting. She had so written by the advice of her old and intimate friend, Miss Mercer Elphinstone. In addition to Sir Henry Halford's intimation that the Regent desired Miss Knight should become one of these, the Princess Elizabeth, the Princess Sophia, and the Princess Mary expressed a similar solicitude. The universal solvent, Sir Henry, opened the proposal to the Queen. In fact, if Miss Knight had directed all this battery herself, she could not have disposed of its constituent pieces more effectively. And if she had, about which we are utterly

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in the dark, we may further observe that she added to her activity the unusual discretion of leaving on the surface not a trace of her intervention.

She admits her strong desire to enter the service of the Princess, and puts it partly on the ground of sentiment. Moreover, she adds that her pride had been somewhat hurt by the want of consideration of the Queen, "and I will not say that I had not some wish for a more active and more important employment than that which I held at Windsor—dull, uninteresting, and monotonous." It was anything but an agreeable circle in which Miss Knight was "every year more and more confined, and, even from the kindness of the Royal Family, condemned to listen to all their complaints and private quarrels." It appears that the King had wished Lady Aylesbury and her to be about the Princess Charlotte so far back as 1805, and the Queen, to retain Lady Aylesbury, had engaged Miss Knight in the capacity of supernumerary. Now that Lady Aylesbury was dead, the Queen was quite as unwilling to part with Miss Knight, and seems to have expected that she would have taken upon herself to refuse the offer. The Queen spoke of the Princess Charlotte "with prejudice and enmity," and some diplomatic interchanges took place, whereupon Miss Knight intimated to Sir Henry Halford that she "feared it would not do." But eventually more pressure was put upon her, or more support obtained, and she engaged to throw over the Queen and give her services to her granddaughter.

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The Queen was "resentful and bitter to a high degree," notwithstanding a singular attempt of Miss Knight's to mollify her by offering to *lend her a thousand pounds free of interest*—an offer which had arisen out of a commission to Miss Knight to make arrangements for the Queen's pecuniary embarrassments. The Queen was not, however, to be appeased for Miss Knight's desertion, not even by the thousand pounds, and she seems never to have forgiven her Abigail for turning to the rising sun. Lady Charlotte Campbell says the Princess Charlotte related the circumstances to her mother, that there had been "a great battle at Windsor between the Queen and the Prince, the former refusing to give up Miss Knight, and the latter insisting that she should do so; and the old Begum was forced to submit, but has been ill ever since, and Sir Henry Halford declared it was a complete breaking up of the constitution," to the delight of the Princesses, who were unamiably gratified that their mamma should be so tormented. Lady Charlotte adds that the desire to secure Miss Knight for her new post arose out of the belief that she was particularly compliant, and that "they could do as they liked with her." At all events, Miss Knight found herself established at Warwick House under the Duchess of Leeds, who accepted the office of supreme governess; and we shall see in the sequel what came of her altered position, and her trust in the solemn promises of support on the part of the Prince Regent.

Warwick House, which was set apart for the residence

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of the Princess Charlotte, stood at the end of Warwick-street, which stretches from Cockspur-street towards Carlton-house-terrace. It had once been the residence of Sir Philip Warwick, the Royalist writer of the most picturesque memoirs of the times of the Civil War. It was out of repair and uncomfortable, "resembling a convent;" but here the Princess and Miss Knight looked upon themselves as settled, and the former thought herself emancipated and comparatively happy. Miss Knight describes the distribution of the rooms, and the conditions prescribed for the Princess's intercourse with her family and with the outer world. The useful Halford fetches and carries, and brings an occasional message from the Regent requiring his daughter to dine with him — a ceremony against which the Princess pleads convenient indispositions; and thus another antagonism is added to the family discords, the Regent making arrangements for keeping the Princess Charlotte as long as possible *a child*, and the Princess, with Miss Knight's assistance, aspiring to be treated as a woman. Miss Knight's stake in the little game is the title of "lady companion," which she naturally prefers to that of sub-governess; and her part in the domestic Iliad, as she herself describes it, is a martyrdom of petty miseries and ridiculous vexations.

It is proposed, for example, that the Princess Charlotte shall have parties of young ladies not yet presented— "that is to say," says Miss Knight, with a sense of offended dignity, "*children's balls.*" When Miss Knight is pre-

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sented to the Queen, she is, of course, received coldly, and the Queen intimates her belief that the Princess is malingering—that is to say, she inquired after the Princess Charlotte, but added, "she did not believe she was very ill." Then Miss Knight is described in the 'Morning Chronicle' as *sub-governess*, and remonstrates through the universal Halford, on which the Prince remarks, "They might as well call her Lord Chancellor." Then she is seized upon by Lord Eldon himself at a party; it is after dinner, and Miss Knight says of that great dignitary that "he was not quite sober;" and he is urgent that she should not believe all the nonsense about his ill-treatment of the Princess Charlotte. Miss Knight replies that she heard it from the Queen, and the Chancellor recurs to the charge after supper "in a very confused tone," having, doubtless, had a second opportunity of moistening his loyal affection for the Heir Apparent. Princess Charlotte is greatly hurt at being treated like a child; she is "worn out with anxiety respecting her mother," and she is lectured even for inviting the Duchess of York. The Regent takes Miss Knight aside, and talks to her for a long time against his wife, complaining of "the little regard she had shown for Princess Charlotte when a child, and how by her negligence there was a mark of the smallpox on Princess Charlotte's nose, having left her hands at liberty; whereas *he* used continually to watch beside her cradle." Miss Knight, whose devotion to her charge can allow her to see no defect in her, says:—"I really had not remarked

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this little blemish on the smooth and beautiful skin of my young Princess, and should have had great difficulty in forbearing to smile at the seriousness with which that important misfortune was mentioned, if I had not been horrified by the rest of the conversation." It appears that the Prince confided to her his sentiments with regard to Lady Jersey, for whom he avowed his preference as compared with his royal Consort, though he warned Miss Knight against admitting her to a too close intimacy with the Princess Charlotte. Subsequently, by the command of the Queen, too, Sir Henry Halford puts off a dinner-party which the Princess had contemplated, because, as gracious Majesty maintained, if she was not well enough to go back to Windsor she could not be well enough to see company at dinner. Whereupon Miss Knight remarks, "I feel almost ashamed of spending ink and paper on such trifles, but they show the style of treatment adopted towards the future Queen of England."

On the 10th of February, moreover, a letter from the Princess of Wales to the Regent appeared in the 'Morning Chronicle,' on the ground that it had been returned unopened by the Royal personage addressed. The Princess in this letter complained that her daughter was not allowed to mix in society and to acquire knowledge of the world, &c. Another complaint was her not being permitted to see her mother oftener, and a third (a serious retort for the neglect of her in the stage of vaccination, and an anxious thought for so scrupulous a parent) that

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the Princess Charlotte had not yet been *confirmed.* The publication of this offensive letter entailed a domestic crisis, and the Princess Charlotte was commanded not to dine with her mother, as had been contemplated. The Princess Charlotte was thereby thrown into agonies of grief, and "remarked that she could not have three days' peace, and trembled continually for what was to come next." On this occasion Lord Liverpool and the Regent came next, and informed her that an investigation was being made with respect to the conduct of her mother, on the result of which depended her ever being allowed to visit her again, and that in the mean while her usual visits must be suspended. At this the Princess Charlotte was "dreadfully overcome," while the Prince abstained from visiting her until the pending inquiry was determined. As she evinced a very natural reluctance to appear in public "while her mother was under a cloud of so tremendous a nature," endeavours and even artifices were used to persuade her to go out, that she might not be thought to take too much interest in her mother's position. Sir Henry Halford proffered the reasonable plea that her health would suffer from her seclusion, and when this had no avail the Misses Hervey, daughters of Mrs. Freemantle, called one morning and told her that if she did not appear in public *her character would be lost,* for that most injurious stories were circulated about her and Captain Fitzclarence. There were no foundations for any such stories, and probably they were the pure invention of the Regent's

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diplomacy, but they had the desired effect, and the Princess commenced to take airings in the Park. But at length the result of the inquiry into her mother's conduct was communicated to her in a sealed paper. The inquiry had come to nothing, and the Princess was allowed to visit her mother, though under restrictions, as before.

Then came the death of the Duchess of Brunswick, the Princess Charlotte's grandmother, whom she had wished to visit in her last illness; but from whom she was kept away by parental injunction. Then Miss Mercer Elphinstone came to her to open her eyes to her mother's imprudence, and to break the confidential intimacy between them, and Miss Knight became jealous of Miss Elphinstone's influence, and the Princess Charlotte snubbed Cornelia, and she burst into tears, and in this state of disorder they were asked to dine at Carlton House, where the Regent amused them by acting the manner of decapitation on Miss Knight's shoulders. It was just after the discovery of the body of Charles I. in the subterranean chapel at Windsor, of which Sir Henry Halford has left such an interesting narrative. Then the Princess Charlotte, accompanied by Miss Knight, went to Windsor, and on the Princess Elizabeth asking whether Miss Knight was to dine there too, gracious Majesty replied that "*as she was there she might stay*," and Miss Knight was further cheered by hearing that the Queen had afterwards remarked that she now did more for the Prince's daughter than she had ever done for her own children, for that she

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had never sat down with their *sub-governesses*. Here was a revival of Miss Knight's personal grievance, which induced her again to appeal to the Regent in a spirited letter, which, as usual, that exalted personage answered very unsatisfactorily.

At this point Miss Knight gives us a programme of the daily routine of Warwick House, where their life, she says, was "exactly that of a child and her nurse." Her sketches of her auxiliaries are rather humorously drawn. Dr. Short, "a good sort of Devonshire man, with *some* classical knowledge" (the learned Cornelia could gauge him in this respect) "but very little taste, an honest heart, but over-cautious temper, fearful of offending," used to come every morning to read English to her Royal Highness. Mr. Sterkey read French to her—"a man of good manners for his station, and of a pliant disposition, ready to do anything not actually wicked." As to Kuper, the German preceptor, "I could not get her to let him give his usual lessons. She thought him a spy, and perhaps not entirely without reason." Besides two or three musical professors, one of whom taught the Princess Charlotte "the wild Spanish manner of playing," whatever that may have been, the Bishop of Salisbury, to use Miss Knight's irreverent phrase, "used to come three or four times a week, and *do the important* as her Royal Highness's preceptor." Miss Knight adds that, though she was willing to be on the best terms with the Bishop, she "could not but see how narrow his views, how strong his

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prejudices, and how unequal his talents were to the charge with which he had been intrusted" by George III., much against the Prince's own inclination. Having been a Canon at Windsor, he had "imbibed the bad style of manners belonging to that place," so that he had nothing to recommend him on this score, while "his great points were to arm Princess Charlotte against the encouragement of Popery and Whig principles (two evils which he seemed to think equally great), and to appear himself a man of consequence." Miss Knight depicts his delight in coming to Warwick House, after a Garter ceremony, in his dress as Chancellor of the Order, especially if he was then permitted to be the Princess's cicerone to any of the exhibitions. He used to have "terrible disputes" with Lady De Clifford, but with her successor, Miss Knight's superior officer, the Duchess of Leeds, an easier-going person, his lawn was unruffled. "The good Duchess had no inclination to quarrel with anybody." Provided she could ride two or three times a week at the Riding-school on a quiet old horse, get into her shower-bath, and take calomel when she pleased, dine out, shake hands with everybody, and touch her salary, she was contented. Her only discomforts arose from mischievous people, who would plague her, and complain of Princess Charlotte's petticoats being too short, of her Royal Highness nodding instead of bowing, or talking to the Maids of Honour at Chapel between the prayers and the sermon. Such strictures would give the Duchess a bilious attack, or she would cry in her sleep,

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and next day set Miss Knight to remonstrate with the Royal transgressor, who by such means and with the aid of a couple of dressers got all the culture that was then thought necessary for the heir presumptive of the English throne.

Miss Knight complains that her Princess was also shabbily treated in a pecuniary sense, that she had very little pocket-money, that the Duchess was obliged to furnish her money for her charities out of the 800*l.* a year allotted for her wardrobe, and that the Duchess "had sufficient cause for crying in her sleep when quarter-day came about." The Princess, we find, had 10*l.* a month pocket-money, but she lost more than this at cards at Windsor, "for her Royal Highness was not fond of play, and still less of the practice of having her hand made for her to the detriment of others; therefore she, of course, seldom won a pool at commerce." She was generally considerate to those about her, and was idolised by them all, and was, indeed, a Princess deserving of better encouragement than this *quasi* imprisonment, with short rations and superfluous troubles of her own, in addition to those of her unhappy family.

Somewhere towards July, 1813, we are told of what may have been a consolatory distraction, in the sentiment entertained towards her by the young Duke of Devonshire. The Duke used to dance with her and Princess Mary, not less and generally more than two dances every ball. The Prince encouraged this on account of the Duke's rank and

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also from a regard for him on his late mother's account; and Ministers were supposed to encourage it too, because they hoped the attractions of Princess Charlotte might attach him to Carlton-house, and so to the Prince, and so on to their side of the House in Parliament. "The Duke," says Miss Knight, "was by no means insensible to the charms of his future Queen," but she says nothing of the feelings with which the Princess regarded him in return. She herself discreetly avoided acquaintance with the Duke, lest she should be suspected of carrying on an intercourse between them. The Prince, of course, had nothing less in view than the encouragement of any seriously tender sentiment. In fact, he sent the usual Mentor, Sir Henry, "to complain of our having been seen driving twice one day on the Chiswick road when the Duke of Devonshire was giving a great breakfast there," and Miss Knight had to explain that they drove that way *to see the carriages.* The Queen also took the Duchess of Leeds to task upon the subject, and the Duchess came home crying, to tell Miss Knight that they were both held to be blamable, but Miss Knight the more so. Miss Knight, finding that the Prince was prejudiced against her, appealed to Lord Liverpool by letter, but without obtaining much satisfaction in that quarter. On the Regent's birthday, when they all dined at Windsor, he neither spoke to her, the Duchess of Leeds, nor the Princess Charlotte, but looked, says Miss Knight, "as if he wished to annihilate us;" and when, on the Princess departing, he might have been looked for, to give

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her his paternal blessing, he was found, with many others, underneath the table. "The Duke of York hurt his head very seriously against a wine cellaret. It was a sad business," says Miss Knight; and the Royal birthday thus terminated.

The Royal father scarcely called once in two months to visit his daughter, and Miss Knight was encouraged by hearing that his excuse was "that he could not bear to see those —— ladies, meaning the Duchess and myself; so, at least, we were told." Miss Knight therefore inferred that it was desired they should resign their posts, and consulted the inevitable Halford, but he reassured her. She suggests that her beloved Princess was really somewhat intractable, and that they were not to blame if she showed a will of her own. Thus, when the Princess was told soon after that she was to meet the Prince of Orange at Lady Liverpool's, she put on a blister prematurely, and kept away from the party. Yet, soon after, she went to Egham races, which Miss Knight thought more reprehensible; and she manifested a yet more obstinate will of her own, when Sir Henry Halford, in addition to his usual prescriptions, proposed to her to *marry* the Prince of Orange aforesaid. "Marry I will," said she to the Princess of Wales, "and that directly, in order to enjoy my liberty,—but not the Prince of Orange. I think him so ugly that I am sometimes obliged to turn my head away in disgust when he is speaking to me." She told Sir Henry she was willing to marry the Duke of Gloucester, but not the

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Prince; and Miss Knight felt hurt that she should so commit herself. In fact, her wilful preference of her cousin brought her a visit from her father, who, seeming to be more placable than was anticipated, enabled Miss Knight, as she supposed, to justify herself in his eyes, and to raise the question whether it was proper that the Princess should have such long *tête-à-têtes* even with Sir Henry. The Prince, however, not only sanctioned these, but Sir Henry returned to the charge on the subject of the Orange match; and he must have been a good diplomatist, for he speedily overcame the Princess's aversion. A very long conference with her on the 29th of November appears to have turned the current, and she was soon receiving presents and meeting the would-be *futur*. The Princess said, "He is by no means so disagreeable as I expected;" and when the Regent took her aside one night at Carlton-house, and said, "Well, it will not do, I suppose;" she answered, "I do not say that. I like his manner very well, as much as I have seen of it." Upon which the Prince was overcome with joy, and joined their hands immediately, and the Princess came home and told Miss Knight she was engaged. Whereupon Miss Knight, a little piqued that this had been accomplished without her assistance, told the Princess somewhat sharply that she had gained a great victory over her predilections.

Nevertheless, the Orange match was not to be; for it went off on the resolute determination of the Princess, if she did marry the Prince, not to quit England and live in

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Holland. Her father would probably have gladly settled her anywhere out of his own sight, but she was invincible upon this point. It is implied that the Grand Duchess Catherine secretly aided her determination, with a view to secure the Orange for a Princess of Russia. Princess Charlotte told Miss Knight that "the Grand Duchess had complained of the assiduities of the Duke of Clarence, of his vulgar familiarity, and of his want of delicacy; had called the Prince Regent '*un voluptueux*,' and had talked very confidentially to her." Miss Knight was shocked at all this, but knew not how to prevent mischief; nor was she able to satisfy Sir Henry Halford, who was sent to remonstrate. At all events Princess Charlotte pulled the string of the shower-bath by sending the Regent a letter, humbly requesting to see the marriage contract, and expressing her uneasiness at not hearing of a house or establishment in England. Miss Knight was thereupon sent for by the enraged Regent, and ordered to admonish his daughter, which she did, though to very little purpose. Her Royal Highness even availed herself of her course of study in English law, and, as the Regent complained, turned his arms against himself. She had been reading the passage in 'Burnet,' where he mentions the provision made by the Peers to prevent Queen Mary I. from being taken out of the kingdom by Philip of Spain, &c., and she applied this precedent to the confutation of her papa. A later writer has described the world as come to a pretty pass when our seniors are obliged to brush up their 'Goldsmiths;' and we

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infer that the Regent must have been much of this opinion himself.

We will not follow the several letters and interviews which succeeded. The Regent expressed violent displeasure, but his daughter adhered to her stipulation. The Princess of Wales wrote with glee to Lady Charlotte Campbell, that her daughter had declared "she would not see her father or any of the family, till their consent to her remaining in this country had been obtained, or that otherwise the marriage would be broken off." Was Miss Knight at the bottom of all this? We think not, and that the Princess took a course of her own, which Miss Knight was unable to influence. Lord Liverpool, among others, made several fruitless attempts to induce her Royal Highness to waive her demands, and at length affected to yield to them. Thereupon the Princess of Wales was excluded from the Queen's Drawing-rooms, because the Regent did not choose to meet her, so that the waters were further troubled on this account. The Prince of Orange apparently consented to the Princess Charlotte's terms, but the Regent still pressed her, while the Queen went so far as to buy her wedding clothes, although the question was as yet unsettled. When the Princess heard that it was the intention of the Regent to send for the Orange family, and to have the wedding immediately, she was in a state of great alarm, and resolved to have a further explanation with the *futur* himself; and lastly it finished by a definite rupture. The Emperor of Russia, then in this country,

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attempted to act as mediator, but failed. Of course, after him the Bishop of Salisbury failed also; though he intimated that, unless Princess Charlotte would write a submissive letter to her father, and hold out a hope that in a few months she might be induced to give her hand to the Prince of Orange, arrangements would be made by no means agreeable to her inclinations. Her Royal Highness wrote to the Regent a most submissive and affectionate letter, but held out no hope of renewing the treaty of marriage; nor was it ever renewed at any time.

After this the Regent was "very cold, very bitter, and very silent," and rumours began to reach Miss Knight that she and the other attendants of the Princess were to be dismissed. Was this extreme measure warranted by any contumacy on her part? We think not. But then, on the other hand, she was placed in her then position from an expectation that she would comply with the Regent's wishes, and would succeed in enforcing those wishes upon his daughter. She asserts that some time previously the Regent tapped her on the shoulder and said, "Remember, my dear Chevalier, that Charlotte must lay aside this idle nonsense of thinking that she has a will of her own; while I live, she must be subject to me as she is at present, if she were thirty, or forty, or five-and-forty." If Miss Knight had been ready to acquiesce in this programme, if even she had contributed to it, we can understand its miscarriage, and that it must have failed without having been marred by her. So far we admit her entire exoneration, which it

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is evidently the object of her statement to obtain. But, on the other hand, her intended mission was not accomplished, and we can equally understand the Regent's withdrawal of his support. In fact, the Duchess of Leeds had been ordered some time before to send in her resignation; and Miss Knight, her more active and responsible subordinate, must have had a clear anticipation that her dismissal was to follow.

The dismissal came in this wise:—One day in July, about six o'clock, the Regent and the Bishop came to Warwick-house, but the former alone came up, and desired Miss Knight would leave him with the Princess Charlotte. He was shut up with her alone for three-quarters of an hour, and then had another quarter of an hour, assisted by the Bishop. But, when the door opened, "she came out in the greatest agony," and told Miss Knight that she was wanted, and had only one instant to tell her that she and all the servants were to be dismissed, that she herself was to be confined to Carlton-house for five days; then to go to Cranbourne Lodge, where she was to see no one but the Queen once a week; and that, if she did not go immediately, the Prince would sleep at Warwick-house that night, as well as all the new ladies. Miss Knight begged her to be calm, but she fell on her knees in the greatest agitation, exclaiming, "God Almighty! grant me patience;" and then Miss Knight went up for her own share of the rating. The Prince apologised for putting a lady to inconvenience, but he said

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he wanted her room that evening. To Miss Knight's inquiry in what way she had offended, he said he made no complaint; that he had a right to make what changes he pleased, and that he was blamed for having let things go on as they had done. To a second apology for the inconvenience of this summary ejectment Miss Knight replied, with spirit, that her father having served His Majesty for fifty years, and sacrificed his health and fortune to that service, it would be very strange if she could not put herself to the temporary inconvenience of a few hours. He offered a bed for a night or two at Carlton-house, in case she had nowhere to go, but this was declined, and with "a low courtesy" Miss Knight left the room.

Then came the afterpiece, so frequently canvassed by other authorities. While this interview was taking place the Princess Charlotte had slipped down the back stairs, called a hackney-coach, and fled to her mother's. The rush of great dignitaries after her has been recorded in many histories, with the irreverent expression of Lord Eldon, that "she kicked and bounced," but for a long time declined to leave her asylum. After this, according to her own account, she was for a time confined and watched night and day, though she found means soon after to send Miss Knight a letter from Cranbourne Lodge, written with a pencil on paper she had *stolen*. Moreover, she corresponded with Miss Knight subsequently, or sent her kind messages; and, had she lived, we assume that Miss Knight might have been reinstated in some capacity about her

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person after her marriage with Prince Leopold. Be this as it may, the writer experienced some difficulty or some delay in obtaining from the Regent even the pension which she had fairly earned; while the Princess seems to have been treated with much harshness also. On the occasion of her death, Miss Knight's Diary contains (vol. ii., p. 87) a description of her character, and an exculpation of her own conduct towards her, in which she admits that she ought to have remained with the Queen, or ought to have carried things with a higher hand to have been really useful. But, as she pleads, she had no support from the Duchess of Leeds nor from any one, and though she was thus left to herself she was not to blame for what did happen. She says that she heard the Royal family came over to this view afterwards; and, if they did not, we think they might have done so with reason. Lady Charlotte Campbell says truly that Miss Knight was very ill-used by the Queen and the Regent, and probably she is right also in thinking that Princess Charlotte did not like, though she greatly esteemed, her. "Miss Knight was not sufficiently gay or of a style of character suited to Her Royal Highness," but we believe she was a faithful servant, and we accept her as a trustworthy witness.

After this Miss Knight travelled much upon the Continent, and, having a passport to the best society, collected unconsciously many illustrations of her time, especially of the retrograde tendency of France under the Bourbons. She tells many stories, of which a few only are worth pre-

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serving, up to the date of her death at Turin in 1837, in the 81st year of her age. One of her stories concerns the cook of a certain Cardinal, who made up the "maigre" dishes for his master with gravy and items uncanonically succulent, and who was refused absolution by his confessor till he promised to reform his practice. Thereupon the Cardinal remonstrated, and to the Friar's reply that the cook's salvation was in danger, retorted, "And do you think it reasonable that, to save the soul of such a low fellow as that, you should expose my Eminence to the discomfort of fasting?" This is a pendant to Brillat Savarin's precepts as to the care which a master ought to have of the health of his cook in this life, for it adds the exemptions to the obligations of the Amphitryon. In other words it may be laid down as orthodox henceforth, that, if you are bound to treat your cook to carriage airings and opening medicine to prepare his palate for his greater performances, you are under no obligation to supply him with tracts. As Izaak Walton says of the frog, you should handle him tenderly, as *if* you loved him; yet you may expose him to the uncovenanted mercies of the Tartarean pike. Another story of Miss Knight's is one of the Pasquin and Marforio series. When there was a famine at Rome, an inscription was found attached to one of the statues on Mount Cavallo, "Fac ut lapides isti panes fiant." Infinite pains were taken to discover the author and have him punished, and on the following morning was written beneath the other, "The author is St. Luke, chap. iv. 3."

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Miss Knight gives a criticism of the acting of the Kembles, which is contrary to the received tradition, but we conceive much nearer to what we have long suspected to be the truth, that they were the authors of the degeneration of the English stage, through the pompous and artificial manner encouraged by their example. There are some other things, too, scattered through her second volume, which are worth reading and remembering, but, as the book is without an index, it is comparatively useless for the library. If Lord Campbell never lived to carry his Bill to make the omission of indexes an indictable offence, there is happily another way of enforcing this obligation upon publishers. Here is a case in which an index is almost indispensable, and as the publishers—Messrs. Allen and Co., Leadenhall-street—have chosen to dispense with it, we advise our readers to abstain from *buying* the book, and to be contented with our examination of its contents.

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THE WORKS OF ALEXANDER NECKAM.*

If we dredge in the depths of the Mediæval Ooze, what curious things do we come upon unexpectedly! How odd is the salvage which we bring to shore when it is laid upon the beach of modern times and looked upon in the light of modern inquisitiveness! What a bunch of antiquarian sea-weed is this which at present lies before us; what a medley of crystal and rubbish!—some of the items rare, and possibly valuable, capable of polish and improvement —curly crotchety shells, for example—testimonies of their own age, at all events; scraps of ancient wit and knowledge as startling as anything which Professor Huxley can find in the marine drift; evidences of extinct notions and dreams, with a verity, purpose, and application of their own. What a heap of odd treasure-trove, with their sense and their *moralizations*, are these works of Alexander Neckam, fished

* 'Alexandri Neckam de Naturis Rerum Libri duo.' With a Poem of the same Author, "De Laudibus Divinæ Sapientiæ.' Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London. Longman. 1863.

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up by Mr. Wright, and described under the auspices of the Master of the Rolls' commission!

Alexander Neckam was a man of the twelfth century, and we know even the date of his birth from a chronicle formerly existing among the MSS. of the Earl of Arundel, which informed us that "in the month of September, 1157, there was born to the King at Windsor a son named Richard; and the same night was born Alexander Neckam at St. Alban's, whose mother gave suck to Richard with her right breast, and to Alexander with her left breast." Thus was Alexander the foster-brother of the future Cœur de Lion, who was celebrated for his own love of literature and learning; and the position which the circumstance here related by the chronicler gave to Neckam, in regard to such a Prince, goes far to explain the honourable position he gained in after life.

He was born and passed his boyhood at St. Alban's,—so he tells us himself in his poem 'De Laudibus Divinæ Sapientiæ,' printed in the present volume. He appears to have received his earlier education in the Abbey School there, and hence he is often called Alexander of St. Alban's (Alexander de Sancto Albano). Such a rapid advance did he make there in learning, that, while still very young, the direction of the school at Dunstable, a dependency of the Abbey of St. Alban's, was intrusted to him. But he soon, of his own accord, sought a larger field for his mental activities, and proceeded to the then celebrated University of Paris, where he was a distinguished professor as early as

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the year 1180, when he could have been no more than twenty-three years of age. It would appear from his own words that he had attached himself to the school of the Petit Pont (Parvus Pons), which had been established a few years before by his fellow-countryman, Adam du Petit Pont, and which was celebrated for the subtilties of its reasoning, to which he alludes directly in one of his writings, and of which he gives examples in his treatise 'De Naturis Rerum.' At Paris, he tells us, in the first place, he studied and taught the arts (*artes*)—that is, the grammatical course, including rhetoric and poetry, and that he also studied Biblical criticism, the canon and civil law, and medicine. It is suggested by Mr. Wright that perhaps he became weary and disgusted with the empty subtilties of the scholastic learning, for it is stated that in 1186 he returned to England, and that in the year following he resumed his old position of director or master of the school at Dunstable. But he is further said to have remained here only a year, and at a subsequent period an important change in his position took place.

There have been some differences among the learned as to the spelling of his name. But as early, no doubt, as his own lifetime, it had become customary, apparently as a pun upon his name, to call him by the Latin word *nequam* (bad), which is curious as showing us what was at that time the accepted pronunciation of the Latin *qu*. According to an anecdote given on the authority of Boston of Bury, a bibliographical writer of the beginning of the

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fifteenth century, Neckam abandoned his school at Dunstable because he had formed a desire of entering one of the monastic orders, and he first turned his eyes to the great Benedictine establishment in his native town of St. Alban's. He accordingly addressed an application to the Abbot, "*Si vis, veniam; sin autem, &c.*" to which the Abbot, who appears to have been somewhat of a wag, replied, "*Si bonus es, venias; si nequam, nequaquam.*" Neckam took this joke on his name in such dudgeon that he turned his back upon the Benedictines, and became one of the Augustinian monks of Cirencester. There is reported, however, to have existed an old and close intimacy between Neckam and the Bishop of Worcester, whom he is said to have accompanied into Italy, which may account for his taking up his residence in that diocess. Neckam was elected Abbot of Cirencester in 1213. We have it also upon equally good authority that he died at Kempsey, near Worcester, in 1217, and it is said that by direction of his friend the bishop he was buried in Worcester Cathedral.

A sufficient number of his writings have been preserved to enable us to fix with tolerable accuracy his position in mediæval science. Still bound by the old reverence for authority, and quitting it unwillingly, yet we find him eager for something more satisfactory and more solid than that which was usually taught in the schools, and especially does he display a taste for experimental science. Neckam, it is clear, was in advance of his age. His great proficiency,

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however, lay in that part of the course of school learning which was entitled the Arts, and which included grammar, Latin, composition and poetry, and the study of the ancient writers; and we cannot but be surprised to find how much he knew of the latter. He was evidently proud of his own Latin poems, and it must be allowed, says Mr. Wright, that his Latin verse often rises above the mediocrity of that age. His prose composition is easy and less laboured and confused than that of many of his contemporaries; but he constantly obtrudes upon us his grammatical acquirements, which are often very erroneous and exceedingly absurd. Mr. Wright himself gives us a specimen of one of them, and he adds that this was the vice of the age rather than that of the individual, although among his contemporaries, with all their reverence for him, he was considered to have carried his grammatical subtilties beyond reasonable bounds. Roger Bacon, in the book recently published by Professor Brewer under the title of 'Compendium Studii Philosophiæ,' after alluding to some of the errors of Alexander Neckam, concludes with the remark, that "This Alexander in many things wrote what was true and useful, but that he can nor ought, by just title, to be reckoned among authorities."

Among the works of Alexander Neckam now extant, the one best worth printing is certainly that which forms the bulk of the present volume—the treatise 'De Naturis Rerum.' It is not one of his earliest works, for he mentions in it some of his other works; while its plan is not very easily

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understood, for it consists of two very distinct parts—the first two books forming a sort of manual of natural science, as it was then taught, and the other three being simply a commentary on the book of 'Ecclesiasticus,' which has no direct connexion with that which precedes. Mr. Wright conjectures that they were two distinct works—(probably they were)—while we observe that the earlier work is the more interesting, as it is a monument of the history of science in Western Europe, and especially in England, during the latter half of the twelfth century. It derives a still greater value for us from the love of its author for illustrating his theme by the introduction of contemporary anecdotes and stories relating to the objects treated of, as well as the mention of popular facts and articles of belief which had come under his observation or knowledge, many of which offer singular illustrations of the condition and manners of the age. His system of nature is a very simple one, and it is that which was commonly accepted in his time. The whole universe reduced itself primarily to the four elements, and as each class of created objects was believed to partake specially of one of the elements more than of the others, it was classified as properly belonging to that element which was the one supposed to predominate in it. Alexander Neckam repudiated the supposition that it was his intention to enter into abstruse inquiries into the natures of things; his only design was to collect together a quantity of known facts and to treat them morally. Indeed, there was a passion for moralising upon facts, which

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is deducible from the moralisations which accompanied Æsop's fables, which was carried to a great extent from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, and which was the root of much of the symbolism of the Middle Ages; and this tendency finds abundant exemplification in the present instance. There is hardly a single scientific fact which Alexander does not improve, in the spirit of his century, for the moral education and benefit of his contemplative readers.

Of course he brings his learning into play, though frequently to a very futile purpose. In the first chapter, which treats of the concordance of the first chapter of Genesis in the relation of Moses with that of the opening of the Gospel of St. John, his object is to show how in each of these two accounts the whole doctrine of the Trinity is concealed under the letter of the text. The specimen of this theory which is given by Mr. Wright is certainly odd, though some may have considered it ingenious, while it shows an acquaintance with Hebrew on the part of its learned author. In the second and third chapters Neckam treats of the nature of the light which was created on the first day, of the creation and nature of the angels, and of the Fall and the character of Satan's sin. Then there is a chapter on time, treated chiefly in a moral point of view; then eleven chapters are devoted to the more practical subject of astronomy. According to Neckam, the firmament is so vast that in comparison with it the earth is no more than a point, and

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it revolves incessantly, each revolution occupying the space of a natural day; but the chapter of which it forms the subject is taken up chiefly with a comparison between the firmament and the Christian Church. Astronomy was still under the cloud of astrology, and Neckam acquiesced in the belief that each of the planets had its influence on mankind and on the affairs of the world. He gives rules for the reckoning of hours, days, and weeks, and treats of the changes of the moon. Lastly, he speculates on the moon's spotted appearance. Are not these spots caverns, which did not admit the sun's rays, and therefore looked dark? Some persons believed that the moon was not exactly round, and that these spots were valleys which did not receive the solar light. Neckam himself considered that God had placed spots there, that, as the celestial body nearest the earth, it might be a sign to man that he also retained spots in his nature contracted from the "prevarication in our first parents." He intimates at the same time that there was a more popular explanation of this phenomenon in the rustic who had been condemned to the moon for stealing thorns, which is very curious as being the earliest allusion we have to what we should call the popular *legend* (not "legion," Mr. Wright) of the Man in the Moon.

Our author next treats of the elements, considering in common with the philosophers that the world only exists by "a certain concordant discord" of the four elements, two of which, it is *known*, he says, fire and water, will have

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perished after the day of judgment, while the other two only, air and earth, will remain; and he speculates on the means by which the two elements thus left will be bound together, without the intervention of the others. Fire, he says, according to Aristotle, has three species—light, flame, and carbon—and these questions were open to discussion, but he himself only treats the different qualities of the element fire as he found them capable of moralisation. Air he thinks rather highly of, as absolutely necessary to the preservation of human life, &c., and among other illustrations of the doctrine that nature allows no vacuum, or, at the least, only allows it for a very short time, Neckam introduces a very popular illustration taken from the manners of his age—the fact that people were in the habit of robbing the wine-casks by suction, through a combination of hollow reeds, by which they sucked up the wine as soon as they had sucked out the air; thus illustrating what we may term the siphonic action of his thirsty contemporaries. Three chapters more exhaust the subject of air itself, in treating of the voice, as dependent upon air, of echo, of the chameleon which lived upon air, and of the theory and construction of bells, with an ample inundation of moralisations and theological inferences. Among them it is remarked that the bell is especially an emblem of the preacher, because as the bell, to ring, is suspended in the air afar from the ground, so the Christian preacher ought to be raised far above the earth and everything earthly.

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With the 23rd chapter of his first book Alexander Neckam enters upon the curious subject of natural history, in which he takes much of his information from Solinus and Cassiodorus, as well as from Aristotle and Pliny, among the ancient writers; but to these he adds much very curious information of his own. From the latter, says Mr. Wright, we learn how great was the love of animals in the Middle Ages, how ready people, apparently of all classes, were to observe and note the peculiarities of animated nature, and especially how fond they were of tamed and domestic animals. We see that the mediæval castles and great mansions were like so many menageries of rare beasts of all kinds. It is in the stories told by Neckam, also, that we become more than ever acquainted with the attachment of our mediæval forefathers to the chase, and to all the animals connected with it. Beginning with the king of birds, the eagle, however, he offers no new facts, though, of course, he makes it the subject of numerous moralisations. With the lesser birds of prey he becomes communicative of his anecdotes. He recounts how a hawk one day, by craft and accident and not by mere strength, killed an eagle.

"This occurred in Great Britain, the King of which country, with his courtiers, were witnesses of the occurrence. The courtiers applauded the ferocity of the smaller and weaker bird, which, too, had only killed its adversary in self-defence; but the King interfered, reproved his

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followers for expressing sentiments which justified the employ of force by vassals against their Sovereigns, and ordered the hawk to be hanged immediately as guilty of treason."

Another anecdote placed the reputation of the hawk in a less obnoxious light. It was one of the characteristics of that bird, as Neckam tells us, in the cold of winter, to seize in its claws a partridge, wild chick, or some other bird, and hold it under its belly all night, in order to profit by its warmth; and when the warmth of day returned, the hawk, however it might be hungry, spared the bird, in consideration of the service thus derived from it, and displayed the noble nature of the bird of prey, the fit representative of the Feudal Baron, by setting it at liberty. Neckam tells another story of a falcon which revenged itself on an eagle, and another of a weasel which caught a sparrow-hawk and dragged it under water. We may pass over his account of the phœnix, which is taken from the ancients; but that which he tells us of the parrot shows how great a favourite it was as a cage-bird even in our islands during the Middle Ages. He speaks especially of its mischievous cunning and of its skill in imitating the human voice; adding that, for exciting people's mirth, it was preferable even to the jougleurs (*in excitando risu præferendus histrionibus*). It must be acknowledged that Neckam's anecdotes become at times rather legendary; as in that of the knight who was travel-

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ling in the neighbourhood of Mount Gilboah, and whose domestic parrot decamped suddenly to keep company with a seducer of its own species, &c.

Passing by the peacock, the vulture, the pheasant, partridge, and the often-described barnacle (*bernekke*), supposed to be generated from the gluey substances produced on fir timber when immersed in the waves of the sea, also find their place here. The qualities of the swan, which celebrated its own death in sweet song; the ostrich, said to be devoid of affection for its own offspring; the nightingale, which was so capricious in its choice of habitation that Neckam tells us there was a well-known river in Wales on one side of which the song of this nightingale was often heard, but nobody ever heard it on the other; the swallow, singular for the form of its nest and for the locality which it selected for building it; the nuthatch (*ficedula*); the Ibis of Egypt; the dove; and several birds less known, as described by Neckam, are chiefly worthy of notice on account of the singular moralisations and symbolical interpretations which are given to them. The sparrow, according to Neckam (long anticipating Sterne), is a libidinous bird, light, restless, "injurious to the fruits of man's labour," too cute for the birdcatcher, and subject to epilepsy. The raven is, by its colour and by its habits, emblematical of the clergy; it is easily domesticated. A crow foretells rain by its clamorousness. A story is told of a male stork, which discovered the adultery of its partner and put her to death.

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He has also something to say about the lark and the magpie, and something more about the parrot, "the jougleur of the birds;" but he says of the cuckoo that it does nothing but repeat the words "*affer, affer*,"—*i. e.*, "give, give,"—and on that account it was the type of avarice, and "sang the old song of those who have not yet divested themselves of the old man." Surely, however, Neckam's ear was at fault in this description, or the cuckoos of Cirencester sang a very different song, with a different moral too, from the cuckoos on the banks of Avon in the dayspring of Shakspeare. But it is a novel fact to learn that the saliva of the cuckoo produced grasshoppers; yet this was, no doubt, a popular explanation of the well-known cuckoo-spit of our fields. The pelican of those days killed her own young, after which, in self-remorse, she tore her own body to shed her blood upon them, by means of which they revived. The cock was symbolical of the Christian preacher or doctor of the Church; and Neckam gives a rather curious physical explanation of the question why it announces the hour of the day by its crowing, and why it has a comb. The wren was remarkable for its fertility, and for another rather singular quality. When killed and put on the spit before the fire to roast, it wanted no turning, but turned itself with the utmost regularity. Though the smallest of birds, it claimed to be their king, and hence the Latin name of *Regulus*. Did it not, when the birds assembled to choose a king, conceal itself beneath the eagle's wing,

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when it was agreed that the throne should be given to the bird which mounted highest towards Heaven; and when the eagle, having soared the highest, made its claim to the prize, did it not start from its hiding-place, jump on the eagle's back, and claim to be highest of all, and therefore the winner? The last two chapters in the first book of Neckam's treatise 'De Naturis Rerum' contain his solution of two physical questions relating to birds in general: —1. Why, among birds of prey, the female is stronger, bolder, and longer lived than the male; and 2. Why birds do not produce urine.

With this first book Neckam has completed all that he had to say about the element air, and with the second book he proceeds to treat the next of the elements, water, with its occupants, which are of course fishes. After some extraordinary observations on the nature of water and of the sea, Neckam quotes, as examples of Royal scholars, Romulus, Numa, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, and Ptolemy, but especially Aristotle's famous pupil, Alexander the Great, who was so eager an investigator of natural causes that he went down into the sea in a vessel of glass to observe the manners of the fishes, taking with him only a cock, by whose crowing he might know when each day began. "Alas!" exclaims Neckam, "that he did not commit his observations to writing." Neckam, however, proceeds to give some facts relating to the nature of fishes which he had learnt, but which are mostly taken from the old writers who were then studied in the schools. He

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would have differed considerably from Professor Owen, for he places the hippopotamus among the fishy department of creation. The oyster was his emblem of monastic life. Within its shell it was safe, but when it opened its shell and ventured out it became a prey to the crab and other enemies; so the monk was safe as long as he remained within the walls of his convent, but when he went out he was exposed to the snares of the evil one. Shellfish in general open their shells to the air, and drawing it in become pregnant by it. Another fish, the plaice, is the subject of a still more extraordinary story, of a man who ate the dark side of a plaice, contrary to the edict of an Emperor, and was condemned to die. He had evidently not the warranty which in these days we have from Professor Owen, whom we have seen eating, himself, with high commendation, the dark under-skin of the turbot. Happily, the intended victim, in Neckam's case, did not fall a prey to the mistaken science of the Emperor, but he was rescued by his son, who took his place, and made a condition that, previous to his execution, he should hold the Imperial throne during three days, and should be allowed during that time to give three orders which no one should contradict or resist. So accommodating were the jolly Emperors of those days, that the young gentleman obtained his desire, and the first order he gave was to distribute half the Emperor's goods among the poor. The second was to bring the Emperor's daughter to his bed, and such a perfect gentleman was he that "she slept in his arms all night,

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but he offered her no further injury." What the third order was we are not told; but when the day of execution arrived, the poor who had received his alms, the Princess, who had fallen in love with him, and everybody else, pleaded so effectually for him that, as the Emperor also had become interested in his favour, instead of being put to death, he was married to the Emperor's daughter. Thus does Alexander Neckam enliven his treatise on natural science, and such were the attractions then in the path of solid learning.

Alexander concludes the subject of fishes by a short chapter on the construction of a fishing-net, and proceeds to that of the next element, earth, which he considers scripturally and mystically in its relation to the waters. He ranks coal among the productions of earth, and says that coal, when burnt, would last for ever, and that in placing boundaries of land it was usual to throw into the hole a certain quantity of half-burnt coal, and then to fix stones upon it, so that ages afterwards the coals, remaining incorrupted, might give satisfactory evidence of the bound. Mr. Wright suggests, with much penetration, that this may startle the modern antiquary, who is deceived in taking the presence of burnt coals at the base of some of the upright stones, which are often classed indiscriminately as Druidical, as always a proof of their being sepulchral in character. Neckam allows that metals are beneficial to mankind in many ways, and according to him gold becomes humid at the approach of sunrise. Iron should be beaten

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on the anvil, not while it is redhot, but just when it begins to whiten, &c.

Neckam's botany is not very *recherché*. He begins by rushing into some of the most abstruse questions of natural science, such as "Why does a plant grow green?" and "Why do herbs of contrary effect grow in the same earth?" but, as might be expected, his solutions of these questions are anything but satisfactory. On the other hand, he informs us that a plant named *scelerata* was of such a singular character, that if anybody ate of it unknowingly he would die laughing. If a traveller carried mugwort (*artemisia*) on his person, he would experience no fatigue. The yew was a poisonous tree, and the yew was used for bows, &c. Introductory to his account of fruit-trees he treats briefly of the mysteries of grafting. You are told at what time of the day it is most seasonable to eat various fruits; also that the fiercest bulls, when bound to the trunk of the Egyptian fig, become immediately tame. "Oh," exclaims Neckam, "that this tree would exercise its virtues on our tyrants and on ill-grained companions!"

On the extraordinary virtues of certain gems and precious stones Alexander Neckam is as credulous as others of his time. The "fidus Achates" of Æneas he believes to have been an agate stone. But here is something far more memorable and instructive, to which we invite our readers' careful attention:—

"One of the more remarkable of all these 'virtues,' and it may be remarked the only one which was true, is that

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strange property of the loadstone, or magnet, by which it attracts iron. Neckam is led by it into a rather curious discussion on the various causes of attractive and repulsive forces; and he explains by means of the magnet the then current story of the coffin of Mohammed, which was said to be suspended in the air in the middle of his mausoleum, but which, Neckam suggests, was no doubt made of iron, and held there by the opposite attractive forces of several powerful magnets placed in the walls. The passage which follows this is of much greater importance. Continuing his remarks on the properties of the magnet, Neckam goes on to say:—'The sailors, moreover, as they sail over the sea, when in cloudy weather they can no longer profit by the light of the sun, or when the world is wrapped up in the darkness of the shades of night, and they are ignorant to what point of the compass their ship's course is directed, they touch the magnet with a needle, which (the needle) is whirled round in a circle until, when its motion ceases, its point looks direct to the north.'"

It is only within comparatively a few years, observes Mr. Wright on this curious and novel passage, that the increasing study of mediæval literature has brought to light the fact that the mariner's compass in a rude form was in use among the sailors in Western Europe at an early period, and that, instead of being borrowed from the East, as was generally supposed, it seems to have been invented in this part of the world. Mr. Wright quotes Jacques de Vitry, a writer of 1218, and a song of one of

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the Trouvères, dated about 1205, to the same effect. Roger Bacon showed Brunetto Latini, the celebrated preceptor of Dante, the magnet, an ugly black stone, to which iron spontaneously attaches itself. "They touch it with a needle," he says, "and thrust this into a straw, then put it in the water, and it swims, and the point turns towards the star. If the night be dark, and one can neither see star nor moon, the mariners can thus see their right course." M. d'Avezac, of Paris, well known as one of the most distinguished geographers and scholars of the present day, was the first to point out these passages in 'Alexander Neckam,' and the new light thereby thrown on the early history of the mariner's compass. Thus we see there was something to be learnt from the old philosopher, with all his dreams and moralisations; and, as we cannot pursue his feebler crotchets after this, we dismiss him in Mr. Wright's safe custody for the further enlightenment of his modern readers.

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MODERN ENGLISH CARICATURE.*

THE complete re-issue of 'Punch,' a publication which has come out consecutively week by week for upwards of twenty years, is in its way one of the curiosities of literature. As we have seen no such reproduction on a similar scale hitherto, and shall probably see no other such in our generation, it is not without reason that we inquire as to its meaning. Why should 'Punch' enjoy this exemption from the mortality of newspaper kind, and rise again like a phœnix from its hebdomadal ashes? It is familiar and popular; it contains much which is amusing, and occasionally something which is decidedly brilliant. But these qualities are not sufficient to explain its resuscitation, or there would be other periodicals announcing their *resurgam* also. It is a critic of passing events, like the rest of us,—but who cares ordinarily to preserve such criticism for forty-eight hours after the events have gone by? It has certainly a special character and pretensions of its own,

* 'Punch; or, the London Charivari.' Vols. 1 to 18. Bradbury and Evans. 1861-2.

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but why these should endow it with such antiseptic qualities is, if not quite a problem, a question of literary interest.

That the serious criticism of the casualties of the hour should fade and evaporate, and its *persiflage* remain, unreasonable as it seems at first sight, may be accounted for in various ways. There is nothing so enduring as the seemingly volatile essence of a joke, which circulates everywhere and is never out of season. In the very nature of caricature there is a substance which cannot be extinguished, apart from the realities of which it is the mockery and the burlesque. In a relative sense, caricature is the *reductio ad absurdum* of our gravest acts and imaginings; it is the average sense taking stock of our would-be pretensions, stripping our majesty of its externals, and reducing them to a jest. But to accomplish its ends it employs a positive amount of invention, and it leaves as a residuum a creation of its own. Such creations, if felicitous in their conception and handling, are as permanent as the fabrications of the poet or romancer; they are substantive existences with a clear right and capacity of self-preservation.

Moreover, caricatures, as we all know, are, in some sense, historical records, and fill up the omissions of our histories proper. Furthermore they help to *make* history by their influence on public opinion. Not only do they indicate the passions and illusions of the hour, but they contribute materially to the conclusions of the hour about

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to follow. "Give me the making of a people's songs, and I care not who makes its laws," is a sentence which may be applied equally to the influence of the caricaturist. A recent writer on political memoirs in the 'Quarterly Review,' remarks how universally the statesmen of the first four Sovereigns of the House of Hanover estimated the strength or weakness of Ministries by the attitude of their own limited circle, and how frequently the event contradicted their most confident predictions. These conjurers ascribed little influence to public opinion, or even to the votes in the House of Commons, in comparison with the caprices of their own set. Yet the pens of the Churchills and the pencils of the Gilrays confounded more than once their most promising arrangements. The important services which were rendered by Sayer to the second William Pitt were appreciated more keenly by that statesman in his lifetime than by those who have written the narrative of his successes. It was highly material, for example, at the date of any crisis, on which side Gilray displayed his flaming provocations. When he represented Priestley acting as chaplain at the execution of George III., he put, as it were, the torches into the hands of Priestley's fellow-townsmen. His picture of the entry of Carlo Khan into Leadenhall-street helped the ruin of Fox's East India Bill, and the series of his anti-Gallican pictures were a contribution to the war as real and solid as any of the guineas which flowed into His Majesty's Exchequer. Caricatures help to make history—and they are history also—

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in the matter of costume, fashions, and social usages, the only history which is clear, entertaining, and to the point.

Thus, suppose a future Macaulay at the close of this century looking up materials for the history of the present portion of it, 'The Times' and the statutes at large will supply him with most of them; but it is almost as impossible also that he can dispense with 'Punch.' 'Punch,' with all its shortcomings, is a book for the library long after the window gazers have flattened their noses in studying its cartoons. And, moreover, it has the merit of providing its materials in a single, consecutive, compact publication, while our fathers had to look in various directions for its equivalents. The windows of Humphrey, or Fores, or Jackson, or Maclean of the Haymarket, supplied them with satire simultaneously or successively, but nearly always in detached plates, differing in scale and dimensions. The satire was here at one time, and there at another, at irregular intervals dependent on the inclinations of the Gilray, Sayer, Bunbury, Rowlandson, Cruickshank, Deighton, or the intermittent H. B., who was its purveyor for the special occasion. After some time had elapsed it was difficult to gather up its scattered shafts for permanent preservation. Now 'Punch' has spared us this necessity by his regular habits, by pasquinading in a set of uniform volumes and absorbing or extinguishing irregular equivalents. Simultaneously with his rise, and probably in consequence of his success, it is clear that the caricatures proper went the way of the old oil lamps. 'Punch's' rod,

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like the rod of Aaron, has eaten up the other rods. And we find our advantage in the saving of our time by the regularity and singleness of the supply, by the institutional character which after so many years 'Punch' has acquired as the practical organisation of British caricature.

It is this organisation of our satirical functions which is such a curious phenomenon, and for the idea of which it must be observed that we are indebted to France. 'Punch' himself, self-complacent Briton though he be, was obliged to make this admission on his title-page, when he designated himself modestly the London 'Charivari.' It is clear, however, that when 'Punch' made his entry upon the stage he had no clear conception of his ultimate destiny, and that he wavered considerably as to the line he should take. The illustrated handbill announcing his appearance was first distributed at the Westminster election of 1841, and for a short time 'Punch' himself was redolent of the British hustings. Then, from some misapprehension of his vocation, he involved himself in the contemplation of a series of heavy "Social Miseries," from which we imagine that he profited as little as his readers. It was not for three or four years, or even longer, that 'Punch' came to his legitimate bearings, and warranted the favourable opinion of his backers. The present scale of the social cuts was settled, or settled itself, at a still later date, when the skill in this line of one particular pencil was paramount; and, we will add, it is remarkable how much depends on mere scale in determining the character and

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physiognomy of a work of this nature. 'Punch' has now a definite plan in the distribution of his artistic parts, allotting ordinarily his "big cartoon" to Tenniel, and invoking Leech and Leech's coadjutors for his social characterisations. Though some of the most effective literary features are gone—though we have no more 'Caudle Lectures' or 'Diaries of the amusing Jeames,' there is now a common and accordant movement upon all parts, which makes the organisation of which we spoke a literary phenomenon of our generation.

When 'Punch' was in his infancy the world too was younger and more Arcadian than it is at this day, and it almost surprises us to find the remoteness of the impressions of which 'Punch' is now a testimony and a landmark. We were then struggling with the receding wave of the Reform agitation, when party feeling was ardent and its animosities were rife. In the second number of 'Punch's' pencillings Hercules (meaning Peel) is accordingly tearing Theseus (meaning John Russell) from the Treasury rock, to which in virtue of his adhesiveness he had grown. Lord Melbourne is depicted as a disappointed diner out, as an ejected tenant, and a dismissed footman contemplating his portrait in its appropriate plush. The verses on the Mulready Envelopes carry us back to the days when the Penny Postage was a recent invention. About the same date Peel is seen coaxing the yokels with his sliding-scale and balancing the egg, revenue, in the character of Columbus, on the basis of the income-tax, to the conster-

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nation of his rivals. Repeal and Rebecca riots, the restoration of the gates of Ghuznee, and the weaning of the Prince of Wales are incidents of those ancient days of which 'Punch' makes indifferent sport, till Providence sends him better materials for his satiric flail in the gushing Jenkins and the assiduous Brougham. 'Punch' really made his first capital as a political caricaturist out of that versatile genius, of whom his country is so justly proud. Leech himself first indicated his powers, as far as 'Punch' is concerned, in the series of pictures which towards the close of 1843 he devoted to his idealisation of the great Northern Figaro. The scene in Westminster Circus, p. 98, which was reproduced in a plaster cast still extant, and the further pictures on pp. 158-240, are remarkable instances of Leech's power in the domain of pure political caricature, which is not ordinarily his *métier* or his choice. The Albert hat about this time was another godsend to 'Punch,' and we must not forget that the same volume for 1843 is all but closed with Hood's immortal, "Song of the Shirt."

In the course of 1844 the great Northern gladiators Cawmbell and Broom were performing their "terrific combats" on the stage of St. Stephen's, and 'Punch' was, of course, one of the most edified spectators. In the same year Mrs. Brotherton was evincing her intention of putting the House of Commons to bed at twelve o'clock, and, as 'Punch' beheld the scene, Mrs. B. was in the act of tying the nightcap on little John Russell, while the attendant

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nurse was carrying away the obstreperous Sibthorp. The visit of the Emperor of Russia; the operations of Sir James Graham, supposed to be unprecedented, at the British Post-office; the invention of Captain Warner; the British and Foreign Institute, with its significant motto, "So much for Buckingham;" Joinville as the French Nelson at Tangier, and again as the little boy who is too good a judge to hit Master Wellington; Louis Philippe's visit to England, and Punch's affecting reconciliation with our Brother of France, occupied a large space in Punch's reminiscences of the year. Peel's difficulties and those of Peel's "dirty little boy" alternate, the year following, with the Caudle Lectures, or the communications of the Fat Contributor. Peel vainly attempts to satisfy his hungry rustic visitors with "Ginseng," "Sanguis draconis," and "Divi, divi;" and he is astonished, like the rest of his Brobdignag friends, at the apparition of one Disraeli in the character of Gulliver. Then he has to face Jonathan on account of the Oregon difficulty; then he is taken, *haud passibus æquis*, a Free-trade walk by Papa Cobden; then he has the task of quieting the Greedy Boy who cries incessantly for the moon Repale; then he accomplishes the fascination of his tormentor in a *pas d'extase*. Then the sheriff's officer confronts him in the case of "Howard *v.* Gossett;" then he is seen holding open the gate Monopoly to the coming of Free Trade; while simultaneously the year is crowded with evidences of the Railway Mania and of the "panic," which the

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butcher's boy desired to look at in the city, and which included the smash so destructive to the prospects of the Jeames de la Pluche of our symbolic Thackeray.

The following year opens with the well-remembered discovery that John was not strong enough for the place of Buttons, to which he was aspiring, and with the reflection on his predicament of the Artful Dodger, Peel,—"Oh, how jolly green you must be to think *you* could form a Ministry!" A happier representation some little time later was that of Peel as the Deaf Postilion, with the chaise and its Protectionist passengers left behind him helplessly in the mud. "Actæon worried by his own Dogs" was a reproduction, perhaps unconscious, of the satire of the 'Edinburgh Review' in the days of Catholic Emancipation. Lord George Bentinck weighing for the Premiership; Peel as a maid-of-all-work about to lose her place for talking to the baker's man, Richard Cobden; again as Charles I. in De la Roche's picture, with Disraeli puffing tobacco-smoke in his impenitent visage, or as a manager taking his farewell benefit, with Disraeli shaking his fist in the pit; and, finally, Lord John, extinguished in Peel's hat and waistcoat, are memorials of the different stages in the triumph of Free Trade. The Royal Fagin of France instructing his boys, and the Royal pastime in which he is finally tripped up, are sufficiently suggestive of the state of foreign politics. 'Punch' was not, however, very prescient as regarded the underground railways, and his unceasing fire at the Wellington statue failed to

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shake that monster from its inappropriate pedestal. We observe, too, that 'Punch' took a cheerful view of our national defences, and that he was foremost among the rebel Barons in demanding a new Magna Charta from Lord John in the height of the frenzy of 1848. Nor was 'Punch' much of a prophet as regards Louis Napoleon. But such are the consequences of reflecting the impressions of the hour, that some of them are found afterwards not to be printed in fast colours, and 'Punch's' cartoons, like other people's calicoes, will not invariably wash.

To particularise all the topics on which 'Punch' has embodied with more or less effect the popular impressions would be tedious in itself, and, for what it indicates, superfluous. But 'Punch' has contributed to these impressions himself; and in no case have his pencils told to more purpose than when depicting the Irish dupes of Irish agitation. It is in no slight degree the work of 'Punch' that the vapour of Milesian sentiment and false pretence has been dissipated from our political atmosphere, and that, while we remain alive to Ireland's real grievances we are so completely sickened of the Irish view of them. From 'Punch's' pictures of the burly impudence of O'Connell, of the little vitriol-throwing imp Young Ireland, of the Yahoos, whose only arguments are brickbats and shillelaghs, England has obtained a vivid impression of Celtic types which it will take many years to induce her to forget, and an unusual display of candour, equity, and good sense on the part of the Celt himself to modify.

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or mitigate. It is remarkable that, with all our wits and caricaturists of a former age, the old-fashioned Irishman was never exploded till 'Punch' took his pictorial measure. The 'Battle of Limerick,' when

> "They broke the lovely windies
> Hong with muslin from the Indies
> Purshooing of their shindies
> Upon Shannon shore,"

was the elegy of the pretenders who flattered and maddened them into something like a burlesque of rebellion. The baton of 'Punch' proved too potent for the Irish Shallabalah, and the old factionaries may remember their discomfiture in this sense, as the very old fortune-hunter of a former day, when, brushing up the ashes of his degenerate whiskers, he is reminded of his relationship to the Mulligan of Bally Mulligan.

And 'Punch' has not only been an English as distinguished from an Irish joker, but we conceive that on the whole the Bench of Bishops have reason to thank him for his distinguished services to the English Church. It is quite true that he is not assiduous at offertories or comminations; that he is sometimes irreverent at Lambeth and restless at Exeter Hall. He is not favourable to pluralities, or simony, or nepotism, or canon law, or respectful to beadles, churchwardens, archdeacons, or even higher dignitaries. But he has, nevertheless, rendered negative service to the Church by his steady disparagement of all its opponents, from the smug, unctuous, morose

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Nonconformist grocer to the seedy manipulators of Januarius phials and winking Madonnas. His pictures of the Dissenters, lay and clerical, are so many warnings against the physical consequences of frequenting Little Shilohs and Bethesdas. Nor is it only in these lighter evidences of his ecclesiastical tastes, or rather of his aversions, that 'Punch' has served the cause of the establishment. In that unhappy old woman by which he symbolises the Papacy he affords a homely and slatternly antidote to the attractions of the pomps and vanities of Rome. If Mr. Punch is a Churchman, he is no less a reformer, nor has he ever felt a scruple on the subject of Anglican difficulties, or evinced the least inclination to "go over." In his estimate of the Romish establishment, his survey of its basement-floor, and of the old woman who is in charge, is particularly significant. Nowhere do we encounter such an effete Mrs. Gamp, such a plunderer of the common household, such a dealer in mere kitchen-stuff, such a troublesome old woman, harbouring thieves and depredators, such a fusty anachronism in the face of the nineteenth century. We are very much mistaken if we undervalue the services of 'Punch' in parading a sort of perpetual Guy Faux for the neutralisation of Papal manœuvres. A good cartoon is worth a volume of Flaminian Pastorals; and, till the sense of absurdity has lost its place in human nature, we shall never forget the image of the old woman of the Vatican attempting to snuff out the sunlight of civilisation. 'Punch's' view of Papal

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aggression lost him the assistance of Richard Doyle, a sensitive, quaint, and ingenious spirit, whose "Manners and Customs of the English," and "Pips's Diary," were admirable but fantastic exceptions to 'Punch's' ordinary types of design.

What may have been the effect of 'Punch's' exertions in the province of domestic life it may be difficult to ascertain, but it is unlikely that he has laboured altogether in vain even there. John Thomas may look upon him as a vulgar fellow who is offensively insensible to the dignity of British plush. But John Thomas has received hints in liquoring at his familiar public, while waiting "for his people" at the Hopera or the Swarry, and even he may take less pride in his calves and privileged idleness. We have more reason to doubt whether his strictures on servantgallism have benefited those isolated creatures, the British cook and housemaid. The cousin in uniform will probably still be found calling in just to show cook how to boil a potato. Susan, the housemaid, will still try on her missus's bonnet with the reflection how much better it would become her youthful features; she will still let in nice-spoken gentlemen with moustaches to write letters in the parlour, in consequence of which the coats and umbrellas will disappear from the hall; she will still read trashy romances, still be slipping out of the area-gate, and giving her mistress warning at most inconvenient seasons, because a fortune-teller has assured her that she is to marry a young nobleman.

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The eccentric phases of polite life indoors and out, our social miseries and enjoyments, and our new fashions and inventions for more than twenty years, have, of course, passed under the eye of 'Punch,' and been sedulously recorded by his faithful pencil. A whole series devoted to the Bloomer mania shows the state to which society was to have been reduced by the expected exchange of the functions of the sexes simultaneously with their common use of the same nether habiliments. In this state of confusion Maria is told by Charles to ask Mamma for her consent, the saucy omnibus cad Ellen chaffs Paterfamilias, the superior creatures complain that their husbands are so dilatory in their shopping, and the gentlemen are sent off to the drawing-room while the ladies sit over their wine. All the other fleeting fashions,—the moustache movement, the Cochin China fancy, the Great Exhibition, the advent of crinoline, table-turning, horse-taming, baby-jumping, every phase of invention which is uppermost for the moment is developed into its drollest varieties here. Yet, after all, the staple of 'Punch's' entertainment consists of the ordinary incidents of domestic life, and these only exaggerated in a very slight degree; in fact, the burlesque is so delicate, at least in the drawing, that 'Punch's' designs are almost photographs of the ordinary types of society.

Paterfamilias, for example, in his London home, with mamma and the troublesome olive-branches, or their recreations, especially those of the young ladies of the

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family at the sea-side, where the lavish display of their back hair is almost too much for the susceptible 'Punch' and his readers; the eager little bathers who will struggle with their bathing women; the saucy boys who dance hornpipes in their sisters' crinolines; the little angling and boating excursions; the authentic displays in the hunting-field, not forgetting old Briggs; the plucky boys on their ponies; the rising generation and their precocious audacities, including those who have left their cigar-cases in their dressing-room, and are fearful that their young brothers will have all their best regalias; their smarter equivalents the London *gamins*, who throw cart-wheels, chaff policemen and guardsmen, stuff your letter-box with oyster-shells, and who are particularly facetious when you are standing at the door of your dentist; the London busmen, so accommodating to matrons elderly and obese; the swells at their clubs contemplating domestic encumbrances, or exchanging Dundreary small talk in Rotten-row; the new-married couples, who forget that they have turned on the tea-urn; the lovers, who luxuriate on the balcony under pretence of contemplating the comet; the excursions to foreign parts and the Gauls who reciprocate them, with their stubbly beards and Brutus coiffure and buniony feet in Parisian boots,—all these, and a hundred other forms of every-day life, are familiar to us everywhere in our going or coming, but in 'Punch' they are treated with a delicate mastery of art, such as no one found in them before, until it was dis-

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covered by the magic pencil of the inexhaustible John Leech.

That one pencil should have done so much to keep the world amused for so many years, is a proof of very extraordinary fecundity, in addition to that exquisite perception of feminine grace and beauty which makes Leech the pictor laureate of his fairest countrywomen.* Of late, perhaps, some of the work of Charles Keene and others, excellent also in its way, has been ascribed to his pencil, but he is still supreme and inimitable in his class. He has not, indeed, the serious moral purpose of Hogarth, nor the Michael Angelesque audacity of Gilray, but, confining himself to the lighter phenomena of life, he has rendered them with a truth to nature, an ease, and good taste, which have made his advent a new era in the style of British caricature.

Those only who remember what our caricatures were fifty or sixty years since will appreciate the refinement which he has substituted for their preternatural coarseness. Then monstrous heads were clapped upon diminutive bodies, as the vehicles of conundrums at which Holywell-street might stare, or coaches were upset in order to show

* Alas! since the above words were written, that hand so cunning is for ever stilled. The grace of those conceptions flows no more. The cruel Nymphs have carried off the very Hylas of the arts, and we, his loving friends, stand weeping on the bank, proud and rejoicing that he also loved us, but not consoled for his loss by his certain immortality.

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the stout proportions of the female passengers, or bedrooms and other sanctuaries were invaded to make sport of every secret of our mortal state, from the sacred endearments of connubial affection to the purgative efficacy of the Cheltenham waters. Alas, for our revered ancestors! they were simple-minded men, on whom the delicacy of Leech would probably have been wasted. But our better sense of decorum is propitiated by his reticence, who can move laughter without shocking modesty, and who wipes even the noses of his little boys with the reverence which the Roman satirist alleges to be due to them. And not only is Leech funny without being coarse, but he never by any chance, slip, or equivoque, puts improper notions into the minds of our young ladies. The most scrupulous mammas may be certain that 'Punch's Sketch-book' will contain no intimation that there is a seventh commandment, or that some naughty people are in the habit of breaking it. What the satirist foregoes in the deprivation of this topic can be appreciated by those who remember the space it occupies in the caricatures of our neighbours on the other side of the Channel. It is hardly too much to say that it is there the principal theme to which the draughtsman devotes his art, and for which subscribers look as for their daily *viaticum*. Unhappy Monsieur Cornard, he serves the 'Charivari' *in perpetuum*, as Jenkins, Jeames, Briggs, and other harmless varieties have served successively the turn of 'Punch.' The husband of Leech sometimes swears a little if he cannot "get his wife's things

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together," but he is never perplexed by finding a staylace in a bow which he himself had fastened in a knot in the morning. So also of the *enfans terribles* of the English and French caricaturists. There is a striking difference in the nature of their revelations. The English youth has no recollection of canes in mamma's dressing-room; the little English girl never asks if the moustache-brush picked up in that sacred shrine is intended as a hearth-brush for her little doll's house, and neither of them are ever sent to play in the dining-room under circumstances which induce their suspicious fathers to address them to their astonishment as "*enfans malheureux!*" Leech and 'Punch' know their public a great deal too well to hint at anything like such forbidden topics, and, like a Chinese landscape, which has been termed "the world before perspective," so their world is a world before Sir Cresswell Cresswell, or the complicated scandals on which he has to decide.

It is a further proof of Leech's powers as an artist that he should have amused the town so thoroughly with his pencil thus restrained by his judicious taste. His eye for character is, however, so keen, and his hand as a designer so quick, that we are startled by the variety of his sketches when we look at them *en masse*. He has really drawn from first to last nearly every class in the social hierarchy. And as accessories to his procession of men, women, and children, we must not forget the characteristic effects of his backgrounds. And how admirably Leech can draw animals—not perhaps a tiger or a bear as Tenniel can—

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but the animals of domestic life, especially horses and dogs. Everybody recognises his horses, but we call attention also to his little pet dogs—the Skye-terrier chasing his master's hat on the sands at Ramsgate, the bull-pup from whom the navvy's wife inhumanly subtracted the milk for her baby; above all, his Blenheims and King Charleses, the very choicest of their useless species. There is one of them in a state of canine consternation in the scene in which Mrs. Twaddles, when the contents of her aqua vivarium are writhing and flapping on the carpet, is vainly attempting to secure her favourite conger-eel with the tongs. Another hapless Fido, after destroying Master Tommy's rabbits, Miss Clara's canary, a conservatory of camellias, and a vase of Sèvres china, is looking up in his mistress's face with inquisitive eye, and wagging his tail in hope of reward for his meritorious exertions. A third, the best of all, has been incautiously lapping the chalybeate spring at which Paterfamilias is dosing Master Franky. The dog, too, has a premonitory sense of discomfort, and is walking off with the suspicion that some one has done him a secret injury. Half the story is told in the eye of the dog, and its sequel will be found presently on the drawing-room carpet. In short, if Leech had sketched nothing but spaniel dogs, we should be bound to acknowledge his qualities as a humorist.

It is common, in consideration of his paramount facetiousness, to treat the letter-press of 'Punch' as of very

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little account. This is hardly fair to the hearty endeavours of some very clever pens to amuse us incessantly under every disadvantage. 'Punch' has not the quality of wit which is the heritage of the countrymen of Pascal and Voltaire, but from first to last it contains a vast amount of pleasant persiflage. Not to recall old *chefs-d'œuvre*, the Prize Novelists, for example, which were the best burlesques *ever* written, the manly epitaphs on public worth, and the ballads on political crises, the dialogues full of light *esprit*, and the homely ditties of the Hampshire ploughboys which the world ascribes respectively to Tom Taylor, Shirley Brooks, Percival Leigh, and others, are most of them great advances upon the satire of our progenitors, and in some instances of exceptional mark and pungency. In the person of his Editor, Mark Lemon, 'Punch' has possessed a guiding power, a combining skill, a cautious and temperate good sense, and a humorous sagacity, coupled with a cordial adroitness in dealing with his subordinates, with whom he has so many old and dear recollections in common, of

> "Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
> Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,"

that it would be difficult in all the world to find a better President of this Court of Momus; while his own wit, combined with his personal attractions, suggests that we see Falstaff himself *redivivus*, as the Vice-President of the

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'Punch' dinners, and their convivial symposia. 'Punch' may not, indeed, always bear comparison with the old *esprit Gaulois*, still less has he the savour of the old Attic salt, but he may nevertheless review the efforts of all his staff complacently, when he thus issues again their joint products to the world.

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THE LEADBEATER PAPERS.*

If the name of Mary Leadbeater had faded out of recollection, and was all but unknown to the present generation, an interest in her and her works was recently revived by the references to her in the 'Remains of the late Mrs. Trench.' The circumstances under which these ladies became acquainted, their mutual appreciation, and the tribute of eulogy which the latter accorded to the former on hearing of her death, were already familiar to the clients of the circulating libraries. The republication of the 'Annals of Ballitore,' together with the correspondence of Mrs. Leadbeater with Burke and others, have extended the thread of interest thus established, and exhumed, as it were, a whole provincial circle. And for our part, though we see no reason to regard them as very shining lights, we recognise their place in the historic past, and their title, at least, to a fugitive remembrance.

* 'The Leadbeater Papers. The Annals of Ballitore.' By Mary Leadbeater, with a Memoir of the Author; letters from Edmund Burke, heretofore unpublished, and the Correspondence of Mrs. R. Trench and the Rev. George Crabbe with Mary Leadbeater. Bell and Daldy. 1862.

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Mary Leadbeater herself, *née* Shackleton, was perhaps the most distinguishable figure in the little colony of Quakers established at Ballitore, in the county of Kildare. Her family, the Shackletons,—that is to say, her grandfather and father in succession,—kept a school of good repute there for a series of years, and to this school, on the high road between Dublin and Cork, it was customary for many who were not Quakers to send their boys. The appendix to the first of these two volumes contains a complete list of the pupils, with their dates of entry, and this list includes such names as those of Edmund Burke, Napper Tandy, &c., most of whom, and the great Edmund especially, seem to have kept up familiar and affectionate relations with Ballitore and the Shackleton circle in after life. For Ballitore it could be said that it was a village of remarkable beauty, well timbered and tended, and advanced to a pitch of culture beyond its age, even for the then favoured county of Kildare. Its charms were evidently associated in the minds of the boys who had left with pleasant reminiscences of the tranquil sectaries who had presided over their early studies. That these boys should remember their school so agreeably, as they seem to have done, one and all, is a striking testimony to its general character. There was probably little birch there, considerable liberty, and affectionate superintendence on the part of the Quaker women. Mary Leadbeater, *née* Shackleton, demonstrates for her part that she loved the faces and the ways of the little *alumni*. She is continually speaking of

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this or that one as a dear, handsome, tender-hearted boy, &c.; and, in fact the atmosphere of this book generally is that of a pedagogic paradise, where the boys are virtuous and well-combed, and the rod is blithely blossoming, like the rod of the ingenuous Aaron.

Such is the impression of Ballitore conveyed to the reader in this and other senses, that it realises to him Goldsmith's Auburn, with the addition of the Shackleton Academy for young gentlemen. The gentle Quakers of the village appear to have formed almost a family group, and we find, on the testimony of Miss Shackleton, that they included such a large number of comely or amiable young women, that this may be thrown into account among the attractions to the Ballitore pupils to retrace their steps. Mary Shackleton's husband, William Leadbeater, was one of the pupils thus magnetised; for, though articled to an attorney in Dublin, and serving out his time at *fi.-fas*, the contemplative pleasures of the meeting-house were too potent a memory, and they drew him back to Ballitore and fixed him there for ever. "At the end of his time," this young lawyer's clerk "became *convinced* of the principles of Quakerism, threw up his profession, sought and obtained admission into the Society of Friends," and took root in Ballitore, where Mary Shackleton rewarded his constancy. Even her Memoir admits that her *beaux yeux* had some unconscious power in assisting his conversion, so that the brim of his hat widened and his collar shrunk at the prompting of his too susceptible heart. We are the more

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inclined to admit the insinuation in the Memoir, because we never heard of a lawyer's clerk who was *convinced* to an equal degree without the presence of at least equivalent incentives.

Mrs. Leadbeater was not only an attractive spinster and an amiable wife and mother, but she had some literary talents, which had been nurtured on the Shackleton Parnassus. She wrote pleasing descriptions in tepid verse of Ballitore and Beaconsfield, where she paid a visit to the great Edmund, and the great Edmund, as a Ballitore boy was bound, proffered his criticism and expressed his approval. To put it otherwise, she was a pet, and he petted her benevolently. But we must not assume in consequence that her literary abilities were quite up to the standard insisted on by the friendship of Mrs. Trench in a letter dated Sept. 2, 1826. She wrote, it is true, 'Cottage Dialogues of the Irish Peasantry,' the 'Landlord's Friend,' 'Cottage Biography,' 'Biographical Notices of Irish Friends,' and 'Annals of Ballitore,' &c.; and our mention of the last will show that we attach importance to it for its picture of an exceptional circle, and its record of some startling experiences; but otherwise it is less the intellectual than the moral quality of her work which is so highly commendable; and we may reckon her, at her best, as a Miss Edgeworth much diluted. She was, nevertheless, a godsend to Ballitore, its Amelia and Egeria combined, the literary pillar of its academy, and the Lady Bountiful of its poor; and we cannot question for a moment that her own

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idiosyncracy made a large part of the grace and goodness she discovered in her neighbourhood.

We may allow thus much for her predilections, yet retain our first impression that Ballitore, with its Quaker families, was really a kind of parochial Goshen. "In so narrow a circle as ours," says Mrs. Leadbeater, "a tender bond of affection becomes twined with the tie of neighbourhood, which adds exceedingly to its strength. We can imagine a state of society in which even the temporary absence of a neighbour causes a shade of gloom, and his return a ray of sunshine; where the sickness or misfortune of one is felt by sympathy through the whole body; where the shopkeepers live in unaffected harmony, and lend and borrow goods for the wants of their customers, instead of taking advantage of the scarcity of any particular article. All this we can imagine to be possible, and perhaps to be practised, in other places. In Ballitore it is the spirit of the place, and no wondering thought is ever bestowed upon it."

We quote the above passage as a type of the annals of Ballitore in their normal condition, when there was little to record but marrying and giving in marriage, the birth of children, and the payment of the debt of nature. But for a season the experiences of Ballitore were public and terrible, so as to be impressive in their historical significance. We catch glimpses of the Rebellion of 1798 in the Cornwallis papers, and some stray incidents of it are scattered in various Irish memoirs; but here, as it were, we learn what the Rebellion really was in the eyes of those

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who were encircled by its sanguinary horrors. Thus Ballitore lay in the way of both parties, and there could scarcely be found a more striking contrast than the idyllic descriptions of its ordinary state, and the havoc of which it was for a season the prey. Mrs. Leadbeater's story of what she and her community beheld and endured, is a contribution to the history of the time such as we do not find in the histories proper. In fact, it is the neutral's view of a civil war, more striking even than that of either of the combatants, and far more explicit as to the miseries entailed. In many particulars it is intensely Irish; such as the series of stupid blunders it records, involving the destruction of friends and foes, while otherwise it may serve, we fear, as a type of what many a peaceful homestead is suffering at this moment in the valley of the Shenandoah, or on the banks of the Chickahominy. Civil war is worse than other wars to those who are neutral, for the uncertainties and suspicions of those engaged make the position of the bystanders worse than if they were sharers in the conflict, while the latter have none of the excitement of partisans to render them equally callous to the cruelties endured. Moreover, as implied above, the scenes of 1798 in Ballitore have a deeper shade of horror from the position and peaceful character of the narrator and her fellow-sufferers, who were the most passive victims conceivable of the violence on either side.

Thus, at first, we hear of persons mysteriously disappearing from the neighbourhood by assassination, because they

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were obnoxious to the popular party. Then the Government comes in and exacts reprisals, searching for arms, quartering its soldiers on the inhabitants, attaching lists of the latter to the doors of each house, and harassing the inmates by repeated examinations. Then we have a series of outrages committed by the Tyrone Militia, "mostly composed of professed Orangemen, wearing the riband of their party." Then protections are got for the loyal who have been plundered like the rest, but none of our narrator's friends can participate in these, some doubt being entertained by this scrupulous community "of its being inconsistent with our principles to apply for armed protection." In the mean time they incur the reputation of being disaffected; they are incessantly robbed of the provision for their daily wants, and subjected alternately to the exactions of the soldiers and the Yeomanry. And these are but the preliminaries to worse inflictions when the local gentry had deserted the neighbourhood; when the village smith was arrested, lest he should manufacture pikes; when prisoners were continually carried through the village to be shot or hung; and the whole country was in suspense, awaiting the outbreak.

"The morning of the 24th of the Fifth-month (May) orders came for the soldiers quartered here to march to Naas. A report was circulated that Naas gaol had been broken open,—that Dublin was in arms, and so forth. All was uncertainty, except that something serious had happened, as the mail-coach had been stopped. The insurrec-

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tion was to begin in Dublin, and the mail-coach not being suffered to leave the city was the signal for general revolt. This purpose being defeated by the vigilance of Government, the mail-coach had got to Naas before it was stopped, yet its detention there persuaded the people that the day was their own. They threw off the appearance of loyalty, and rose in avowed rebellion. In the morning the Suffolk Fencibles first marched out, nine men remaining to guard their baggage at the Mill, which was their barrack. The Tyrone militia followed, taking their baggage with them. All was hurry and confusion in the village. Several who had kept out of sight now appeared dressed in green, that colour so dear to United Irishmen, and proportionably abhorred by the loyal. The Suffolks went by the high road, the Tyrones through Narraghmore. As they marched out, a young woman, privately, and with tears, told their lieutenant her apprehensions that their enemies lay in ambush in Narraghmore-wood. He was therefore prepared to meet them, and sad havoc ensued; many on both sides fell, particularly among the undisciplined multitude. The court-house at Narraghmore was attacked, and many met their death there. We heard the reports of firearms, and every hour the alarm increased."

After this Ballitore is invaded by the insurgents, and the narrator has to serve out bread and milk to the mob; but, owing to the protection of an individual designated "The Canny," she and hers are protected from actual

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violence. Some of the soldiers in the vicinity, who for the moment are overpowered, are shot.

"Richard Yeates, son to Squire Yeates of Moone, was brought in a prisoner, his yeomanry coat turned. A private of the yeomanry corps to which he belonged was also brought into our parlour, where my husband and I sat at tea. He was an old man; we made him sit down to tea, and invited also his captors, but they declined; one of them went to the table and helped himself to bread and butter, looked at himself in the mirror, and remarked it was 'war time.' The prisoner, with tears trickling down his cheeks, spoke sadly of his seven children; his guards strove to console him by telling him that 'he was an honest Roman, and should not be hurt.' Presently we heard a shot, and those strangers immediately said they 'supposed Richard Yeates was shot.' This was really the case. He was taken into a house, and, in despite of his own entreaties, the endeavours of many others to save him, and even the efforts of Priest Cullen, who begged the life of the young man on his knees, he was murdered, being piked and shot! That day his father had been requested, I suppose by one who knew what was intended, not to let his son leave the house; but he could not prevent him—he would join the corps. His brother-in-law, Norcott D'Esterre, narrowly escaped being taken a prisoner at the same time."

The insurgents for a time retain possession of the village, but, its inhabitants recovering confidence,

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"As my friend and I walked out to see a sick neighbour, we looked with fearful curiosity over a wall, inside of which we saw lying the youthful form of the murdered Richard Yeates. There he had been thrown after his death, his clothes undisturbed, but his bosom all bloody. For many days after I thought my food tasted of blood, and at night I was frequently awakened by my feelings of horror, and stretched forth my hand to feel if my husband was safe at my side.

"All the horses which could be got were taken by the insurgents. A man came to me with a drawn sword in his hand, demanding my own mare. I told him that one of the Tyrone officers had borrowed her; and fortunately another man who knew me bore testimony to my veracity, so that I was left unharmed. When I saw how the fine horses were abused and galloped without mercy by the insurgents, I rejoiced that my Nell was not in their hands.

"A man afterwards came, with a horse-pistol in his hand, to take my husband. My brother had been previously taken, together with some of his guests. They were all to be brought to the camp in the hollow side of the hill at the east, and when the soldiers came they should be placed, the insurgents said, in the front of the battle, to stop a bullet if they would not fire one. This man, not finding my husband below, and thinking he was concealed, ran upstairs where our little children were in bed, with the huge pistol in his hand, swearing horribly

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that he would send the contents of it through his head if he did not go with him. I stood at the door, less terrified than I could have expected, and asked a young man who had accompanied the other if they meant to kill us. 'To kill you?' he repeated, in a tone expressive of surprise and sorrow at such a supposition. At length he prevailed on his angry companion to go away, threatening as he went, that if the Quakers did not take up arms, their houses should be in flames, 'as Mr. Bayley's was.' I was sorry for the destruction of the Hall, but soon found that, though it had been attempted, the fire had been put out before much damage had been done. My husband, having been visiting my mother, was not found, and did not know he had been sought for. Many came to us weeping and trembling for their friends; and to the doctor, who, having much influence with the people, exerted it to do them good. We could do nothing.

* * * *

"Everyone seemed to think that safety and security were to be found in my brother's house. Thither the insurgents brought their prisoners, and thither also their own wounded and suffering comrades. It was an awful sight to behold in that large parlour such a mingled assembly of throbbing anxious hearts—my brother's own family, silent tears rolling down their faces, the wives of the loyal officers, the wives of the soldiers, the wives and daughters of the insurgents, the numerous guests, the prisoners, the trembling women—all dreading to see the

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door open, lest some new distress, some fresh announcement of horrors should enter. It was awful; but every scene was now awful, and we knew not what a day might bring forth."

Then the military recover Ballitore, driving out the insurgents, and commence burning and plundering on their side more remorselessly than their predecessors.

"My mind never could arrange the transactions which were crowded into those two hours. Every house in the Burrow was in flames; a row of houses opposite to the School was also set on fire; none others were burnt immediately in the village, but a great many windows were broken; and when I heard this crash I thought it was cannon. We saw soldiers bending under loads of plunder. Captain Palmer came in to see me, and was truly solicitous about us, and insisted on giving us 'a protection.' Soldiers came in for milk; some of their countenances were pale with anger, and they grinned at me, calling me names which I had never heard before. They said I had poisoned the milk which I gave them, and desired me to drink some, which I did with much indignation. Others were civil; and one inquired if we had any United Irishmen in the house. I told him we had. In that fearful time the least equivocation, the least deception, appeared to me to be fraught with danger. The soldier continued his inquiry,—'Had they plundered us?' 'No, except of eating and drinking.' 'On free quarters,' he replied, smiled, and went away.

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"A fine-looking man, a soldier, came in, in an extravagant passion; neither his rage nor my terror could prevent me from observing that this man was strikingly handsome. He asked me the same question in the same terms, and I made the same answer. He cursed me with great bitterness, and, raising his musket, presented it to my breast. I desired him not to shoot me. It seemed as if he had the will, but not the power to do so. He turned from me, dashed pans and jugs off the kitchen table with his musket, and shattered the kitchen window. Terrified almost out of my wits, I ran out of the house, followed by several women almost as much frightened as myself. When I fled my fears gained strength, and I believed my enemy was pursuing. I thought of throwing myself into the river at the foot of the garden, thinking the bullet could not hurt me in the water. One of our servants ran into the street to call for help. William Richardson and Charles Coote, who kindly sat on their horses outside our windows, came in and turned the ruffian out of the house.

"That danger passed, I beheld from the back window of our parlour the dark-red flames of Gavin's house and others rising above the green of the trees. At the same time a fat tobacconist from Carlow lolled upon one of our chairs, and talked boastingly of the exploits performed by the military whom he had accompanied; how they had shot several, adding, 'We burned one fellow in a barrel.' I never in my life felt disgust so strongly; it even over-

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powered the horror due to the deed which had been actually committed. The stupid cruelty of a man in civil life, which urged him voluntarily and without necessity to leave his home and bear a part in such scenes, was far more revolting than the fiery wrath of a soldier."

In the sequel the most innocent inhabitants were murdered by mistake; among others the village doctor.

"Our poor Dr. Johnson had suffered much from fatigue and anxiety during those days of terror; he ate and slept but little; and on the 26th, coming into Mary and Anne Doyle's, he declared his firm belief that he should fall by one party or the other, adding he did not care how soon. They wanted him to lie down and get a little rest, but his agitated mind would not permit him to take any. Next morning he was made prisoner, not endeavouring to conceal himself. I saw him walking in his yeomanry dress with a crowd of soldiers, and thought he was in friendship with them. I did not know that they pressed the ends of their muskets on his feet as he walked, and, by thus tormenting him, showed how little mercy he had to expect from them. The crowd stopped before Mary and Anne Doyle's shop: the tumult was loud; I believe they called it a Court-martial. An officer asked my husband had the doctor been at the battle of Narraghmore. He assured him he had not. Charles Coote stood by him, and begged to have him taken to the colonel. What his friends said was disregarded. Some young men, prisoners, passed by; Dr. Johnson appealed to them, but they passed

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on in silence. He was alone and unarmed, and I believe had never raised his hand to injure any one. Captain Sandys, who afterwards lost his life at Vinegar-hill, took the Doctor's part in this business. So many swords and bayonets, and at length a musket, could not be long in taking the life of an unarmed man.

"A short time before the end a soldier came into our parlour, and, with a kind of bitter smile, told me they were going to hang the Doctor. I said I hoped not, and went up to my children trembling. One of our servants entered the room, and said the Doctor was shot. I started up and contradicted her. Just then the trumpet sounded a retreat. The window near my bedstead had for some time caused me a dread which I could not account for, save by having heard of persons being shot through windows. But to this window I now went mechanically, and saw stretched before it, lying on his back, the friend I had known from childhood—my neighbour, my physician. His arms were extended; there was a large wound in the lower part of his face, and his once graceful form and intelligent countenance were disfigured with more than the horrors of death. I took but one look. I cried aloud, and Anne Doyle led me away. We went to the back apartments. The glass of the windows was hot from the reflection of the burning houses, but I looked on them with a stupid composure. My only thought was—Is my husband safe?—Had not our dwelling and offices been slated, we should have been probably houseless, for the

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unchecked flames rose in dreadful spires, and the crash of falling roofs caused a terrific sound. The morning was balmy, beautiful, and mild; bounteous Nature smiled sweetly upon us, rich with the treasures of a benign Creator. The unbridled passions of man alone deformed the scene!"

Thus the chronicle reads on, a consistent series of fatal mistakes upon both sides, of which innocent persons were for the most part the victims. After the Rebellion was nominally suppressed, the Ballitore community were subjected to repeated visits from the fugitive insurgents, who who were still in force sufficient to plunder with impunity. The narrator's husband is in imminent peril from these midnight marauders; some of her friends, the Quaker women, are wounded in her house, and the wainscot is stained with their blood. When one of the robbers is afterwards caught with the narrator's watch in his pocket, the scruples of an over-tender conscience prevent her from claiming it. "It would not," she says, "have been acceptable to me, stained with blood as I should have thought it,—remembering also how its well-known hands had marked the time for its sinful possessor to use in deeds of desperation." Such is the innocent lamb who stood in the way of this stampede of the wild Irishry in their memorable outbreak. As she bleats her pretty lamentations in helpless bewilderment, we conceive a fresh horror and disgust at the pure ruffianism of the epoch. Nor less at its Irish superabundance of mistakes and blunders.

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When, as a sequel to the Rebellion, the Act of Union was passed, misconceptions of the grossest description still prevailed. "It was amusing to hear the countryfolk discussing the great political question of the day; they seemed to think that Parliament was a great book which had been removed from Dublin to England." But when the definitive treaty of peace was signed, there were bonfires and firing of guns and illuminations, even in tranquil Ballitore.

Mrs. Leadbeater's annals come down to 1824, and include, for those who are curious in such matters, a remarkable story of alleged spontaneous combustion, at page 322. This is fresh food for the controversy which has raged on that obscure topic. A second volume contains the correspondence of Mrs. Leadbeater with Mrs. Trench and the Rev. George Crabbe, and a great many hitherto unpublished letters of Edmund Burke to Richard Shackleton. It is, however, inferior in interest to the other, for it abounds in criticisms of a literature much of which has passed away.

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VACATION TOURISTS—1862-3.*

THE plan of publishing these combinations of notes of travel answers well in the main, for it spares some of the contributors from diluting their substance into a volume, while it makes in the whole a book more varied and pleasant than either of them, perhaps, could produce separately. It is judicious also not to force the publication even of these volumes to a formal period of issue, and Mr. Galton does well to wait till enough subjects of interest are accumulated to keep up the standard of a respectable series.

Mr. Galton fairly prides himself on the greater variety of the contents of this as compared with either of its two predecessors, and we must allow that his tourists' experiences range unusually far and wide here. In the first place we have the winter ride in Palestine, of Mr. Tristram, an experienced traveller in desert scenery and Oriental surroundings. On his way to Syria Mr. Tristram stopped at Athens, where the most interesting feature of novelty

* 'Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel in 1862-3.' Edited by Francis Galton. Macmillan and Co., 1864.

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was the complete disinterment of the Dionysiac Theatre. This theatre has been too often described, he says, to call for further mention, "but we were much struck by its wonderful acoustic qualities, which the architects of too many modern buildings might, perhaps, study with advantage. Stationing myself on the stage, while my companions ascended to different parts of the building, I recited, without any effort of the voice, some passages of the 'Œdipus Rex,' every syllable of which could be distinctly heard in every part of the theatre." At Beyrout Mr. Tristram discovered a mass of bone brescia attached to a rock overhanging the sea, and left a commission to have it blasted and collected on the spot, that, in the course of a few months, a goodly collection might be in the hands of Sir C. Lyell, to throw additional light on the history of the Mediterranean terrestrial and fresh-water deposits in the oolitic and tertiary periods. In company with the Consul-General, Mr. Eldridge, he then visited Daoud Pasha, the Governor of the Lebanon. This Armenian gentleman, of highly-cultivated mind, great learning, and antiquarian research, is already known to European scholars by his work on the Antiquities of the Teutonic Races. It was strange, indeed, to discover in the recesses of Lebanon a Turkish official full of Anglo-Saxon antiquities, and master of the language; yet he informed Mr. Tristram and his friend that he was at present occupying his scanty leisure in collecting materials for a work on the comparative effects of the Anglo-Saxon element and

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the Papal influence on the English Constitution up to the time of Henry III. This Armenian gentleman has scant time himself for such pursuits, from the exigencies of his government, which, however, he has so admirably met hitherto, that the present state of the Lebanon is a sufficient proof of the wisdom which selected Daoud for the post he occupies. Mr. Tristram is decidedly, like most Englishmen, prepossessed in favour of the Druse race, who, though dangerous when roused, are ordinarily the most peaceable, as they are the most industrious, of the mountaineers, and are remarkably free from the spirit of intrigue and deception which debases the Oriental character.

A most interesting sight in Beyrout to Mr. Tristram and many of its recent visitors are the female schools established and conducted by Mrs. Thomson, in which nearly 400 native females—married women, girls, and infants—are receiving a sound, useful, and thoroughly Christian education. Unlike most travellers, it was Mr. Tristram's design to visit Palestine in winter, and, by a judicious selection of routes, and avoiding the higher ground during the rains, he found that tent-life was not only practicable, but enjoyable, even throughout the month of December. It was only when his party ascended the summit of Carmel, or pitched their camp outside Jerusalem, that they felt any real inconvenience from the weather. Their rambles were intended to extend over a period of six or eight months, and, as their object was the examination of the natural rather than the archæological riches of the

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country, the selection of their halting-places must have often seemed capricious to their attendants, who habitually would remonstrate that no "Howadji" ever stayed a day in such or such a place, and then would resign themselves to the freaks of the mad Englishmen, who loaded their mules with bits of stone, and wasted their powder over birds not fit to eat, or too small for the pot. Among other interesting objects they visited the old castle, Kureit el Kurn, which Van de Velde pronounces, with Mr. Tristram's assent, to be the finest ruin in Palestine, and which, standing at a height above the stream of 620 feet, must be a striking object in the landscape, and, in its capacity as a fortress of the Crusaders, must have been the key of the passes from Northern Galilee to the plain of Acre. On the strength of Mr. Tristram's description we should like to see Kureit el Kurn. Snipe and woodcock beside the stream below, and bats fourteen inches in length in the caverns of the cliffs, Egyptian ichneumons, and flocks of plover, are further acceptable incidents of the locality. We do not follow Mr. Tristram's experiences further than to observe that the kindest wish he thinks he can offer to his readers is, that they may try a winter's ride through Palestine, and end it by "going to Jericho."

Mr. James G. Bertram went to see what they were doing in the way of "fish-culture in France." More especially, he went to survey Huningue and its ponds and egg-hatching apparatus. So he gives us a short history of all the recent efforts at fish-culture, but a more particular

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review of the course of business at Huningue. He is learned in the subject of those mysterious fishes, the Vendace of Lochmaben, and the Powan of Lochlomond—fish which swim in shoals in fresh-water lakes, and which are reputed to be fresh-water descendants of the herring. Mr. Bertram is fishy throughout; but he has one parenthesis of advice to capitalists—that there are many fortunes in store for those who will go into leech-culture. He mentions, as an illustration, a leech-merchant of Paris, who has recently retired with a considerable fortune. He himself, like Mr. Frank Buckland, is very strongly impressed with the interest of pisciculture, both to the economist and the man of science. "What has been achieved in France can be accomplished in England; if salmon be scarce, it is our own fault. Let us cultivate the waters, and all kinds of fish will become as plentiful as they were a century ago."

Mr. C. M. Kennedy took a survey of the Turks of Constantinople, being in possession of introductions which enabled him to make the acquaintance of several of the leading Turkish statesmen, of some of the principal Greeks, and many resident foreigners. Among his special notes of travel is a piece of information he received from the Librarian of St. Sophia, who was stiff in his manner at first, but gradually became friendly. When the Librarian thawed it appears that he became quite ready for a theological discussion; and he produced a book, which he said was the one genuine Christian Gospel, which had

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been corrupted. It was a MS., written in Turkish and Arabic, in the time of Sultan Achmet the First, who reigned from 1603 to 1617, and, as translated, seemed to be a compilation of St. Luke and the Apocryphal Gospel of the Infancy, together with a great deal of what Mr. Kennedy did not doubt was altogether original. He learnt also from the same Librarian that there are at Constantinople many Arabic, Turkish, and Persian translations of Greek and Roman works, and that, to the best of his belief, they have never been properly examined. Mr. Kennedy was much impressed by the statesmanlike abilities of Fuad and Aali Pashas, and with the more popular Minister, in the eye of the Turks, Achmet Vefyk Effendi. Corruption among the highest officials has ceased, the Sultan is a man of great energy, and the Sultana Validé is said to be a clever woman, and to exercise considerable influence over her son. Turkey has entered on a transition period of its history, of which Mr. Kennedy marks some of the leading manifestations; but there is one grave evil yet, the rapidity with which the Turks are decreasing in numbers, owing, in a great degree, to the almost incredible extent to which infanticide still prevails.

Thus far we have had facts only in different departments of information, though varying widely in their material significance. In the letters of Lady Duff Gordon from the Cape we have the very different element of a sentiment—the sentiment of a strong nature—conveyed

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in the most unreserved manner on the fresh and vivid impressions of the moment. As Mrs. Austin says in a note of introduction to these striking letters, "It has been thought that their obvious and absolute genuineness, and a certain frank and high-toned originality hardly to be found in what is written for the public, would recommend them to the taste of many." They differ widely from the ordinarily arrogant tone of English travellers towards people whose pretensions on the score of civilisation are little inferior to their own, and who lose the feeling of a common humanity when they come in contact with communities or races inferior to themselves in natural organisation or in acquired advantages. "It is the entire absence of the exclusive and supercilious spirit which characterises dominant races—the rare power of entering into new trains of thought, and sympathising with unaccustomed feelings—the tender pity for the feeble and subject, and the courteous respect for their prejudices—the large and purely human sympathies;—these, far more than any literary or graphic merits, are the qualities which have induced the possessors of the few following letters to give them to the public."

Here is a sentiment, on the voyage out, elicited by the phenomenon of an English middy:—

"There is a middy about half M——'s size, a very tiny ten-year-older, who has been my delight, he is so completely 'the officer and the gentleman.' My maternal entrails turned like old Alvarez's when that baby lay out

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on the very end of the cross-jack yard to reef in the gale, it was quite voluntary, and the other new-comers all declined. I always called him 'Mr. ——,' 'Sir,' and asked his leave gravely, or, on occasions, his protection and assistance, and his little dignity was lovely. He is polite to the ladies, and slightly distant to the passenger-boys bigger than himself, whom he orders off dangerous places—'Children, come out of that; you'll be overboard!'"

The writer landed at Capetown, September 17, tired and dizzy, and landsick, and lay down and went to sleep:—

"After an hour or so I woke, hearing a little *gazouillement*, like that of chimney swallows. On opening my eyes I beheld four demons, 'sons of the obedient Jinn,' each bearing an article of furniture, and holding converse over me in the language of Nephelecoccygia. Why has no one ever mentioned the curious little soft voices of these coolies?—you can't hear them with the naked ear three feet off. The most hideous demon (whose complexion had not only the colour, but the precise metallic lustre of an ill-blacklead stove) at last chirruped a wish for orders, which I gave. I asked the pert, active, cockney housemaid what I ought to pay them, as, being a stranger, they might overcharge me. Her scorn was sublime. 'Them nasty blacks never ask more than their regular charge.' So I asked the blacklead demon, who demanded 'two shilling each horse in waggon,' and a dollar each

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'coolie man.' He then glided with fiendish noiselessness about the room, arranged the furniture to his own taste, and finally said, 'Poor missus sick;' then more chirruping among themselves, and finally a fearful gesture of incantation, accompanied by 'God bless poor missus. Soon well now.' The wrath of the cockney housemaid became majestic: 'There ma'am; you see how saucy they have grown—a nasty black heathen Mohammedan a-blessing of a white Christian!'"

The writer was soon taking observations of the native varieties. On the way to Caledon:—

"I forgot, in describing my journey, the regal-looking Caffre housemaid at Eerste River. 'Such a dear, good creature,' the landlady said; 'and, oh, such a noble savage!' —with a cotton handkerchief folded tight like a cravat, and tied round her head with a bow behind, and the short curly wool sticking up in the middle. It looked like a Royal diadem on her solemn brow; she stepped like Juno, with a huge tub full to the brim, and holding several pailsful, on her head, and a pailful in each hand, bringing water for the stables from the river across a large field. There is nothing like a Caffre for power and grace; and the face, though very African, has a sort of grandeur which makes it utterly unlike that of the negro. The woman's bust and waist were beauty itself. The Caffres are also very clean and very clever as servants, I hear, learning cookery, &c., in a wonderfully short time. When they have saved money enough to buy cattle in Caffraria,

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off they go, cast aside civilisation and clothes, and enjoy life in naked luxury."

At Caledon:—

"I look back fondly to the gracious soft-looking Malagasse woman who used to give me a chair under the big tree near Rathfelders and a cup of 'bosjesthée' (herb tea), and talk so prettily in her soft voice; it is such a contrast to these poor animals, who glower at one quite unpleasantly. All the hovels I was in at Capetown were very fairly clean, and I went into numbers. They almost all contained a handsome bed, with, at least, eight pillows. If you only look at the door with a friendly glance, you are implored to come in and sit down, and usually offered a 'koppj' (cup) of herb tea, which they are quite grateful to one for drinking. I never saw or heard a hint of 'backsheesh,' nor did I ever give it, on principle; and I was always recognised and invited to come again with the greatest eagerness. 'An indulgence of talk' from an English 'Missis' seemed the height of gratification, and the pride and pleasure of giving hospitality a sufficient reward. But here it is quite different."

Still at Caledon:—

"A poor, little, very old Bosjesman crept up, and was jeered and bullied. I scolded the lad who abused him for being rude to an old man, whereupon the poor little old creature squatted on the ground close by (for which he would have been kicked but for me), took off his ragged hat, and sat staring and nodding his small gray woolly

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head at me, and jabbering some little soliloquy very *sotto voce*. There was something shocking in the timidity with which he took the plate of food I gave him, and in the way in which he ate it, with the wrong side of his little yellow hand, like a monkey. A black who had helped to fetch the hamper suggested to me to give him wine instead of meat and bread, and make him drunk for fun, (the blacks and Hottentots copy the white man's manners to them when they get hold of a Bosjesman to practise upon); but upon this a handsome West Indian black, who had been cooking pies, fired up, and told him he was a 'nasty black rascal, and a Dutchman to boot,' to insult a lady and an old man at once. 'If you could see the difference between one negro and another, you would be quite convinced that education (*i.e.*, circumstances) makes the race. It was hardly conceivable that the hideous, dirty, bandy-legged, ragged creature who looked down on the Bosjesman, and the well-made, smart fellow, with his fine eyes, jaunty red cap, and snow-white shirt and trousers, alert as the best German Kellner, were of the same blood: nothing but the colour was alike. This morning I walked on the Veld, and met a young black shepherd leading his sheep and goats, and playing on a guitar composed of an old tin mug covered with a bit of sheepskin and a handle of rough wood, with pegs, and three strings of sheepgut. I asked him to sing, and he flung himself at my feet in an attitude that would make Watts crazy with delight, and crooned queer little

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mournful ditties. I gave him sixpence, and told him not to get drunk. He said, 'Oh no! I will buy bread enough to make my belly stiff; I almost never had my belly stiff.' He likewise informed me he had just been in the tronk (prison), and on my asking why, replied, 'Oh, for fighting, and telling lies;' Die liebe Unschuld! (Dear innocence.)"

On a Hottentot baby:—

"I have fallen in love with a Hottentot baby here. Her mother is all black, with a broad face and soft spaniel eyes, and the father is Bastaard; but the baby (a girl nine months old) has walked out of one of Leonardo da Vinci's pictures; I never saw so beautiful a child. She has huge eyes with the spiritual look he gives to them, and is exquisite in every way. When the Hottentot blood is handsome, it is beautiful; there is a delicacy and softness about some of the women which is very pretty, and the eyes are those of a good dog."

At Guadenthal:—

"I asked one of the Herrenhut brethren whether there were any real Hottentots, and he said, 'Yes, one;' and next morning, as I sat waiting for early prayers under the big oak-trees in the Plaats (square), he came up, followed by a tiny old man hobbling along with a long stick to support him. 'Here,' said he, 'is the last Hottentot; he is 107 years old, and lives all alone.' I looked on the little, wizened, yellow face, and was shocked that he should be dragged up like a wild beast to be stared at.

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A feeling of pity which felt like remorse fell upon me, and my eyes filled as I rose and stood before him, so tall and like a tyrant and oppressor, while he uncovered his poor little old snow-white head, and peered up in my face. I led him to the seat and helped him to sit down, and said in Dutch, 'Father, I hope you are not tired; you are old.' He saw and heard as well as ever, and spoke good Dutch in a firm voice. 'Yes, I am above a hundred years old, and alone—quite alone.' I sat beside him, and he put his head on one side and looked curiously up at me with his faded, but still piercing little wild eyes. Perhaps he had a perception of what I felt—yet I hardly think so; perhaps he thought I was in trouble, for he crept close up to me, and put one tiny brown paw into my hand, which he stroked with the other, and asked (like most coloured people) if I had children. I said, 'Yes, at home in England;' and he patted my hand again and said, 'God bless them.' It was a relief to feel that he was pleased, for I should have felt like a murderer if my curiosity had added a moment's pain to so tragic a fate. This may sound like sentimentalism; but you cannot conceive the effect of looking on the last of a race once the owners of all this land, and now utterly gone. His look was not quite human, physically speaking; a good head, small wild-beast eyes, piercing and restless; cheek-bones strangely high and prominent, nose quite flat, mouth rather wide, thin shapeless lips, and an indescribably small, long, pointed chin, with just a very little soft, white,

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woolly beard; his head covered with extremely short, close, white wool, which ended round the poll in little ringlets. Hands and feet like an English child of seven or eight, and person about the size of a child of eleven. He had all his teeth, and, though shrunk to nothing, was very little wrinkled in the face, and not at all in the hands, which were dark brown, while his face was yellow. His manner and way of speaking were like those of an old peasant in England, only his voice was clearer and stronger, and his perceptions not blunted by age. He had travelled with one of the missionaries in the year 1790, or thereabouts, and remained with them ever since."

The music of the Herrenhuters, who, as we also are aware, use very fine chants, and the perfect ear and heavenly voices of a large congregation, about 600, all coloured people, at Gnadenthal, made music more beautiful than any Lady Duff Gordon had ever heard. The boys drew, like Chinese, from "copies," and wrote like copperplate. They sang some of Mendelssohn's choruses from *St. Paul* splendidly, the Caffres rolling out soft, rich, bass voices like melodious thunder. There are 3,000 or 4,000 coloured people here, under the control of the missionaries, who allow no canteens at all:—

"The people may have what they please at home, but no public drinking-places are allowed, and we had to take our own beer and wine for the three days. The gardens and burial-ground are beautiful, and the square is entirely

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shaded by ten or twelve superb oaks; nothing prettier can be conceived. It is not popular in the neighbourhood. 'You see it makes the —— niggers cheeky' to have homes of their own, and the girls are said to be immoral. As to that, there are no so-called 'morals' among the coloured people, and how or why should there? It is an honour to one of these girls to have a child by a white man, and it is a degradation to him to marry a dark girl. A pious, stiff old Dutchwoman who came here the other day for the Sacrament (which takes place twice a year), had one girl with her big with child by her son, who also came for the Sacrament, and two in the straw at home by the other son; this caused her exactly as much emotion as I should feel when my cat kittens. No one takes any notice, either to blame or to nurse the poor things—they scramble through it as pussy does. The English are almost equally contemptuous; but there is one great difference. My host, for instance, always calls a black 'a —— nigger;' but if that nigger is wronged or oppressed he fights for him, or bails him out of the Tronk; and an English jury gives a just verdict, while a Dutch one simply finds for a Dutchman, against any one else, and always against a dark man. I believe this to be true, from what I have seen and heard; and certainly the coloured people have a great preference for the English. In the evening I sat on a bench in the square, and saw the people go in to 'Abendsegen.' The church was lighted, and as I sat there and heard the lovely singing, I thought it was

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impossible to conceive a more romantic scene. On Monday I saw all the schools, and then looked at the great strong Caffre lads playing in the square. One of them stood to be pelted by five or six others, and as the stones came he twisted and turned and jumped, and was hardly ever hit, and when he was he didn't care, though the others hurled like catapults. It was the most wonderful display of activity and grace, and quite incredible that such a huge fellow should be so quick and light."

Here is a vivid picture of the retribution which befell an old Dutchman:—

"My old friend Klein, who told me several instances of the kindness and gratitude of former slaves, poured out to me the misery he had undergone from the 'ingratitude' of a certain Rosina, a slave-girl of his. She was in her youth handsome, clever, the best horsebreaker, bullock-trainer and driver, and hardest worker in the district. She had two children by Klein, then a young fellow, six by another white man, and a few more by two husbands of her own race! But she was of a rebellious spirit, and took to drink. After the emancipation she used to go in front of Klein's windows, and read the statute in a loud voice on every anniversary of the day; and, as if that did not enrage him enough, she pertinaciously (whenever she was a little drunk) kissed him by main force every time she met him in the street, exclaiming, 'Aha! when I young and pretty slave-girl you make kiss me then; now I ugly,

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drunk, dirty old devil and free woman, I kiss you!' Frightful retributive justice! I struggled hard to keep my countenance, but the fat old fellow's good-humoured, rueful face was too much for me. His tormentor was dead, but he retains a painful impression of her 'ingratitude.' Few of the coloured people are ever married, but they don't separate oftener than really-married folks. Bill, the handsome West Indian black, married my pretty washerwoman, Rosalind, and was thought rather assuming because he was asked in church and lawfully married; and she wore a handsome lilac silk gown and a white wreath and veil, and very well she looked in them. She had a child of two years old, which did not at all disconcert Bill; but he continues to be dignified, and won't let her go and wash clothes in the river, because the hot sun makes her ill, and it is not fit work for women."

Here is a passage of personal interest, in which the writer apologises to her kin—how unnecessarily!—

"To those who think voyages and travels tiresome my delight in the new birds and beasts and people must seem very stupid. I can't help it if it does, and am not ashamed to confess that I feel the old sort of enchanted wonder with which I used to read 'Cook's Voyages,' and the like, as a child. It is very coarse and unintellectual of me, but I would rather see this now, at my age, than Italy; the fresh, new, beautiful nature is a second youth—or childhood, *si vous voulez*. To-morrow we shall cross the highest pass I have yet crossed, and sleep at Paarl, then Stellen-

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bosch, then Capetown. For any one out of health, and in pocket, I should certainly prescribe the purchase of a waggon and team of six horses, and a long, slow progress in South Africa. One cannot walk in the midday sun, but driving with a very light roof over one's head is quite delicious. When I looked back upon my dreary, lonely prison at Ventnor, I wondered I had survived it at all. I hope you won't expect too much in the way of improvement in my health. I look forward, oh, so eagerly! to be with you again, and with my brats, big and little. God bless you all."

We have a striking contrast in the Rev. W. T. Grieve, who is to follow, but four others intervene—Mr. David Powell, whose apology for writing on Paraguay is couched in the form of a quotation from President Lopez, who during his father's life spent a short time in this country, but unfortunately chose the autumn for his visit to London, and so met but few people in town. He reported that they were very civil to him, but that whenever he was introduced to any one, almost always the first question asked or implied was, "But where is Paraguay?" The second in direct order is the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt, also an inquiring spirit, who made his way into the wilderness of Sinai, and ascended Om Shaumer, the highest point of the peninsula, and made the acquaintance of an English potentate, who, having found a turquoise mine, has organised the Tôr Arabs, and now dwells in Feirân, in patriarchal majesty; and Mr. Tyrwhitt accomplished both

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his objects, to the gratification of himself and his readers. And, thirdly, Mr. Charles Mayo, in the medical service of the Federal army, recounts what a reckless and ill-organised service it was, and how much worse it might have been but for the Sanitary Commissioners there. He acknowledges his debt of information to the South for one or two pieces of knowledge which he did not possess previously. "One of these is that the stories about the cruelty, brutality, sensuality, ignorance, and ferocity of the slaveowners, on which we have formerly been fed, are mere inventions in the greater number of cases; I believed this to be so before, but I never knew it for certain until I had been in the South." And now we return to Mr. W. G. Clark, who visited Poland during the insurrection, and who is earnestly desirous to give an impartial account of all he saw and heard there on that occasion.

Let us premise that Mr. Clark is an authority, a thoughtful, calmly-judging Englishman, though a man with a strong sympathy with Poland. He puts down what he did see, and he accounts for much which he did not see, with a superior share of the light of nature and more than an average candour of spirit; therefore Mr. Clark's observations are worth noting, for he may be thoroughly relied upon. In many cases he is not at liberty to state his authorities—in fact, he could not be too cautious in withholding them, "for the Russians are—to their credit be it said—so sensitive to English opinion that everything which is written about them and their affairs is eagerly

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read and closely scanned. It is always a sorry requital for hospitality to publish what one's host tells one in unreserved confidence; it would be a base return, indeed, if any revelations of mine should entail upon my kind entertainers imprisonment and exile."

Thus writes Mr. Clark, with the natural feelings of an English gentleman, and we listen to his revelations, subject to his reticence, with great confidence and entire respect. The Russians were very courteous to him, as to English travellers generally; but, before he came into their hands, he passed through Posen and Breslau, noting various types of patriotic suffering among the Polish friends to whom he was introduced there. At Cracow he was much interested in the Cathedral, in consideration of its monumental character, as a kind of temple of Polish history. Among the numerous tombs of importance here, in the floor of the nave there is a bronze door, inscribed "Groby Królów Polskich," "Grave of the Polish Kings." A verger lifts the door, and you descend into the vault where Kosciusko and Poniatowski have been admitted as equal tenants with John Sobieski and Ladislas IV. *Apropos* of Casimir's ditch dividing Cracow from its suburb, Kasimierz, Mr. Clark observes how honourably Poland has been distinguished for the security which it guaranteed to the Jews. Mr. Clark heard the impressions of the Austrian commandant, or Platz-Major, on the state of Galicia, where the peasants are still opposed to the nobles. The commandant, he says, "assured us that the Galician troops in the Austrian ser-

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vice would all desert if the Government were to declare for the Poles, so strong was the feeling in the class from which the soldiers were draughted." From Cracow the party proceeded to Warsaw, where all their books were taken from them, and sent back to Cracow. "Even for a railway guide or a dictionary we pleaded in vain. The fragments of old newspapers in which our boots were wrapped were stuffed into the coat-pocket of the officer who made the search."

Mr. Clark found that General Uschakoff, who commanded at Radom, a worthy colleague of General Czenghery, had established a reign of terror there. His soldiers were authorised to beat any one whom they chose to charge with infringing any rule, from the Civil Governor (who happened to be a Pole) down to the Jews. No one might stir out after sunset without a lantern, nor at all after 9 o'clock. Even women and children were treated with systematic insult.

It was impossible, even on the spot, to verify half the stories of Russian cruelty which were recounted to the travellers. The generalised facts were more accessible, especially at Warsaw. Mr. Clark saw several executions there, but these were not extremely edifying, where "no man was brought to a fair trial." The accused was not allowed, as a general rule, to have an advocate to defend him, or to call witnesses on his side. The unsupported testimony of a single Cossack or a police spy was admitted as proof positive. The public was not admitted to witness

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the trial, nor did it know, in most cases, whether there was a trial or not. Who can wonder that those brought to what the Russians called "justice" should be regarded by their fellow-countrymen as innocent victims?

Mr. Clark dwells with emphasis on the success with which the National Government had eluded all the efforts of the Russians to discover and to crush it. He adds some anecdotes illustrative of the popular belief in its energy and clearsightedness. Moreover, he comments on that feature of the insurrection which has so much tended to alienate foreign sympathies, and which is so deeply deplored by the wisest of the Poles themselves, as the system of assassination set on foot by the Secret Government. This detestable crime, so frequent in Italian history, has never been common in that of Poland. Many, with some success, in Mr. Clark's estimation, and, we confess, in ours also, if we look at it with candour, attempt to palliate it by considerations such as the following:—It is only terrible necessity which has driven the Poles to adopt a practice so abhorrent to their nature. If we admit the lawfulness of the insurrection, then the lawfulness of these—shall we call them "extra-judicial executions?"—follows as an inevitable inference. The insurrection could not have lasted a month if it had not a central authority to organise, direct, and supply it with men, arms, clothing, and food. Regular taxation was required, and therefore the machinery of a regular Government. And a Government is no Government unless it has the power of enforcing by

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penalties—even the last penalty of all—obedience to its commands. The Russians have unlimited means of terrifying by threats and tempting by bribes. Unless the Poles, by a system of counter-terrorism, had been able to deter would-be spies and traitors, their Government could not have lasted a week. This Government, therefore, was compelled for its own existence to arrogate to itself the right of trying and punishing with death the spies and traitors aforesaid. Their trials were conducted with at least as much fairness as the Russian trials. An inhabitant of Warsaw, not a Pole, who was stronger than any one else in his condemnation of the system, was obliged to allow that he knew of no one who had as yet suffered by order of the National Government who did not richly deserve it:—

"The whole argument may be summed up thus:—Admit the right of the Poles to rise in insurrection, then you admit their right to form a Government: every Government must have the power of trying and punishing traitors; but the Polish Government, by the nature of the case, can only try and punish in secret; therefore it has a right to do so. We mislead ourselves and do them injustice by using the word 'assassination,' the dastardly act by which a villain gratifies his personal hatred, or his lust of gold, or thirst for blood. We English, who have never been driven to such dire extremities of suffering and despair, cannot judge fairly of the act or crime, if such it be. Brutus and Cassius and Cicero would have applauded

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it, and the most eminent of Athenian moralists would have judged the police-agent of the National Government worthy 'to wear his sword in myrtle wreaths, like Harmodius and Aristogiton.'"

Mr. Clark saw the collection of taxes by military force on several occasions, and he has described the process. The gaol deliveries were brisk at Warsaw, Wilna, and other towns while he was visiting them. There was one a week from each, on the road to the Caucasus or Siberia. He calculates that at least 30,000 men were sent into exile during the year 1863, and he estimates that the length of time which it will take to depopulate Poland of its adult Poles will be three years and one-third. The task will, therefore, be accomplished by the end of April, 1866. But there is the next generation to be reckoned with; and Russia's difficulty will be Poland's opportunity. "Taught by terrible experience, the Poles will choose their time better, and the Russians may one day find that it would have been a wiser policy to establish a neutral Power on their frontier than to keep a foe in their ranks."

At Grodno the travellers heard of the detention of the Englishman, Mr. Anderson—how or from whom is not revealed—and interested themselves and Lord Napier and our Consul at Warsaw with such effect that Mr. Anderson was allowed to go at large on his parole that he would not leave Grodno. Mr. Anderson designated Mr. Clark and his companion as "bricks;" and after some weeks he was set at liberty. Count Bisping, who was arrested with him,

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and who was as innocent as he (a discharged cook was at the bottom of the calumny, which went the length of representing them both as carrying arms, including *some cannon*, to an insurgent camp)—Count Bisping, having no protectors, was sent into exile at Orenburg. Such is Russian justice.

At Wilna they were shown over the hospitals and *some* of the prisons by Colonel Lebedeff, their organiser. In the hospitals the insurgents appeared to be treated as well as the Russians. It is not the less true that as soon as the inmates of the hospital were cured they were to be hanged, shot, sent to Siberia, or draughted into the army of the Caucasus, as the case might be:—

"Death, or a lifelong punishment, was reserved for all but the incurables. Poles, as well as Russians, brightened up as Colonel Lebedeff entered. He spoke to them kindly, and was solicitous for their comfort. One young man had a room to himself. He said something in a jocular manner, and with a broad grin, to the colonel, to which the latter replied in the same tone. I inquired what the joke was. 'Oh,' said the colonel, 'he only told me he was certain to be hanged, and he will, too.' According to the story told us, he deserved his fate. He had been one of the chiefs of the National police, and had made revelations about his associates in hopes of saving his own life."

Colonel Lebedeff having given the English travellers five hours of his time could only show them one of five prisons—that in which his own reforms had been most perfectly car-

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ried out. So far as Mr. Clark could get information, no visitor had ever been admitted to the prison in the citadel; and, rightly or wrongly, all Poles believed that the imprisonment of the prisoners there was attended with all manner of horrors. The worst dungeon of all was said to be the Pavilion, No. 14. Mr. Clark does not repeat the stories he heard about the treatment of the prisoners there, because he could not authenticate them. At Krasinstaw several of the Russian officers cross-examined them as to the purport of their journey with more pertinacity than skill. "Ah!" said one, "*Vous allez écrire dans vos journaux que nous sommes des barbares.*" "Not so bad a guess," remarks Mr. Clark. In short, Mr. Clark came to the conclusion that the cause of the insurgent Poles was the cause of right and justice; that it is as much the duty of England to prevent wrong being done in Europe, as it is the duty of any man to prevent it in the house in which he lives (a strong but a questionable thesis); that the Poles are not dissolute, quarrelsome, or idle; that they have not shown themselves unfit for liberty and self-government; that they do not aim at impossibilities; that the mutual jealousy and mistrust of England and France are the present causes of their disasters; that without foreign intervention their cause is perfectly hopeless; and that the final result will be a lasting disgrace to the nations which stood by and sanctioned such a consummation by their acquiescence.

From Mr. Clark we turn to the Tourist, whom we look upon as such a contrast to Lady Duff Gordon, that we are

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absolutely startled by the spectacle of their conjunction in the same miscellany. We allude to the Rev. W. T. Grieve. The Rev. Mr. Grieve went chiefly to survey the Servian Churches, and to be present at their principal commemorative services, just as any other reverend gentleman would come up for the May meetings at Exeter Hall; but, like many of these gentlemen, he seems to have possessed such an unctuous sense of the creature comforts he was fortunate enough to fall in with, that his journal reads like a series of sumptuous repasts steaming with spiritual odours, and ineffably fragrant to the ecclesiastical nose. Taking a solemn interest in the arrangements of the Servian Churches, in the Narthex, the Holy door of the Iconostasis and its two standard candlesticks, and deeply impressed as he was with the beauties of the Servian ritual and the dignity of the Servian priesthood, there was a deeper sense still in the breast of that reverend gentleman as he sidled past their kitchen doors and sat down at their hospitable tables. It was not quite satisfactory to visit the Bishop of Schabatz during the fortnight's fast which precedes the Festival of the Assumption. Yet the good Bishop was so far tolerant of the weakness of his ecclesiastical brother, that though "regular dinner" was anathema, he supplied him with a snap in the refectory. "He also, on our departure, presented us with a roast goose and a little barrel of excellent wine, which was of great service on our journey. For the same reason the Bishop of Uschitza could not feast us in his own residence; but he took care that we should

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have an excellent dinner and admirable lodging at the house of one of his flock." At length, when the fast was over "and the days of feasting had come," the traveller enjoyed the great honour and pleasure of dining with the Archbishop of Belgrade, Metropolitan of Servia. He admired the Archbishop and his glossy attire, the refectory, and the pictures, but above all the impressive feature of the scene, and that which wafts him most delightedly to the close of his paragraph was the circumstance that, "of the meal itself, it must suffice to say that everything was in perfect taste, and everything we saw struck us as being exactly what befitted the establishment of a great ecclesiastic."

Here, too, is another sweet spiritual experience. It is the happy and "invariable custom in Servia," he says, "common, I believe, throughout the East, that in all houses, public or private, the entrance of a guest is a signal for the production of sladko;" and then he describes what sladko is, with its concomitants. "It is sometimes," he adds, "succeeded by a dram of the plum brandy of the country, or a taste of liqueur. It is considered ill-mannered to refuse the sladko," and he adds that "it is no great hardship to accept it, especially in hot, dusty weather, when the water is certainly very refreshing;" for the moment he thinks it is the water which refreshes him, and forgets the gulp of plum brandy which generally follows it down.

For the most part, however, he dwells on the creature

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comforts even of the wayside with a fascinating candour. Half a page of his narrative is occupied by a tin can of caviare, Servian chickens, wine and provender generally, cream cheese, "excellent omelettes," and the facility they (the travellers) possessed that in those places where the wine was a little too rough and astringent, "when it was mulled with plenty of sugar and cloves, it became very palatable and refreshing." At a roadside village, where a Papa refreshed him *en passant*, he became almost dithyrambic in the quality of his expression. "The waggon stopped, and we descended. The Papa kissed our cheeks as brother Presbyters, the people our hands, which they all shook most heartily. *Then* came the invitation to sit, the sladko was handed round, then the coffee, and in *some* cases (how accurate and authentic he is in the midst of his cups) the dram of plum-brandy, finally, the grapes and the wine." At Belgrade there came "a wondrous gush of hospitality. We seemed to live two days in one;" and thus this jolly divine went forward on his way, and, wiping his lips, returned to his own country, blessing the Servian *cuisine*, and uttering his missionary benedictions with his hand on his diaphragm. Are we not right in suggesting that he is a singular contrast to Lady Duff Gordon? She is all sentiment, and he is all sensation. Both mean well to their kind, but he means the most tolerant and supreme comfort to himself.

A 'Wilderness Journey,' by his Excellency the Hon. Arthur Gordon, closes this agreeable volume.

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THE NAPIERS.*

Two volumes have recently appeared which are entitled the 'Life of General Sir William Napier.' Precisely speaking, they are not a life of Sir William Napier in the sense which entitles the author to be termed a biographer. This work is not thoroughly digested, it is not closely consecutive, it is not reduced to that literary unity which its subject, materials, and significance permitted. It is an edition, indeed, of the principal elements which constituted such a life—of the letters, speeches, and *memorabilia* of a remarkable man, from which we can gather what he was and what he did, but only with some assistance from the light of our own nature. It unquestionably contains fair and authentic evidence, as far as it goes, as to the character of the man it exhibits, and as to most of the incidents of his career and experience; but we cannot affirm, and we do not suppose that the editor expects, that we view it as a biography in the sense in which this term of

* 'Life of General Sir William Napier, K.C.B., author of History of the Peninsular War,' &c. Edited by H. A. Bruce, M.P. 2 vols. Murray, 1864.

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literary art has been used and exemplified by its most accomplished professors. Such as it is we accept it gratefully, as a highly valuable work, and as, perhaps, quite equal to the occasion; but we have no burning desire to infringe the privilege which the author claims of remaining for private reasons anonymous.

On the other hand, if in some respects it is less than a biography, in one it is emphatically more than a biography, for it includes the lives of the other Napiers as well as of Sir William. This was, perhaps, unavoidable, as they were closely linked together. They ran a similar race, and they almost shared a common glory. On his special subject the biographer commences buoyantly. His first chapter, on "William Napier's Boyhood," runs thus:—

"Born at Celbridge, on the 17th of December, 1785, William Francis Patrick Napier.

* * * * * *

"Died at Clapham Park, on the 12th of February, 1860, General Sir William F. P. Napier, K.C.B., Colonel of the 22nd Regiment, aged 74.

"The interval represents the life of a man of genius.

"Too many lives offer nothing more interesting or instructive than the asterisks which mark the above period. In the present case, however, the fact is far otherwise; and it will be the endeavour of the writer of this memoir so to fill up the gap that the general reader may derive both instruction and interest from the development of the remarkable character of the hero of this book.

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"To the young soldier in particular, the life of Sir William Napier offers a subject for study and reflection, well calculated to elevate the mind and to excite to noble emulation.

"No thinking person could ever come in contact with him without being strongly impressed with the genius of the man. The word, so little understood in its true sense, signifies a faculty over and above those faculties which are the common property of mankind—a spark of Divine fire; the live coal from the altar; which the greatest talents, directed by the most sustained industry, are powerless to acquire. The gift must be one fresh and free from nature, and is, in other words, an 'inspiration.'

"Of this Divine gift William Napier was a large recipient. There was genius in his eye, in his attitude, in his voice and conversation. It pervaded whatever he did in his private or public life—his intercourse with his family, and with the world, his writings, and his love for and practice of art both in painting and sculpture."

Who that remembers that glorious mezzotint from a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds in which Lady Sarah Lennox, then Bunbury, and, if we remember rightly, Lady Susan Strangways, are looking out of a window and talking to Charles James Fox and another gentleman below, would not care to know the history of that handsome lady's offspring? She might, it is said, if George III. could have had his way in his susceptible youth, have been Queen of England. As it was, she became the mother of the Napiers

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by George Napier, sixth son of the fifth Lord Napier, who was descended from Scott of Thirlestane, from whom he derived the characteristic family motto "Ready, aye Ready," while from John Napier, the inventor of logarithms, he inherited much of the speculative talent of one ancestor, and much of the chivalrous loyalty of the other. His mother was the eldest daughter of Marlborough's famous Lieutenant, Lord Cadogan, and his wife's sisters were respectively the mothers of Charles James Fox and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The traditions of physical strength and beauty or of mental vigour were thus hereditary on one side or the other of William Napier's parentage, and he participated these advantages with a band of brothers endowed like himself with such prerogatives of race that we can recall but one parallel to them, and that from the days of Elizabeth. In those memorable days of our history there was one family whose attributes precisely corresponded, and that was the family of the Norrises, of whom Mr. Motley says that they were six brothers—all "chickens of Mars." Such a bunch of brethren for eminent achievement "as was never seen; so great their states and stomachs that they often jostled with others." As if in meditation of their resemblance to the Norrises and as a forecast of its further development, the country people in the neighbourhood of the Napier's residence called the place "The Eagle's Nest," on account of the remarkable features and high spirit of the Napier boys. In other words, they distinguished them for their beaks and breeding as likely also

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to be fighting-cocks of the choicest feather, and as destined to emulate the Norrises or any other breed in clearness of eye and strength of talon, and, above all, in the indispensable qualities of energy, pride, pluck, and pugnacity. It was this anticipation of their demeanour and destiny which the Napiers signally fulfilled, and of which William Napier, the hero of these volumes, was perhaps the most remarkable exemplification.

One of the earliest picturesque and emblematical incidents of his life was his demeanour in the playground, where his eldest brother Charles (he afterwards of Scinde) had organised his schoolfellows as a Volunteer corps. On the occasion of one of their drill parades William Napier, then a boy of eleven, being insubordinate under arms, was, by order of his young commander, tried by a drum-head court-martial and sentenced to some penalty to which the culprit would not submit. His brother Charles accordingly ordered, in true Roman spirit—for he loved the offender devotedly—that he should be drummed out of the corps. This was carried into effect, but in a disorderly manner, *with hooting*, and when the mob closed on the young recusant, William,—his fiery nature revolting against the insult,—whirling a large bag of marbles like a sling, discharged them amid the crowd, and then, charging, broke the obnoxious drum, and forced his most prominent assailant, greatly his superior in age and size, to single combat. Although getting far the worst of it, and badly hurt in the fight, William, still refusing to give in, was restored to

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the ranks by his brother for the pluck he had shown. We have italicised the words "with hooting" in the above piece of narrative to draw the attention of the reader also to the very material point whether there was not a superfluity of insult to induce young Napier to resort to this his earliest act of violence and insubordination. Previous to the Irish insurrection of 1798 the house of the Napiers was attacked by the "Defenders," seeking arms, whereupon their father, in due course, fortified it, armed his five sons, the object of this memoir being then twelve years old, and offered an asylum to all who were willing to resist the insurgents. The house, however, was never attacked, though often threatened, while William Napier's mind was thus early familiarised with scenes of trouble and danger; and the effects he witnessed of the oppression of a people by a dominant faction awakened him thus early also to questions of good government. He learnt very little—his sister says "nothing"—from his schoolmaster; but it is not rigorously true, as Lady Londonderry thought, that he "loved no reading except novels." Though he preferred romances and chivalry, of which 'Don Bellasis of Greece' was his especial favourite, he read everything he could lay his hands on; history, poetry, travels, all were devoured with eagerness, and his memory, though not, I think (says his sister), at that time very accurate, was unbounded and retentive to a very remarkable degree. Conspicuous among his favourite subjects at this time was 'Plutarch's Lives,' which imbued him with a passionate admiration for

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the great men of antiquity, had a signal effect in the formation of his character, and furnished his conversational consolations in the lighter hours of his last illness. This is the substance of our information as to his boyhood, until, in June, 1800, at the early age of fourteen, he received his first commission in the Royal Irish Artillery, was soon after transferred to the 62nd Regiment, and reduced to half-pay by the Treaty of Amiens in March, 1802, and which, but for the subsequent activity of the Great Napoleon, might have closed for ever his military career on the very threshold of his life.

Happily, however, a few months afterwards his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, gave him a cornetcy in the Blues, and while he was in the Blues Sir John Moore, then forming his celebrated experimental brigade at Shorncliffe, proposed that he should take a lieutenancy in the 52nd Regiment, at which the young man caught eagerly. Superficially it was a change for the worse, or from London life and 14*s.* a day for the hard life of a real soldier and 6*s.* 6*d.* a day; but the choice did him credit. It showed his desire to learn his profession in earnest, and it pleased Sir John Moore, who, after some intermediate moves, finally fixed him in 1804 ninth captain of the 43rd Regiment, then forming part of Moore's own brigade. It was the worst company in the regiment when he entered it, yet in a short time he showed himself so equal in the exercise of his command to any captain in the regiment, that his company was in orderly conduct and zeal second to none.

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At that time it is curious that one who was to achieve such a name in literature wrote letters which, as regards writing, spelling, and expression, were those of a very ill-taught schoolboy, as, in a letter to his mother, such a sentence as this exemplifies:—"My dear mother, I am extreemely mizierable at having made my father unneassy." The reader, therefore, may judge of the uncommon labour and perseverance he must have devoted to repair his defective education, and to prepare himself for the task of writing a history, of which the style is universally admitted to be a model of force, eloquence, and correctness. There is nothing to show his mark otherwise, in these earlier days, than the approval of Sir John Moore, who commended the obvious spirit and zeal of both him and his brother. William himself comments on his brother officers, of whom he says that they were jealous of the 52nd, hated General Moore, abused them behind their backs, and toasted them to their faces,—possibly, a Napier-like view of any person who may have stood in the Napier light,—and he adds that the greatest pleasure he had since he came, was when General Moore was made a Knight, to make them drink his health. His fingers itched to throw the bottles at their heads when they seemed to make difficulties about it. "Had they refused," said he, "I would have by myself drunk a bumper, broken the glass on the table, and left the mess immediately." William Napier may have seen provocation sufficient to warrant this, but there is only his own evidence to this effect; while it is obvious from this, at all events,

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that thus early he was in a Napier position of antagonism to his brother officers. *Valeat quantum valeat*—this is his predicament on the one hand; on the other he and his brothers are distinguished by their military ardour and their reasonable devotion to a chief of high desert, who, with equal reason on his side, as cordially distinguished them.

Charles Napier was one of "*my Majors*," to whom Sir John Moore addressed the encouragement, "Well done, my Majors," at Corunna; George Napier was his aide-de-camp, and his opinion of William is here given in his own words. William reciprocated the compliment in a letter to his mother some years later, when speaking of the little Court by which Moore, like other Generals, was surrounded, —"Where shall we find *such a king?*" It is here stated that to his affection for Sir John Moore the world is mainly indebted for the 'History of the Peninsular War.' He himself has left the record in his own handwriting, that, when he determined to attempt the task, he limited his intentions to the narration of those operations which terminated at Corunna, and was only induced to proceed by the encouragement he derived from the success of the first volume.

The author has printed, from some letters of his friends of these earlier days, some encomiums of William Napier for which their reasons are fully stated. "One far superior to any person I had ever seen or imagined," says Major Hopkins. "I assert without any qualification whatever," says General Sir James Shaw Kennedy, K.C.B., "that I consider William Napier to have been the man of the

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greatest genius that I have ever known or communicated with personally." So also Chantrey. His memory was wonderful. He knew and could repeat the whole of Pope's 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' word for word, with many other poems. He drew arguments and examples wholesale from Lord Bacon to Adam Smith and Dugald Stewart. He was a first-rate billiard-player. He could jump six feet in height. "In his youth his head and face might have served for a portrait of the war-god. In his latest years, with milk-white hair and beard, his appearance was that of a Jupiter." He was brimming over with fun and high spirits, loving of kittens, loyal to women, joking with his comrades, racing, jumping, swimming with his men. On one occasion he jumped clear over two cows placed side by side in the streets of Ballina, having been challenged to perform the feat by Kitty, a famous beauty in the neighbourhood. He greatly pleased Pitt and Lady Hester Stanhope, of both of whom he could tell anecdotes of his personal recollection; and from this miscellany of his acts, exercises, tastes, and associations, the reader may infer rightly that he was a handsome, happy mortal, of athletic powers and the most authentic virtues, of accomplishments many, and of gifts and talents numberless; that he was radiant as a spectacle, and magnificent as a man.

In 1807 he served with his regiment in the Copenhagen expedition, was present at the siege of that capital, and was afterwards marched, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, to attack the Danish levies assembled in the rear of the besieging

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army. Reader, mark the atrocities committed by our German friends on that occasion (they are recorded in vol. i., pp. 35, 36), and contrast them with the conduct of the company of Napier, who "never so much as took a cherry from a bough, though the country was quite covered with that fruit tree." Again, look at pp. 45, 46, to hear his further denunciation of the "murdering villains," our allies. He evidently kept his own men in excellent order, and when, after a short interval in England, he went with his regiment to Spain, in 1808, he bore more than his share of the hardships of Sir John Moore's retreat there. We have here his own story of the fight on the Coa, and the combat at Casal Noval, with which the world is already familiar, when he was shot through the left hip, and where his brother Charles, hastening up, met the two litters carrying his brothers, of whom he was informed that William was wounded mortally. The circumstance is related in the 'Life of Sir Charles Napier' by the brother whom he supposed he was then beholding for the last time. Some further particulars are given here from a letter of Colonel Sir John Morillyon Wilson, who gave him some cold tea and brandy when he fell, and to whose timely attention in after years he gratefully ascribed the prolongation of his life. He and George were made Majors for their zeal and courage on this occasion; and on rejoining the army, with his wound still open, and with a musket-bullet never extracted near his spine, he was himself appointed Brigade-Major to the Portuguese Brigade of the

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Light Division; he was present at the battle of Fuentes d'Onor, and saw other service, until he was struck down by fever and ague, and ordered by the Duke of Wellington himself to recruit in England, where, in the spring of 1812, he married Caroline Amelia, daughter of General the Hon. Henry Fox, and niece to the great statesman—a lady as remarkable for intellectual vigour as her husband, and admirable in every relation of life. It is a curious fact in her history, that Sir John Moore had at one time a design to offer her marriage on his own account, but at that time she was so young that, as Sir John confessed to General Anderson, he had fears that her judgment might be overpowered.

On the 19th of January, 1812, while Major William Napier was in England, Ciudad Rodrigo was stormed, and Major George Napier, who commanded the storming party of the Light Division, lost his arm on that occasion. The Napiers, in fact, got more than their fair proportion of heavy knocks. There is a little controversy, however, about the facts of this case, on which, as we assume, the reader will find some additional information here. To pass on to William himself: in March, 1812, hearing that Badajoz was besieged, though far from being recovered, and only three weeks married, he sailed again for Portugal. Hence he wrote letters to his wife, as he had previously written letters to his mother; and, to tell the truth of this terrible warrior, he spoke with disgust of his profession, and yearned fondly for his home. He was present at the battle

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of Salamanca, where the Duke was slightly wounded. "After dusk, at the battle of Salamanca, the Duke rode up alone behind my regiment, and I joined him; he was giving me some orders, when a ball passed through his left holster and struck his thigh; he put his hand to the place, and his countenance changed for an instant, but only for an instant; and to my eager inquiry if he was hurt, he replied sharply, 'No!' and went on with his orders. Whether his flesh was torn, or only bruised, I know not." After the battle of Salamanca, Wellington, with his victorious army, entered Madrid; and here Napier remained with his regiment, while the lives of so many gallant men were being vainly sacrificed before Burgos, through the negligence of the English Ministry to supply Lord Wellington with a proper battering train. His own representation to Lord Fitzroy Somerset (p. 112) on the claims of Ferguson is one of the proofs to be noted that he had no mean jealousy of others' merits. On pp. 118, 119, the reader will find also a new and striking commentary on the then position of Napoleon in Russia. After an interval at home in 1813, from January to August, Napier returned to the Peninsula and volunteered to lead the Light Division in the storming of the Petite Rhune, one of the strongest mountain positions on record, but by some mistake he was prevented from taking the position to which he was entitled, and unfortunately the exploit he did perform did not fall under Wellington's personal observation. He threw himself on the ground and cried like a child at the news of the death

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of Lloyd at the Nivelle, and he has paid a feeling tribute to him and young Freer in his 'History.' In the night before the battle Major Napier was stretched on the ground under a large cloak, when young Freer came to him, and crept under the cover of his cloak, sobbing as if his heart would break. In his endeavours to soothe and comfort the boy, Napier learnt from him that he was firmly persuaded he should lose his life in the approaching battle, and his distress was caused by thinking of his mother and sisters in England. On the march into France he bitterly denounces in a letter to his wife, from the camp of Vera, October 8, 1813, "the cruelties of which the English army is capable and anxious to inflict upon the wretched people below us." At Arcangues he was twice wounded, but did not return his name among the list, because he was fearful of alarming his wife, who was on the point of being confined. Considerate in suchwise, he saw out the war, and then, after his recovery from a protracted illness, resulting from wounds and exposure, he, now a Lieutenant-Colonel, with his brother Charles, joined the Military College at Farnham.

From Farnham he embarked at Dover on the very *18th of June*, 1815, to join his regiment in Belgium, so he was not present at Waterloo. But among his papers was found a spirited account of the battle by Captain Horace Churchill, and it is rightly published here. He himself details his subsequent experiences of Paris and other places to his wife, but for the next three years the records of his life are

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but scanty. In 1819, while he was quartered with the 43rd Regiment at Belfast, an officer who had seen little service was about to exchange into the 43rd, with the object of purchasing the lieutenant-colonelcy over his head, and he thereupon resolved to go on half-pay and seek for distinction in literature, since he was debarred by poverty from advancement in his profession. On his quitting the 43rd all the officers, even those who had quitted the service, &c., subscribed to present him with a rich sword, bearing on its blade an appropriate inscription. A shower of testimonies came on him in his honour when it was known that he was making a statement of his services, including one from Corporal William Follows, which is, perhaps, the most characteristic of all. If Napier was not able to be present at Waterloo, we are now told, on the very best authority, that General Alten, who commanded the Light Division in the Peninsula, had fixed upon him and Baring, afterwards of La Haye Sainte repute, as the two men of the whole Division he would have selected for a desperate service. There were reasons which made this a testimony peculiarly honourable to both of them. But from this date the military career of Colonel William Napier was at an end.

After retiring on half-pay he took a house in Sloane-street, and spent much of his time in painting and sculpture, in both of which he succeeded so far that, in the opinion of artists of eminence, his natural powers and his indefatigable industry would have raised him to the foremost rank of

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living painters and sculptors, had he not been irresistibly led to exercise his talents in another direction. His statuette of Alcibiades is proof of the progress he had made in the one art, while his drawing and colouring were equally advanced and meritorious in the other. In fact, art was his principal pursuit, in the society of congenial friends, and yet he felt a want unsatisfied, just because he felt an undeveloped power within him struggling to come forth and bear its fruit. At this time Jomini published his famous book on the 'Principes de la Guerre,' which contained the first exposition of Napoleon's system of warfare, and, as Napier had studied thoroughly all Napoleon's campaigns, he wrote an able review of Jomini's book in the 'Edinburgh Review,' in 1821. This induced him to visit Edinburgh and make the acquaintance of Jeffrey, &c., and he also visited Paris, and made acquaintance with Marshal Soult, from which conjunctions he probably derived his first impulse to undertake his historical masterpiece. Towards the close of 1821 it was known in England that the great spirit of Napoleon had left its clay; and when Colonel Napier first heard of it, he shut himself up in his study, and, on his wife going to him there some hours afterwards, she found him stretched upon his sofa in an agony of grief. His worship of Napoleon was extraordinary, and he almost felt the extinction of that wonderful mind as a darkening of the sun for a time. He himself attributed to a walk he had early in 1823 with Lord Langdale in some fields, now built over and forming part of Belgravia,

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the determination to write the history of the war. "*He first kindled the fire within me*," he recounted to his daughter the year before he died. He talked much of it, and lay awake at nights thinking of its fascinations, and after a few days made up his mind to attempt the task, and immediately set to work to collect the materials. His prospects, it seemed, were not very encouraging; for he had no literary position, nor a degree of military rank sufficiently high to give weight and authority to his opinions. Moreover, he was threatened by the most formidable rivals—viz., the Duke of Wellington and his Quartermaster-General, Sir George Murray.

The interview with the Duke to announce his design, and to ask for his Grace's papers, was therefore as significant as Burleigh's nod. The Duke's answer in substance was that he had arranged all his own papers with a view to publication himself, but he had not decided in what form or when; probably not during his lifetime; but he thought his plan would be to "write a plain didactic history" to be published after his death, that he was resolved never to publish anything unless he could tell the whole truth, but at that time he could not tell the whole truth without wounding the feelings of many worthy men, and without doing mischief; adding, in a laughing way, "I should do as much mischief as Bonaparte." He could not do so at present, nor would he give Colonel Napier his own private papers, but he did give into his possession very important official documents, and gave him authority to get from the

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Quartermaster-General all the Duke's "orders of movements." Among other documents thus acquired was King Joseph's portfolio, taken at Vittoria, and containing his correspondence with the Emperor, with the French Minister of War, and with the marshals and generals who at different periods were employed in the Peninsula, and all which correspondence (see the remarkable statement in vol. i., pp. 259, &c.) was deciphered by Sir William Napier's wife with admirable art and industry, and in such a way that the Duke at first would hardly believe it; adding, "I would have given 20,000*l.* to any person who could have done this for me in the Peninsula." With these materials and this aid, including Sir George Murray's "orders of movements," but not the maps and plans of operations in the Peninsula, which Sir George Murray was unjustly blamed for refusing, Sir William Napier addressed himself to his arduous task, and such was his success that, after the publication of his first and second volumes, the Duke and Sir George Murray both renounced their intentions of publishing what was, in its supposed superior truthfulness, now superfluous, and what was in fact anticipated by a work animated by a genius so surpassing that it would have made any other history appear to be dull and insipid. Colonel Napier now commenced the work of collecting materials from all quarters. He made another visit to Paris; on his return to England he took up his residence for some weeks in a farm-house at Strathfieldsaye, for the purpose of consulting the Duke of Wellington; and

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some copious notes of the Duke's replies to Colonel Napier, and of those of Lord Fitzroy Somerset—most interesting materials, as being the very core of history—will be found in the Appendix. We extract only the following anecdote:—

"At the battle of Sauroren Wellington was anxious to let both armies see him, and they did. The armies were separated by a narrow valley not more than 200 yards wide. A double spy, called De la Rosa, whose real name was D'Olier, he being no Spaniard, but a Frenchman, asked the Duke if he would like to see Soult.—'Yes.'—'There he is, 200 yards off.' Wellington looked and saw Soult writing orders and giving them to an aide-de-camp, and the distance was so short that he distinguished his features sufficiently to recognise him afterwards at any time. When De la Rosa left his side, Wellington, who more than suspected his good faith, said to one of his Staff, 'Watch where that man goes to.' He went towards the weakest point of the position, and Wellington said, 'Soult will attack there.' And he did attack there, but the English General had prepared accordingly."

The letters of Colonel Napier to his wife from Paris give some most interesting accounts of the acquaintances he was making there, especially with Marshal Soult, with whom he became particularly intimate, and who shared with him all the mutuality of regard and respect which they entertained for each other. Charles Napier had been Soult's prisoner at Corunna in 1809 (this is corrected

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further on, for we there learn that he was Ney's), and William thought they had reason to thank him for his personal kindness to Charles upon this occasion. Moreover, Soult gave William, in answer to his appeal for information, the most cordial assistance in his 'History.' From first to last, and principally through the Marshal's means, besides an immense mass of official correspondence sent to him direct by Soult's orders, he obtained a direct correspondence with Marshal Jourdan, information from officers high on the staff of Marshals Ney and Masséna, and copies of the official journals of military operations kept by the chiefs of Marshal Victor's and General Dupont's staffs. In Paris he obtained admission to the "Bureau de la Guerre," and worked there for many weeks, obtaining access to the really correct muster-rolls, which were drawn up by Marshal Berthier every fifteen days during the war, for the special information of the Emperor Napoleon—*for there were other muster-rolls systematically fabricated to impose on the French people, and even on the armies; the distinction being that the true returns were bound in green, the spurious in yellow.* So difficult was it for Frenchmen themselves to obtain at the time trustworthy information, and so courteous the permission of the authorities, subsequently, to enable an English historian to speak with their clearest evidence at his disposal.

Notwithstanding all this special information, all this care and caution on the part of the historian, it was impossible that question after question should not arise, in

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which there were statements contested, and by which personal anger was excited; and Colonel Napier experienced this in the form of some challenges, the particulars of which we do not think it worth while to enter into. On the 20th of August, 1826, his mother died at the age of eighty-one, having been blind for the last twenty years of her life,—that beautiful Sarah Lennox of Sir Joshua,—it is shocking that any such should die or grow old. Colonel Napier was at this time in straightened circumstances, with a large family. He had a French bullet in his body, which rendered his whole existence painful; he had no pension for the wound, and all the pecuniary benefit he derived from his good service was a major's half-pay of 9*s.* 6*d.* a day. It was therefore of consequence to him to make as much by his pen as he could, and we find him solicitous about his arrangements with his publisher. But when in the spring of 1828 the first volume of his 'History' was published, he found himself possessed, at a bound, of a high station among historical writers. Soult, Count Dumas, and others thought it excellent, and communicated their impressions to his brother George, and though the English reviews were in the opinion of Napier's friends either carping or inadequate, he proceeded with his work until its fame grew higher and higher the more and the wider it was known to the world.

In the year 1831 Colonel Napier, although debarred by his circumstances from entering Parliament, could not stand aloof from the struggle which now convulsed

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England. Yet it cannot be said that his judgment in political affairs was good, and even his present biographer is constrained to admit that many of his conclusions on the principal political questions which occupied his and the public mind during these momentous years have been falsified by experience. Thus he favoured an extension of the Franchise, which, after thirty years of unexampled progress in education and political knowledge, would even now be considered by the majority of educated men as dangerous to the just balance of classes and interests. He supported the Corn-laws, and held heretical opinions on the Currency. His opinions on economical points were considerably influenced by the writings of Cobbett, which had also, perhaps, a share in the formation of his extremely liberal opinions.

The present volumes contain many of his speeches and letters, which serve far better than any narrative at second-hand to paint the passions, the fears, and hopes of those excited times. Among other interesting incidents we find him instigated by Charles Buller in a letter dated November 4, 1831, to draw out a plan for the composition and officering of a national guard, which Charles Buller maintained we might then have in a fortnight, with William Napier himself as its commanding officer. He was offered a seat for Bath, but declined it on various personal grounds, among others his uncertain health and inadequate means. In fact, his violent attacks of illness, joined to his straitened means, led him in the spring of

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1833 seriously to contemplate leaving the army; for if he died the value of his commission would be lost to his family, while if he sold it he could realise 3,200*l.*; but from this it appears elsewhere that he was dissuaded by his friends.

At the same time he was still occupied with controversies on military questions, as on the propriety of the Duke's position at Waterloo, with the forest of Soignies behind him, which he defended against a hostile critic in some letters to the editor of the 'Bath Journal,' which appeared in April, 1832. He defended himself, also, in a letter to the Duchesse d'Abrantes from the sarcasm implied in Lord Mahon's comment, that he had written "*by far the best French account*" of the Peninsular War. (See vol. i., p. 399.) In 1833 he saved his house at Freshford from an imminent conflagration by his energy and presence of mind, and in the following year he performed a minute act of kindness to a little child, which it would be a pity to omit as a trait of his good-nature:—

"He was one day taking a long country walk near Freshford, when he met a little girl, about five years old, sobbing over a broken bowl; she had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it; then, with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked up into his face and said, 'But yee can mend it, can't ee?'

"My father explained that he could not mend the bowl,

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but the trouble he could, by the gift of a sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her, meanwhile, tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he specially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl, and of still being in time for the dinner-party in Bath; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation on the plea of a 'pre-engagement,' saying to us, 'I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly.'"

The next chapter consists of letters to Mr. Roebuck and to his wife, a controversy with Mr. Perceval and another opponent, a battle with a gamekeeper on behalf of one of his boys, a controversial correspondence with Captain J. H. Pringle on account of his strictures upon the late Earl of Chatham in his 'History of the Peninsular War,' an atonement to Mrs. Outram, his speeches at Bath on reform of the Irish Church and of the Irish corporations, and on the negro apprenticeship, and lastly of a letter to the members of the Bath Working Men's

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Association, in which he stated his concurrence in their general programme of universal suffrage, ballot, and short Parliaments, but declared his adherence to the form of government by King, Lords, and Commons. In the following chapter we have the account of his renewed intercourse with Soult, when the Marshal visited England in 1838, and they had many conversations together on the topics in which they took a common interest, and among which Soult gave him his opinion of the other French Marshals (vol. i., p. 509), which was only in exceptional cases complimentary. Again, we find him corresponding with Lady Hester Stanhope, the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Roebuck, and defending his history in the 'Times' on the 27th of March, 1850, with a vigorous retort on the imputations of M. Thiers.

The second volume opens with a defence of the history, as a whole, against the charge of conceding more credit to Napoleon, to his system, and to the French army, than the case really warranted. It tends, also, to clear the author from the imputation of injustice to the Spaniards, and here Lord Wellington's correspondence is quoted in corroboration. A series of quotations are given to show that the author did not gloss over the criminality of Napoleon's aggression, while as to the general scope of the whole performance, with its peculiarly wonderful colouring, its ease, animation, brevity, correctness, and vigour, it is superfluous to add to Mr. Stirling's *dictum*, that Colonel Napier exhibited "these taken together in

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a greater degree than any other historical writer of English, except Raleigh and Hallam." On the other hand, as to its admirable accuracy and authenticity, and the utmost possible freedom from errors, there is the emphatic testimony of the Duke himself, on p. 37 of this second volume:—"Napier may be somewhat radical, but, by G—, his history is the only one which tells truth as to the events of the Peninsular War."

Colonel Napier's last pages were written, like many another vigorous and glowing page of his works both before and after, in sickness and severe pain. As Walter Scott dictated two of his best works from his sick-bed, 'Ivanhoe' and the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' so the last chapter of Napier's history bears the traces of the lassitude and irritation of illness as little as does the immortal page concluding the description of the battle of Albuera, which was composed in a rare interval of health, on a stormy day of March, as the author strode along an upland down in Wiltshire battling with the equinoctial gale. Thus, the observations on the battle of Toulouse and the admirable comparison of the relative merits of Napoleon and Wellington were written in defiance of pain and almost of fate.

His friend Beckwith now endeavoured to persuade him that retirement from the world, in order that the evening of life may be undisturbed by worldly cares and anxieties, is the highest or noblest philosophy. But he did not prevail. Colonel Napier was frequently urged to write

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the Life of the Duke of Wellington, as well as that of Napoleon. But he invariably refused for reasons which he gave in a letter to Mr. Roebuck, dated April 27, 1840. He could not obtain the complete materials for either. "Depend upon it," he says, "Waterloo has a long story of treachery and secret politics attached to it, which will not be made known in our days, if ever. I have got a slight clue to some of it, and Colonel Lee (he who wrote one volume of Napoleon's Life, and then died, leaving a second volume nearly finished, but which his relatives have suppressed) told me he had got at the whole, both of Waterloo and Leipsic. This I am doubtful of, but I could not write at my ease under the impression that I was writing in the dark." Dr. Arnold and he had some correspondence towards the close of this year on the sites of the Battles of Thrasymene and Pharsalia. In November, also, he had occasion to make a representation to Lord Fitzroy Somerset on a professional injustice of which he complained, the sequel of which was that a special grant of 150*l.* per annum was conferred upon him for his distinguished services. In 1841 we find him flooring a man on the Bath hustings, who had called out that something he had uttered was false, upon which a criminal prosecution followed, concluded by mutual apologies. In the same year he was writing on the affair of the Caroline, the vessel seized in the Canadian rebellion and sent down the Falls of Niagara by the Canadian Loyalists. Then his anxieties on his son's account and his own straitened

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circumstances were communicated to Sir Robert Peel by Sir Henry Hardinge, and were very properly considered by the Minister; while Colonel Napier became on the 23rd of November a Major-General by Brevet, and in February, 1842, was further appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey, in consideration of his claims and services, in which capacity he did excellent work and promoted many most judicious reforms. It is not possible for us to specify the particulars, for their details are too extended for our space, but the Royal Court of Guernsey was a monopoly and a nuisance, and Guernsey justice was a flagrant scandal. The Lieutenant-Governor had a series of disputes with the Royal Court there, and appeal was made to the Privy Council, whereupon a decision was given in his favour on all the disputed points, excepting in one minor technical particular; and ultimately it could be said that he powerfully influenced the adoption by the States of the island of a new Constitution, by which old feuds, impeding all improvements, were set at rest; he devised a system of defence for the Channel Islands, which was adopted by the Government, and has been partially executed; he reorganised and armed the militia; finally, he procured the appointment of a Royal Commission of Inquiry into the Guernsey laws, whose labours have done and are still doing much to lessen the evils which so often excited his indignation.

His brother Charles had been appointed to a division of the Bombay army at the end of the preceding year,

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1841; and Lord Ellenborough, detecting his genius, had sent him thence to command the troops in Scinde. On approaching the performances of Sir Charles, the biographer of Sir William runs wild in a description of his many accomplishments. His person and appearance may have been very striking, and especially his bearing on horseback. His tenderness also to little children, kittens, and birds, may have given a "wonderfully beautiful and touching" expression to his countenance; but many persons pet kittens and birds, and pat little children. We are generally kind to things which are smaller and weaker than ourselves; the exceptional merit is to be also kind to our equals. How did the Napier treat *his* equals? What would have been his expression for the men with big whiskers who stood in his way, or whom he supposed so to stand? It is our own impression that he would not have shown greater tenderness than many other men, though his standard was humane, and probably above the average. "The rapidity with which he would devour the contents of a newspaper," and which the biographer thinks so "extraordinary," is estimated precisely at "twenty minutes," a feat we should not ourselves be inclined to boast of, as it is commonly our own practice to do it in ten. If, after the perusal of the paper, "he would then turn to his work, official writing, and business until luncheon," this is really pretty much what we also do ourselves. We could doubtless be as discreet as he was "when the ladies had quitted the dining-room," and

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after the ten minutes at the newspaper we might have smoked a pipe or added some other item to the morning's performance, without conceiving that we had done anything very praiseworthy, or that these traits were anything more than ordinary characteristics of human nature.

But (to return to Sir Charles Napier) there is no doubt that when he assumed the command of the troops in Scinde it was a critical time, and he did his work in a masterly manner, under the discouragements of shipwreck and cholera at starting, and a terrible wound in his leg from the bursting of a war rocket which he was testing, and which exploded close to the spot where he was standing. Notwithstanding the severity of his wound, in four days afterwards he was journeying to Hyderabad; he was soon master of the position, and assured that the Ameers meditated treachery, he made what is termed "a wonderful flank march into the heart of the Desert," captured and destroyed the Desert fortress of Emaun Ghur, the stronghold of Northern Scinde; and finally obtained the brilliant victory of Meeanee, where, with 2000 men—all told—of whom only 700 were Europeans, he defeated 28,000 of the bravest and strongest warriors of Northern India.

Time passed on, and Sir Charles Napier added a second victory—that of Hyderabad, scarcely less remarkable—to that of Meeanee, and, by a series of brilliant and skilful operations, completed for England the conquest of a new kingdom. Sir William at home grew impatient in his

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behalf, under the calumnies countenanced by a party in Parliament, and while his due honours were inconsiderately delayed, and bestowed even stintedly at the last. Sir William, perhaps, wrote too roughly, for he felt too keenly, but the fact is he had a case which was treated with injustice. Not, however, as regards Major Outram, though he conceived great indignation against him, on the ground of a charge alleged to have been made by him against Sir Charles, of the suppression of his despatches, for which there really does not appear to have been any warranty whatever. In fact, the whole is a dark passage of history, (by dark we mean only obscure), of the varying versions of which contemporaries heard much, but the clear meaning of which they could never understand, or arrive at—a charge involving imputations against the character of Napier and Outram, to which neither of them could possibly have been ever obnoxious,—a charge which was doubtless a mare's-nest, of which the discoverer has never come to light, and of which the explanation will probably never be fully known.

On the other hand, it cannot be disputed now that Sir Charles Napier's conduct sustained some attacks in this country, of which, after a considerable interval, the injustice was demonstrated. His courageous fulfilment of his responsibilities aroused the jealousy of the Board of Control, and the libels on his name in the Indian press were echoed in Exeter Hall and the Houses of Parliament. Never did the political and military acts of any man

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receive a more thorough sifting than did those of the Conqueror of Scinde, and the result was that in February, 1844, just one year after his first battle, the thanks of Parliament were voted to him and his army in a manner so gratifying as completely to satisfy even his brother William. There was nothing which more became him at the time when he was being charged with cruelty and oppression towards the Ameers, than his noble generosity and humanity to those misguided chiefs, who had intended to lead him with chain and a ring in his nose through their streets in triumph. He was gloriously gentle with such prisoners, and they ought to venerate his memory. As to the pacification of Scinde, too, and its settlement, there can be no doubt on the general merits. In November, 1844, Sir William published his first part of the 'Conquest of Scinde,' and in this case, as in others, it was his fate to write of contemporaneous events, the actors in which were still living; and, as it was his habit to castigate unsparingly those who were, or were supposed to be, the enemies of the Napier brotherhood, he was himself no less a Napier in his present demonstration. He therefore wounded deeply the self-esteem of many living, and, after they had exhausted their personal calumnies against the conqueror of Scinde, they took every possible means to depreciate the value of Sir Charles's achievements. And so on this second question Sir William went in again in the second part of the 'Conquest of Scinde,' which was published in 1846, if

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possible with more energy and acrimony than ever. Thereby he drew upon himself more than one bitter and angry correspondence in which the strength of his expressions exceeded conventional usage, according to the admission of his biographer, and which that gentleman is therefore contented to pass over, while the material question remains thus,—that Scinde was really a valuable acquisition, which it was as wise to keep, as it was valorous to win; and that Sir Charles Napier, in addition to his prowess as a warrior, had done his further work well, as a politician and a statesman.

Sir William suffered fearfully during 1844, but his conversations were very impressive. He characterised Sir Walter Raleigh as a happy man, because he had *no* pain. "His was a grand and happy life; he was able to laugh at death," &c. His brother, Captain Henry, completed his 'History of Florence' in 1845. He himself assisted him to publish. He had also a discussion with Colonel Gurwood relating to the capture of a howitzer at the combat of Sabugal, and another as to the assault of the lesser breach at Ciudad Rodrigo; but these came to him directly as the historian of the Peninsular War. Alexis, the clairvoyant, was called in to give evidence in the Ciudad Rodrigo case, and the story about him is very curious. Note it, reader, on page 213 of the second volume. William then replied to some monstrous French calumnies on Sir Charles. He got into a controversy with the Trustees of the British Museum, for

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imputing to them a Vandal-like treatment of the statue of Sesostris. It could hardly have been said that he suffered like an angel, but he took the work which came in his way, and he did it like a man.

The Sikh war now broke out. So early as February, 1844, Sir Charles Napier had predicted this war as inevitable. In June, 1845, perceiving that the storm was about to burst, he proposed to organise an auxiliary force in Scinde, a proposal not assented to in time, from fear of alarming the jealousy of the Sikhs. The news of the battle of Moodkee, fought on the 18th of December, was the first intimation Sir Charles received that the war had commenced. He then got together in a wonderfully short space of time a force of 15,000 men, perfectly armed and equipped, with which he moved up the Indus, with the intention of creating a diversion in favour of Sir Henry Hardinge's army on the Sutlej, by marching on Mooltan and Lahore; but in the mean while the battle of Ferozeshah had been fought, and Sir Charles, suddenly summoned to the Governor-General's camp on the Sutlej, found that the war had been virtually terminated by the victory of Sobraon.

Sir William, in the mean while, was sending his son-in-law the plan of a campaign on the Sutlej, which was an admirable anticipatory commentary on the actual operations, and as perfect a plan of a campaign as it was possible to conceive. So says his biographer, *nobis non disputantibus*. At the close of 1846 his fifth daughter

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was married to Mr. Philip W. S. Miles, then M.P. for Bristol. The year 1847 finds him still occupied in fighting his brother's battles. In July he is writing to the Duke of Wellington on the defences of Guernsey and the Channel Islands.

We have now arrived at the commencement of 1848, that year of universal uproar, when the Napiers were entitled to hold high carnival. Sir William was not likely to contemplate with indifference the rising of the European bondsmen for freedom, and he wrote energetically 'Notes on the State of Europe.' Sir Charles, having resigned the Government of Scinde, had sailed from Bombay in January, and his arrival in England was anxiously looked for by his brother. "That return," said Sir William, in his characteristic speech at the military banquet of the Junior United Service in his brother's welcome,—

"Has been to me a marvel and a wonder; I had long given him up as lost. I looked upon him for years as a man standing on the confines of two worlds—the world of the living and the world of the dead; and it was only from time to time that I could know to which he belonged. But always I took the gloomy view and supposed him dead, for he was, I knew, exposed to the sweeping edge of the sword from which he never shrunk; and amid herculean labours exposed also to wasting pestilence, from which I knew he never would shrink; and there are those here present who know how he met and strove against the cholera when thousands were swept away, and all were

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bent beneath the deadly blast. Lastly, and worst of all, I knew he was exposed to the poisonous breath of calumny —that he was assailed by the foul and dishonourable practices, the open and secret practices, the base enmity of those who owed him every honour and every gratitude. And that I knew would press on his generous spirit more heavily than any danger or any difficulty. But, gentlemen, he has returned; and there he sits with the rays of an honest glory around him strong enough to dispel the foul vapours of calumny."

This was rather a questionable contribution to a generous ovation. But it was Napierian in every syllable, and it may have suited the occasion. The "Cabbage-garden" Rebellion and the trial of Smith O'Brien brought Sir William Napier into the witness-box with Mr. Young's famous letter. Let that passage pass, for it is not very material to anybody. Moolraj in the mean time had played perfidiously at Mooltan, and the Duke of Wellington urged upon the East India Directors to send Sir Charles Napier at once to India as Commander-in-Chief. But the Duke's advice was pooh-poohed, and Sir Charles, instead of being exposed to the perils of the Sikh cannon, had to encounter those of English feasts, far more distasteful to him, for some months longer, until the whole country was startled from its propriety by the battle of Chillianwallah. An angry sense of disaster in war got possession of the public mind, and, of course, of William Napier's especially; and eventually the cry prevailed, and

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Sir Charles Napier, grudgingly treated by the directors, and left to the hostile mercies of Lord Dalhousie, as the event and his memorable expressions of welcome proved, went to India again. In the mean time, William defended the clothing colonels, wrote memorially in our own columns on the deaths of Pennycuick and Cureton, denounced the mischievous tendencies of Indian politicals, and laboured on behalf of old soldiers; while his brother Charles, at the age of sixty-seven, suffering most painfully from old wounds, and labouring under a mortal internal disease, was again quitting his family and country at the call of duty, when, to use the words of Thackeray, "he took his two towels and his piece of soap and his scimitar, and went away to the ship that was to carry him over the sea."

When he arrived in India, however, he found the Sikh power already completely broken by Lord Gough at the battle of Goojerat. Here was a substantial reason for returning, and a reprimand which he received from the Governor-General Lord Dalhousie, and on which there was much controversy afterwards, furnished him with an excuse to resign and come home and die. Next arose the public discussion on the merits of Sir George Napier's administration at the Cape, on which Sir William wrote quakerly to Mr. Samuel Gurney. Then Thomas Carlyle expressed his enthusiasm about Sir Charles, whom he termed "a lynx-eyed fiery man, with the spirit of an old knight in him; more of a hero than any modern I have seen for a long

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time." And Sir Charles came home, and other things took place, and the great Duke himself died in September, 1852, and on the 18th of November Sir William attended the funeral, carrying a bannerol, and Sir Charles was there as a pall-bearer, and they and other of the Duke's old officers hung over the coffin in St. Paul's when it was lowered. Their great captain was there. It was not long before Sir Charles himself followed him, for he died in the following August. For many hours after his brother's death Sir William never left the room, keeping his solemn watch over the dead, and almost as motionless. From that time to the funeral he worked incessantly at the defence of his Indian administration, with which Sir Charles had been occupied up to the last moment. The funeral, though private, was voluntarily attended by the whole of the troops forming the Portsmouth garrison, by the Lords of the Admiralty, and the naval officers in a body. Dense crowds lined the road and sea-wall. That, too, was a solemn sight. "Soldiers!" said his grand old brother William, standing by the grave, and it was all he could say, "there lies one of the best men, the best soldiers, the best Christians, that ever lived; he served you faithfully, and you served him faithfully. God is just."

On the 13th of October Sir William was summoned to the death-bed of another brother—Captain Henry Napier, the historian of Florence, and this was another terrible blow to him. The Napiers were falling about him like ancient oaks. He still interested himself in the Ney family,

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and on behalf of whom it was now even admitted that it was Ney, and not Soult, by whom the Napier family had been laid under such deep obligation. He wrote on the Foreign Enlistment Bill, and in defence of his cousin the Admiral, then in charge of the Baltic Fleet, on the battle of the Alma, the Minie rifle, made a singular mistake for him, a great military geographer, in underestimating the drain upon Russia for the defence of Sebastopol, and canvassed the Balaclava charge and the operations in the Crimea generally.

In September, 1855, there fell another of the oaks, or rather another of the Napier eagles; General Sir George Napier, died suddenly at Geneva. He, too, had seen much powder, and sustained serious discomforts from ball. He went to his grave without his arm, amputated at Ciudad Rodrigo. Three of that noble band were now gone, leaving William sole survivor, old, bent, and feeble in body, but with eye undimmed and spirit unquenched. He still speculated on the Crimean war. Oh! that he were there, and in his radiant youth! The old war-horse smelt the powder, and no doubt longed to be in the *mêlée* there. Another sorrow overtook him in 1846 in the lingering death of his third daughter. Yet he could still hug his reminiscences. "This," he writes, on November 18, 1856, "is the anniversary of the battle of Nivelle, in which I won my lieutenant-colonelcy. I was then strong and swift of foot; only one man got into the rocks of La Rhune before me, and he was but a step; yet eight hundred noble veterans,

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strong as lions, were striving madly to be first. I am now" —and here follows the wail of sinking mortality. Now, too, his old comrades were going fast—first Lord Raglan, then Lord Hardinge. Yet in the spring of 1857 the two first volumes of the 'Life of Sir Charles Napier' were published. He even soothed the scruples of the Rev. Archer Gurney at a supposed heterodox passage in that biography. He was thus evidently growing weaker. He received Ali Morad in 1858 with respect, and again he defended his brother Charles from the calumnies of the directors. He had a last controversy with Marmont on a point in the Peninsular War, upon which Marmont had been barely civil to him. During these last two years (1857-8) he had been becoming more and more feeble. But he could still retain his admiration for a brave action and do a kind one himself. (See 'The Story of the Railway Porter.') The defence of England, the Italian campaign, the Militia, the importance of the Isle of Wight, and the instruction of Volunteers, still occupied his mind. The last sentence in the last paper he ever dictated is characteristic—"Slow marching is an abomination; quick marching, or double quick, is the right; but not much of the latter, or, at any rate, not when the men have their packs on, or they will hurt their health." A kindly officer at bottom, whose last public thought was a care for the health and comfort of his soldiers.

At this time Lady Napier was dangerously ill; but on the 12th of February, when death was evidently nearer

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Sir William, she was wheeled into his room on a sofa, and placed beside his bed, where she remained about an hour. He did not speak, but she said he certainly knew her, and thus they took their silent farewell. The historian of the Peninsular War, and she who had deciphered its documents, the tender co-operators in life-work of an uncommon order, the lion husband, and the mother of his children, his dear wife, as he passed, so she also was passing away. He was buried at Norwood. She survived him but a few weeks. God is not only just, as he said at the grave of his brother Charles: happily for these two he was merciful also.

There was one surviving Napier. The tastes of Richard Napier were military like his brothers', but he was disappointed in his early wish to enter the army; he went to Oxford, where he took a first class, and was afterwards elected a Fellow of All Souls. He ultimately embraced the legal profession, but circumstances over which he had no control delayed his call to the Bar until he was thirty years of age. This profession he was forced early to abandon, and thus, with probably equal powers to win distinction, he was, unlike his brothers, confined to a strictly private life. Like the Wellesley who has been famous for his lettered ease amid his collection of exquisite engravings, while his one brother saved India and the other conquered Napoleon, he survived all his noble brothers who had stood the racket of the heady wars. He was eminently fitted to shine in the same way, or again in a way altogether

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unlike theirs. But threatened blindness compelled him to renounce the latter pursuits also, and forced him to comparative idleness at the very age when he should have reaped the fruits of earnest thought and study. This is all that may be said of one still living, and to sympathetic minds it is touching in the extreme.

Of the dead Napiers, as a band of brothers, we must wind up in a few words. They were brothers, they were heroes, they were gifted and admirable men. William had the most varied gifts, and perhaps the most varied sympathies. William was their chief knight errant, the redresser of all wrongs, from those of the kittens and little children to those of the British army and that of the statue of Sesostris. Charles, with his greater opportunities, was the most distinguished Paladin. They all did some work in the heat of the day, and when the evening fell they were all of them stainless. Not only were they brave, but honest and true and merciful. Inasmuch, however, as their philanthropy took a warlike turn, they were a kind of combination between Tom Crib and Howard, and they were sometimes very much in the way of other people. "So great their stomachs and states," like the Norrises, they often "jostled with others," so much so that in this respect they excelled even the Norrises. To judge of them properly we should conceive of them briefly as a race apart, a community of themselves. Imagine, for experiment, a Parliament of Napiers. A Parliament? Imagine only a

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parish of Napiers, and the struggle there would be there who should be churchwarden and overseer!

According to our notions their failing arose less from a defect of temper than from an intellectual deficiency. Yes! we dare say this in direct defiance of the present biographer, who says in his first paragraph that the interval between Sir William Napier's life and death was the life of a man of genius; and of Mr. Carlyle, who says in the second volume, p. 213, of Sir Charles, that he seemed to be possessed of the first (and also the rarest) attribute of what we call *genius* among men. We demur to this, because we prefer truth to loose eulogy. In what sense do these gentlemen understand genius? The Napiers, though perfect in most other respects, were just wanting in that high intellectual idealism which in our contemplation constitutes genius. Their main element was intensity of feeling and the capacity for its expression either in action or language. They were not of the very highest in another sense, nor was their temper sustained at the loftiest balance. They boiled over very easily; and there was certainly a bubble in the Napier blood, as there was also a bee in the Napier bonnet. At least they were often very impracticable society.

There were many persons who kept clear of the Napier company, and who believed that they did it to their manifest advantage. There were some who came too close to them, and who found they had done it to their detriment.

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There were others, and perhaps these were safest of all, who, like the father of Grimr, in Greenland, a sage of the Sagas, were "not over curious" concerning them. All these must be combined with those who more exclusively loved and honoured them, because they were so honest and fearless, so tender and so brave; and the preponderance of voices must determine hereafter the verdict of posterity on this family of heroes and brotherhood of famous men.

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OMITTED CHAPTERS OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

THE title-page of this book describes its intent so sufficiently that a remarkably brief preface only is required to explain to the reader the special contents comprised in this, its first volume. Mr. Andrew Bisset tells us that he has been a minute investigator for many years of the records of English History during the seventeenth century, and he found when he reached the period immediately succeeding the death of Charles I. that, while the printed sources of information were scanty, there existed in the State-Paper-office a vast number of manuscripts relating to the period of English history called, in the State-Paper-office classification, "the Interregnum." Among others are the manuscript volumes which contain the original minutes of all the proceedings of the Council of State as long as the Government called the Commonwealth lasted, and Mr. Bisset adds that, from a careful perusal

* 'Omitted Chapters of the History of England, from the Death of Charles I. to the Battle of Dunbar.' By Andrew Bisset. Murray, 1864.

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of some of these volumes and a more cursory examination of others, he saw reason to attempt to write, by their aid, a History of England during the interval extending from the death of Charles I. to the Restoration of Charles II. The first volume of this History, which is the only one as yet before us, brings the narrative down to the battle of Dunbar, towards the end of the second year of the Interregnum, or of the Commonwealth, and it contains many statements which are entirely new, and certain views which are interesting, as well as new, to all the students of this critical epoch and exceptional phase of our English history.

Mr. Bisset commences by observing, what is familiar to most of us, that the political condition of England upon the death of King Charles presented a phenomenon at once anomalous and complicated. It consequently presented to those who were to carry on the English Government a practicable problem proportionally difficult of solution; and the *extent* to which this problem *was* solved; the point to which a great band of geniuses for government, as Warburton designated them, succeeded or failed according to the light that was in them, is really a very curious subject of investigation, when it is illustrated closely with a variety of new materials, in addition to those with which we were already conversant.

To judge of the men who elected at once to govern without the assistance of the peerage, let us observe the state of that peerage at this national crisis, which, as Mrs.

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Hutchinson said, had been utterly debased by the Stuart Kings, "by setting honours to public sale, and conferring them on persons that had neither blood nor merit fit to wear, nor estates to bear up their titles, but were fain to invent projects to pillage the people, and pick their purses for the maintenance of vice and lewdness." In 1640 two-thirds of them could not date their nobility further back than the accession of James—that is, 37 years only; and as *novi homines*, in their then condition, they were without influence, and without anything resembling the worth of the men who had been the pillars of the State in the days of the Plantagenets, who had led our armies, cherished our liberties, and maintained our equilibrium by their predominance as a Conservative force in the community. The titular nobles were but secondary personages when the great struggle came; while the real leaders were the class of gentry of ancient name, such as Hampden, Godolphin, Trevanion, Percy, Montague, Basset, Glanville, Grenville, &c., associated with places which had known them for twenty generations. This class included also, as Mr. Bisset shows, the lawyers, at least the members of the Inns of Court, who, in England, did not, as in France, constitute a nobility of the gown, distinct from, and inferior to, the nobility of the sword, but were, upon all fitting occasions, able and ready to prove themselves men of the sword as well as men of the gown—who furnished, indeed, almost all the best officers of the Parliamentary armies, such as Ireton, Lambert, Michael Jones, &c.,

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and with whom even Oliver Cromwell was sent up to London to be entered as a member of an Inn of Court, while he did actually occupy for some time chambers in Lincoln's-inn. The English nobility displayed an insolence in their demeanour towards these gentlemen, of which the following is a most significant precedent:—

"One day, in March, 1603-4, Sir Herbert Croft, and some other members of the House of Commons, offering to enter the House of Lords, a yeoman of His Majesty's Guard, keeping one of the doors of the Upper House, repulsed them, and shut the door in their faces with these words, 'Goodman burgess, you come not here.' The demeanour of the doorkeeper may be assumed to be a measure by no means inaccurate of the estimate formed by those within the Upper House of the power and dignity of those without it. But between March, 1603-4, and February, 1648-9, a change had come over the scene. 'Goodman Burgess' had shown by unmistakable signs that he could do now what the 'Upper House' could do no longer—that he could do those deeds of which a great authority has truly said that they 'are great things, for empires lie beyond them.'"

Nevertheless it is the opinion of Mr. Bisset, founded on the researches to which he has devoted so much assiduity, that though these things proved incontestably that this middle-class gentry possessed talent for efficient action of the highest kind, unfortunately they did not show that they possessed a still more rare and valuable quality of

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statesmanship. Thus he reverses to some extent the dictum of Warburton, as he proceeds to point out their shortcomings and inconsistencies, to an extent which we must admit to detract from their reputation, but which still leaves them very great men though they failed in their great experiment.

One of the first incidents of the contest between the two classes as it comes within Mr. Bisset's view is this:— On the 1st of February, 1648-9, two days after the memorable catastrophe at the window of Whitehall, the House of Lords met, and it was moved to take into consideration the settlement of the Government of England and Ireland in the present conjuncture of affairs on the King's death. The Lords appointed a committee of nine of themselves to confer with a proportionate number of Commons, and they sent messenger after messenger to the House of Commons to intimate their desire; but there was some hitch in the lock, or some rust on the hinges of the Commons' door, and it refused sturdily to open to these messengers of the Lords. At the same time there was a long and sharp debate within; and while they passed the vote for abolishing the office of King, "after a long and quick debate," "the debate was long and *smart*" also "concerning the Lords' House." There were evidently several members of the House of Commons of sufficient weight to command a hearing, who were opposed to the design of sweeping away what had always been considered as essential parts of the English Constitution. Yet the majority, more

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impressed with the result of their own personal experience than with those of records, or histories, or law books, had come to the settled conclusion that the House of Peers was "useless and dangerous," and that "the office of a King in this nation was unnecessary, burdensome, and dangerous" also, and they voted accordingly the abolition of the House of Peers as well as that of the office of King, which was a slamming of the door in the face of the Lords' messengers with a vengeance, and an intimation, right or wrong, that Goodman Burgess was now uppermost.

Great lawyers, like Coke and Selden, knowing and remembering the calibre of the older and better style of Barons, would be apt to vote against the abolition of such an order as had once consisted of those brave and energetic men. But the younger generation had seen their Peers powerless to protect their land from disgrace in the eyes of the foreigner, and from tyranny and extortion and insecurity at home, and they wished to be quit of an element which they deemed to be thus "dangerous and useless." Their policy was shortsighted, and they were told that it was so by Whitelock and Widdrington, two of the Commissioners of the Great Seal; but, as Mr. Bisset observes with a just discernment, "When we consider the tenacity with which not only the Stuarts themselves, but many other persons in England, Scotland, and Ireland, clung to the notion that the islands of Great Britain and Ireland were those Stuarts' private property, in the disposal of which the inhabitants had no voice whatever; and that

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when a settlement of the Crown, on a basis somewhat similar" to what was suggested in this hour of bitter resentment was made forty years after, even then nearly sixty years more elapsed before the Stuarts finally ceased from troubling, it would be rash to pronounce any scheme that could have been adopted at the earlier date perfectly free from objections and difficulties. There were, however, some matters of detail in regard to which the ruling men of the Long Parliament committed errors of the most deplorable, if not fatal, nature; not matters of administration, for their administrative ability was very conspicuous on most occasions, but matters of legislation in which they as conspicuously failed. Although many of these measures were undoubtedly good, and formed the basis of nearly all the law reforms of the next generation, their authors accomplished changes in other directions which were pregnant with mischief, inconsistent with their own intentions, and inimical to the fabric of liberty which they had striven to erect.

Mr. Bisset makes an estimate of the number of members composing the House of Commons at this time. At the utmost there were 122 of them, while the ordinary business of the Government was carried on by a number not exceeding 50 on an average, though often falling below 50. So large a proportion of the members had been excluded, that this was practically but a Rump or remnant of the Long Parliament. Yet this remnant proceeded to order "That there be a Council of State erected to act and pro-

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ceed according to such instructions as shall be given to this House;" they ordered the dissolution of the Committee of Safety and the Committee at Derby House, and they prepared instructions for the selection of this Council of State, not to exceed the number of forty, who were virtually to become the Government of the country. At the same time they issued an elaborate declaration in English, Latin, French, and Dutch, stating their reasons for establishing what they called a Republic, or Commonwealth. Whether, if they had been so minded, they could have established a real Republic is at best very doubtful; but they never attempted it. If they imagined that by abolishing the King and House of Lords, and constituting themselves the sole governing power in England, they thereby established that form of government which the Greeks called a democracy and the Remans a republic, they committed a very signal error; and, to put their position in a proper light, they were really affecting to govern the realm under false pretences. They had about this time an alternative before them—to dissolve themselves on the last day of April, 1649, to make room for a new Parliament, in accordance with the requisitions of the writing intituled "An agreement of the people of England and the places therewith incorporated," and which was, in fact, a draught of a Parliamentary Reform Bill drawn up chiefly by Ireton; but this, though it would have been a legitimate action in this emergency, they very carefully and steadily eschewed—because, as Mr. Bisset suggests, they very much

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dreaded a free election, and thought that all they had done might be entirely undone, and they themselves hanged for doing it as a very probable consequence.

Mr. Bisset describes the provisions of Ireton's draught, which was framed in such a liberal spirit, and was so apprehensively set aside. In short, the Commons' remnant, instead of putting an end to their sitting on or before the last day of April, 1649, as in the agreement proposed, or taking any steps towards obtaining the opinion of the nation on the subject, continued to sit till April 20, 1653, when Cromwell turned them out by force. Why Fairfax and Ireton, while the army was incorrupt, did not turn them out at this conjuncture is ascribed to their own punctilious sense of honour, which deterred them from so treating a Parliament from which they had received their own commissions. Fairfax's successor had fewer scruples, and in the mean time he had changed the character of that army by weeding out the citizen element, and substituting for it men who fought not for a principle, civil or religious, but simply for pay.

What form of Government was it, then, that this remnant maintained? Clearly no republic, democracy, or commonwealth, in the proper meaning of those respectable terms. It held its power not at all from or at the will of the nation, but from and at the will of a victorious army, composed, indeed, for a time, of citizen soldiers, and as such it may be described as a close, able, and well-obeyed military oligarchy, or rather aristocracy, which, by calling

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itself a commonwealth, and keeping in view great national objects, might, by dexterous management and undeviating integrity and singlemindedness in its members, have developed itself ultimately into an actual commonwealth or republic. But the conditions necessary for such a result were greater than the chances of its ultimate success. And there was that grim reflection of the scaffold at Whitehall which floated before the eyes of the boldest, and made them reasonably apprehensive of the destruction not only of their republic, but of themselves. It was a serious matter in its contingencies, and it was thus keenly appreciated, to have cut off a perverse head which could never be soldered on again.

On the 13th of February Mr. Scott reported from the Committee appointed to nominate a Council of State the instructions for the Council of State, fourteen in number, which were read and assented to. The two following entries in their own journals, says Mr. Bisset, throw more light on the character of this Assembly than all the pamphlets written against them by their most deadly enemies:—"The question being propounded that Henry Ireton, Esquire, be one of the Council of State, it passed with the negative. The question being propounded that Colonel Harrison be one of the Council of State, it passed with the negative." "The House proceeded then (the 14th) to nominate the Lords and gentlemen who were to constitute the Council of State, thirty-nine in number." Two more were added the following day, making forty-one. It

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was resolved in effect that the number of nine should be a quorum. The proposal that there should be a Lord President of the Council was rejected. Now, the original minutes of all the proceedings of this Council of State, so long as the Government called the Commonwealth lasted, are preserved in the State-Paper-office, in addition to vast numbers of other papers illustrating the interregnum, and Mr. Bisset looks upon these as forming an historical document of so much value that he doubts whether one of equal importance could be found in the archives of any nation that ever existed; and he triumphs, on their account, over the frustration of the desire of Hugh Peters (of whose horrible proposal we never heard previously) to burn all the old records of England,—these, of course, to be included. Happily, it was ordered in a different spirit, on the 12th of October, 1649, that the Paper-office should be put in good repair, that the papers might not suffer; and it appears from another order that we are partly indebted for the good condition in which these valuable papers have come to our hands to the care of John Milton, the Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council of State. As Mr. Bisset observes, this Council of State is entitled to the benefit of whatever evidence this anxious care for the preservation of the exact minutes of their proceedings may be considered to afford of the honesty of their intentions.

Thereupon he transcribes the minutes of their first meeting and some of their earliest proceedings,—among others, that Lieutenant-General Cromwell should be the

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person who should command in chief the 12,000 horse and foot which were to go over into Ireland in pursuance of an order of the Parliament of the 14th day of March. On the 13th of March they had also made the following order: that Mr. Whitelock, Sir Harry Vane, Lord Lisle, the Earl of Denbigh, Mr. Marten, Mr. Lisle, or any two of them, should consider what alliances this Crown had formerly, and (speaking briefly) what measures should be taken for their continuance. Thirdly, on the same two days it was referred to the Committee for Foreign Alliances to speak with Mr. Milton to know whether he would be employed as Secretary for the Foreign Tongues, and to report to the Council; and on the same day on which Oliver Cromwell was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army destined for Ireland John Milton was appointed Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council of State, while on the following day he was allotted a salary of 300*l.* a year. One of the earliest acts of the Council of State was to supersede the Earl of Warwick as Lord High Admiral, and to appoint as Commissioners in his stead Colonel Popham, Colonel Blake, and Colonel Deane. Another was to raise the pay of the various officers of the navy, and to serve out full allowances to the men on certain days and in *Lent*, which, curious enough, had not been done hitherto, and which was now proposed by Sir Harry Vane. If our sailors are expected to fight, thought Sir Harry and his colleagues, they must be fed. Provision was also made in the Order Book for furnishing every ship with a sufficient

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number of hatchets and pistols, for the better enabling the mariners to board such ships as they should attempt. Then they undertook a very necessary measure of policy at that day for the better protection of commerce from pirates, with encouragement to mariners and *impresting* seamen; and they even directed a letter to be written to Dr. Hill, Master of Trinity College, in Cambridge, that such students of that society as are willing to go to sea in this summer's fleet may not be prejudiced in their *elections to fellowships* which are to be about Michaelmas. Then report was made concerning the forces of the nation, provision was made for their regular monthly payment, (the taxes being laid upon the country by authority of the Commons only), the interest of money was ordered to be reduced, the engrossing of corn to be prosecuted, new regiments were raised for Ireland, and free quarters and billeting in private houses were regulated, if not entirely repressed; and generally the Council of State set themselves to work with an energy and aptitude for practical results by land and sea which redound to their credit, inasmuch as they did their work so well; though it may be fairly canvassed and questioned whether they had any right to work at all under the authority of such a small minority as still remained in Parliament.

Unhappily they ignored their own former grounds of complaint against Charles, Laud, and the High Commission, &c., and they took a hardly less rigorous course to repress what they termed "divers dangerous books printed

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and published." They had not that respect for the liberty of the press which was entertained by their Secretary for the Foreign Tongue, and when that gentleman published his tract "for the liberty of unlicensed printing," it was a very foreign tongue indeed to the Committee who paid him 300*l.* a year for his capacities. In fact, the Committee appears to have been as much afraid of what they called "libellous books" as Archbishop Laud and the High Commission were some ten years before. And wherefore? Though the government of the Council of State was, as compared with the government of Laud and Charles's Council, an able, a great, and a formidable government, it was a tyranny still that could not tolerate opposition or even criticism—not merely in regard to its acts, but also to its opinions. The Long Parliament, by which it had been begotten, had not itself been unstained by gross persecution. In August, 1646, at Henley-on-Thames, a woman, having taken notice of the unwonted taxation imposed on her and others by the Parliament, expressed some dislike thereof, yet in civil terms; which being known to a Committee there, she was by them ordered to have her tongue fastened by a nail to the body of a tree by the highway side on a market-day. This was accordingly done, and a paper in great letters, setting forth the heinousness of her offence, was fixed to her back to make her the more notorious. Did not the Long Parliament condemn John Naylor also to have his tongue bored as a blasphemer? The Protector interested himself in Naylor's favour, but "the

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conduct of the House of Commons," says Mr. Orme, "was as unconstitutional as its sentence was brutal and unmerited." Upon this occasion, on the 27th of March, 1649, the House issued a warrant for the apprehension of John Lilburne and others, as being "the authors or publishers of a scandalous and seditious book printed, entitled 'The Second Part of England's New Chains Discovered,' &c., and meaning, in John Lilburne's and the others' opinion, that the said chains were forged by the then Council of State. Here was the commencement of a long and oppressive process in which the Council of State found John Lilburne much too strong for them, and in which this hardy man of controversy, who will be wonderfully rehabilitated in the reader's esteem by the proofs which Mr. Bisset accumulates of his courage, tenacity, and logical skill, did eventually beat the twelve Judges and the Council of State which set them to work, under the most tremendous odds which we can call to our recollection in any portion of our history in the worst of evil times. This story of John Lilburne, who wrested his victory in an English court of justice amid acclamations for his deliverance, "as the like," says the contemporary narrative, "hath not been seen in England," and whose victory, as Mr. Bisset conceives of it, was "equal to the gain of a battle," is too lengthy in the detailed report of it here for us to quote it with any hope of rendering it intelligible; but our readers may take our word for it that it is one of the most striking narratives which have seen the light in our generation,

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and an evidence of the pluck and vigour of a trueborn Briton, which is a credit to the whole race of us, *in sæcula sæculorum.* If Mr. Bisset had done nothing else in his book, he has restored the features of John Lilburne to a place in the national portrait gallery, and has hoisted him up on a handsome pedestal in the Temple of English History.

The Council of State made an order for the committal of John and his associates to the Tower on the 28th of March, and so swiftly as the 30th of March did retribution come, in the form of a petition signed by 10,000 persons, which was presented to the House on behalf of the accused. This petition was a temperate and telling document, though an impeachment of the very men who were conducting with a high hand the government of the country; and as such they resented it. Then the women presented their own petition, in terms, according to Whitelock, "almost scolding," and they were desired "to go home and look after their own business, and meddle with their housewifery." In May, 1649, there was a mutiny or insurrection raised in the army by those who sympathised with the views of John Lilburne. Lilburne himself, on May 1, issued an 'Agreement of the People,' of which the 'Declaration' of William Thomson at *rendezvous* in Oxfordshire, near Banbury, was the military echo. The aspect of affairs was truly menacing. But other considerations arose to engage the attention of the people of England—the assassination of Dorislaus at the Hague; our precarious relations with Spain; the Navigation Act, which carried the animosity

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between England and Holland into open war; the expedition to Ireland; the questions of soldiers' arrears; the provision of arms and ammunition; the departure of Cromwell himself for Ireland; the reduction of garrisons and demolition of castles in England; and the general business of the Council of the State—all of these together appear to have postponed for a time the questions with which John Lilburne was identified. That ominous sputter of military insurrection in Oxfordshire was summarily stamped out, so that, to borrow the words of Baxter, "the Levellers' war was crushed in the egg;" and the Council of State addressed itself to its other duties with a vigour and an assiduity which cannot be easily overrated. It may sound anomalous, too, that while some of their proceedings evinced a spirit of the most grinding despotism, others exhibited an anxious care for justice and even liberty to the subject. Still, the Government of England was not a Commonwealth, for it was deficient in the essentials of true Parliamentary government—a second chamber, and a Parliamentary Opposition. "It thus wanted the counterpoise absolutely necessary to protect any man or any body of men from *themselves* when exposed to the corrupting influence of undivided and unchecked power. In this point of view the history of the proceedings of this Government becomes a most instructive chapter in the history of the great experiments made by man in the art of government." Yet Mr. Bisset holds that they were superior even to Cromwell at his best, "for never

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did any Government in any age or country evince greater ability for administration than this Council of State did at that time when contending single-handed against nearly all the world."

Mr. Bisset then tells the story of the reduction of Ireland, and of the indispensable atonement for the Irish massacres of 1641. Nor does he allow that Cromwell was unnecessarily cruel even in the storm of Drogheda, while, in regard to the assertion that women and children were there slaughtered, he contends that it is an assertion unproved, and most probably altogether false. In the mean time great preparations were made in England for the trial of John Lilburne, about the end of March. A *new* law of reason was enacted, an extraordinary tribunal was constituted to overwhelm his resolute spirit, and he was brought to trial at Guildhall on the 25th of October, 1649; all the proceedings of which trial, as recounted in Mr. Bisset's fourth chapter, have that singular interest to which we have already alluded, and out of which Lilburne came triumphant by his invincible vigour and by the substantial merits of his case as against the remnant of the English Parliament. Mr. Bisset says, with a keen discernment of the fine qualities of John Lilburne, that "a man who was a more popular pamphleteer than Milton, who could thwart and irritate such statesmen as Vane and Cromwell, and baffle all their efforts for his destruction, naturally excites some curiosity respecting his character and history." He was almost the first man to discern

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whither Cromwell was tending; and though he may be termed a fanatic in his way, "self in the highest," to use his own happy expression, was not his god, as it was that of Cromwell. The joker of the Long Parliament himself—Henry Martèn—is reported to have said of John Lilburne, that "if there was none living but himself, John would be against Lilburne, and Lilburne against John." But when he saw his beloved oligarchy, which he called a republic, destroyed, precisely as Lilburne had predicted four years before, he "might feel, when too late, that when making jokes on John Lilburne for the amusement of Cromwell, he somewhat resembled the fowl comfortably at roost on the boa constrictor, though destined for part of that animal's supper." Lilburne was truly an acute observing, clearsighted man, and as to his triumph over his judges at the Guildhall, it is one of the clearest, bravest, and brightest things in our history.

We turn from John Lilburne to Scotland, where the Presbyterian oligarchy was preparing to give effect to the indignation and hatred èntertained by them against the party which now ruled England, and which they designated by the contemptuous appellation of the "English Sectaries." Mr. Bisset says that there is no part of modern history where the truth has been more systematically kept out of sight than the history of Scotland; and, first of all, he controverts the dictum of Sir Walter Scott, that the base sale of the person of King Charles was the work of a mercenary army, for he shows that the Scotch

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army of that day was an army levied partly on the feudal, partly on the Celtic clan principle, carried into operation with an unrelenting severity. Such men did not serve for pay, but their service was the condition on which they held, some their estates, some their farms, some their kail-yards, of their feudal superiors. The jingle of the English coinage never reached their ears; it may have reached the colonels of regiments in the army of the Covenanted Oligarchy and Kirk of Scotland. Some of these colonels had only nominal pretensions as soldiers, and received the pay of regiments which other men led into action; and the blood-money did not go to the body of the soldiery at all, but to a few sordid hypocrites and fanatics who were at the bottom of the base transaction. This transaction had, indeed, the sanction of what was called the Scottish Parliament; but the body of persons so called did not represent the Scottish nation. The Scottish Parliament was an assembly in which there was no freedom of debate and no freedom of vote. The representatives of the counties and boroughs sat in the same House or Chamber with the peers, and "ran in a string," to use the words of Baillie, now "after the vote" of Hamilton, now after that of Argyle, according as the faction of one or other of these "great men" might happen to be uppermost.

The decadence of the Scottish feudal or military aristocracy, and its degradation into a class of servile courtiers, though it lasted in its former state for about a century longer than in England, had also converted the military

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pretensions of the Scotch to a mere shadow and empty name, as Cromwell and a real military aristocracy proved, when they brought them to such ruinous collapse at Dunbar. There had been something peculiarly popular and vigorous in the Scottish nobles of an earlier date. In fact, such men as Wallace, Bruce, and Douglas carried about them the *prestige* of patriots in a sense which was not participated by their English rivals. For the English feudal aristocracy consisted of the leaders of a conquering caste, while these were more homogeneous with the great body of their nation, and more naturally persistent as defenders of their own ancestral soil. The Scottish aristocracy, or the best portion of them, held, or were understood to hold, lands which had been granted to their ancestors for services done with their swords against foreign invaders, Danish or English. Not so the English, who owed to conquest their lands which men with an older title had held and tilled until they had ejected them. Though the old chiefs of Scotland have been dead near six hundred years, the eye of the dullest peasant in Scotland, says Mr. Bisset, will still brighten at the very sound of their names. The heaths, the mountains, the crumbling ruins of their rock-built castles are all consecrated by the same memories, and form the imperishable monument of those who have no other sepulchre, like the illustrious men spoken of by Pericles, for whom their whole native land is a substitute. It was a later generation of Scotch nobles who seized at the Reformation the whole of the

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property which had belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, and when John Knox proposed a plan for the maintenance of a National Church out of this national property, and also of hospitals, schools, and universities, treated his plan as visionary and impracticable, and held on to their spoil with tenacious grip. Hence the poverty of the Scotch Church and the Universities at this moment, and the discouragement there of the more liberal forms of learning. The Scottish oligarchy required for their purposes a poor Church, as the English kings required for their purposes a rich Church; and Argyle and his oligarchical committee made use of the Scottish kirk, precisely as King James and Charles made use of the English Church; while Oliver Cromwell made a similar use of the religious element among the Independents, or Sectaries, as the Presbyterians contemptuously called them,—a more effective use, because they were freely listed, and had not been forced to serve, as the poor oppressed Scottish peasantry were by their lords and lairds. In addition to this deficiency in the raw material of the Scottish armies, the well-spring of military qualities of the old Scotch aristocracy had, as we stated, ceased to flow. The oligarchy, throughout the wars of the days of which we are speaking, employed soldiers of fortune to lead their armies—men who had made war a profession or trade, but were not the more on that account masters of the art. Yet even at that time the Scottish oligarchy possessed one member whose military talents, if they had

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known how to employ them to advantage, might have given a different issue to this contest from that which it did have; and that man was Montrose, who began his career as a Covenanter, but found himself supplanted by Argyle, a man of considerable political craft, but entirely destitute of military talent. Mr. Bisset rightly regards Montrose as a man of extraordinary abilities. With such resources, he says, as Leslie possessed, Montrose was not likely to have committed the blunders committed by Leslie at Dunbar, even though the first and greatest blunder, that of removing his troops from Down-hill, was not Leslie's, but that of the Committee of Estates; and neither Leslie nor Cromwell ever showed military genius approaching to that displayed by Montrose in the battle of Aulderne, which only wanted numbers and slaughter on a greater scale to place it on a level with some of the most wonderful achievements of the genius of Hannibal and Frederick. But Montrose, upon whose character and exploits Mr. Bisset dwells with a very close interest, was not only alienated from the ruling party in Scotland, but he had made his last cast, been defeated, and executed two months or more before the English army entered Scotland under the command of Cromwell; Fairfax having from personal scruples declined to take this command when it was offered to himself. On the 22nd of July, 1650, therefore, Cromwell with the English forces passed through Berwick.

Dunbar was the well-known turning-point of that cam-

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paign. Did we say well-known? If so, it is a mistake, for Mr. Bisset has added largely to our knowledge of Dunbar. He has corrected the geography of M. Guizot and Sir Walter Scott. For example, Sir Walter ought to have known something about the Lammermoor chain of hills, yet he makes them terminate near the town of Dunbar, when, according to Mr. Bisset, they terminate on the sea, nine or ten miles south-east of it. Mr. Bisset is better up in the map; he has evidently studied the localities closely. Then he is master of the battle itself. Strange as it may sound to our readers, we conceive that he understands its bearings better than Cromwell, who won it. He certainly knows what Cromwell did not know, that David Leslie was dictated to by the Oligarchical members of the Scotch Committee of Estates, that he followed their injunctions and was defeated accordingly. David Leslie, says Mr. Bisset, though his evil fortune, which made him the victim of other men's folly, has cast a cloud over his name, is the man who of all his countrymen came nearest in military skill and prudence to Bruce, Douglas, and Randolph, out of the long and dark catalogue of cruel yet foolish kings or nobles who pretended to be leaders in war, and for so many generations had oppressed and dishonoured Scotland. Mr. Bisset denounces the Scottish Government of that day in very trenchant terms. At all events their errors and their selfishness cleared the way for Cromwell, and the victor of Dunbar was a step nearer to the overthrow of the English Council of State, which probably he

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already meditated, when occasion and opportunity should come.

With all our interest in Mr. Bisset's book, we must object that he repeats his statements very frequently, and that, though his materials are choice and his study of them close and highly discriminative, he is deficient in that *lucidus ordo* which is the spirit and the light of history. We have done what we could to make his statements and views a little clearer, but we cannot say that the task was easy or the labour light.

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ESSAYS UPON HISTORY AND POLITICS.*

THE author of these essays has introduced them to the public in a very modest preface—too modest, as we think, for their substantial pretensions; but modesty is so extremely rare a faculty in these days that it is really conciliatory in an eminent degree, and deserving our cordial recognition on its own account. The sole plea for their publication which the author puts forward is the growing absorption of the energies of reflective minds by the ordinary demands of journalism. The periodical essay, he observes, has encroached upon the province of original authorship to such an extent, that the republication of articles contributed to reviews and newspapers is the only way open to many writers of coming before the public at all, or of testing the value of their own ideas by submitting them to the only kind of scrutiny which can be considered really effective. This plea is sufficient on behalf of inferior essays to these; but where the essays, as in this

* 'Essays upon History and Politics.' By T. E. Kebbel, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Chapman and Hall.

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case, are really very thoughtful productions, the plea is more than justified by the publication, and the excuse is not only sufficient, but highly satisfactory, when it is sustained by the sequel of such an acceptable result.

These essays, contributed within the last half-dozen years to various periodicals, are fourteen in number. Those on Lord Macaulay and Mr. Carlyle are so restricted to the determination of their respective merits as authors (indeed, in the latter case there are no grounds for considering the subject in any other light), that we put them aside as foreign to the purport of the remaining twelve, which have a more obvious unity, and which estimate the successive relations of certain of our principal statesmen to the constitutional questions of the last two or three hundred years, and which have constituted as it were for this interval the backbone of our English history. In this series Mr. Kebbel has sifted his authorities with great care, and he has given us his conclusions with a clearness and concinnity which render this volume more useful as an educational implement than many other volumes of more elaborate special pretensions which have obtained for their authors a distinguished reputation. The work which it most nearly resembles in subject and substance is that of Mr. Massey, of which his contemporaries have recognised the value; and it may fairly stand by the side of this as equally instructive, or at least as suggestive on the great prominent questions determined by the statesmen of our later constitutional history.

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The strictures on the 'Popular History' of Mr. Charles Knight even carry us back further to an earlier date than we have indicated. Mr. Kebbel does really allege with much justice that the fundamental error of Mr. Knight's history is the theory according to which the people of this country are represented as having been from the beginning divided into two hostile armies, the one seeking to defend or to augment, the other to diminish or to destroy, a mass of oppressive and tyrannous privileges and customs. The proofs that Mr. Knight maintains this heresy, and that it is a heresy, we do not enter into. It appears on Mr. Kebbel's showing that a strictly "popular" history may be an exceedingly narrow one if it proceeds on such a distorted hypothesis as its basis. Again, he has shown that Mr. Knight is too contemptuously positive as against the hereditary right of the English Sovereigns; and he has pointed with a very telling emphasis to the distinction, overlooked by Mr. Knight, between the extravagant doctrine of Divine right on the one hand, and the inadequate doctrine of a Parliamentary title on the other. He estimates the loyalty which superseded the Feudal organization, with its chivalric concomitants, as a softening sentiment, which prevented our Monarchy from hardening into despotism; and while he asserts that the part which the doctrine of loyalty has played in the history of Europe is seldom thoroughly understood, he contends that while the people have been told quite often enough of the grandeur of resistance, what they now want to learn is "something

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of the grandeur of obedience." They do not require, he says, to be informed that our institutions and our rulers are bloated; they are already familiar with the spectacle. Something very different is required, under another shape, in books written for the instruction of the people. At the same time he does admit, as he was fairly bound to do, that Mr. Knight's summaries of our social progress, and his account of our commerce and manufactures at successive stages of our history, are undeniably very useful, are often very interesting, and are sometimes very eloquent and picturesque.

If such considerations as these may have frequently occurred to others as to the constitutional bases of our history, and as to the spirit in which it ought to be written in these days for popular instruction, Mr. Kebbel has shown a talent peculiarly his own in the clearness of the clue which for the most part he is able to offer us through the entanglement of parties from the Revolution of 1688 to our own times. This exposition was a much more difficult task to accomplish, because the materials are of late years so largely accumulated upon the reader, and their details are often so petty and wearisome, that it requires great research and industry to master them as mere facts, and great penetration to marshal them into something like a lucid arrangement. Mr. Kebbel has really done this to a considerable extent without professing it. At all events, we acknowledge our own debt to him for sparing us much disagreeable labour, and we shall be greatly sur-

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prised if the *generality* of readers, whose interests are chiefly to be consulted, are not grateful for the short cuts which he has provided for them through the "*memoir*" maze of our constitutional epoch.

One of the best of these essays is that on 'Bolingbroke as a Statesman,' in which the writer combats the conventional estimate of Bolingbroke's character on grounds which have not been sufficiently weighed by Mr. Wingrove Cooke or Mr. Macknight, Lord Brougham, or Mr. Croker. Up to the present time, he contends, Bolingbroke's history has been written by his enemies; his own explanations of particular parts of his policy have been slurred over. He particularly points out in this sense Bolingbroke's letter to Sir William Wyndham—in some respects his finest performance; he complains that designs have been imputed to him as criminal without due consideration of the national feeling at the time, and that too little allowance has been made for the uncertainty and novelty in which, during the first half of the eighteenth century, constitutional government was enveloped. A little reflection may end in persuading us that Lord Bolingbroke was not nearly so bad as he seemed, and that, though it was perhaps fortunate for England that she had a George II. instead of a Patriot King, much may be forgiven to a writer in the middle of that reign who was unable to discern this political truth.

After all, the character of St. John for statesmanship and honesty must stand or fall by the circumstances of the Treaty of Utrecht. The questions which spring out of

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it appear to be three in number:—First, was Bolingbroke's conception of the war, and consequently his conclusion of the peace, right or wrong? Secondly, did he carry out his resolution by warrantable or unwarrantable means? Thirdly, had he any other ends to serve by making peace with France than those which appeared upon the surface? For the reasons which he states, with great succinctness, Mr. Kebbel holds that it is undeniable that the Peace of Utrecht, viewed merely as an end in itself, was thoroughly wise and statesmanlike. The primary position of Bolingbroke was this—that we had a right to retire from the contest when its original object was attained, provided that we could do so without betraying our allies:—

"The original object of the war, he argues, was not to prevent a union between Spain and France, any more than between Spain and any other first-class Power; and a Prince who stood as near to the Austrian succession as Philip stood to the French, would have been an equally ineligible candidate for the vacant throne. But the Archduke Charles, who in 1702 was not in the direct line of succession at all, had in 1705 become heir apparent, and in 1711 actual emperor, while Philip of Anjou remained exactly where he was. Where was the wisdom, then, of protracting the war to exclude Philip, when the result would be to crown Charles? Why effect a present junction between Spain and Austria to prevent only a contingent junction between Spain and France? Was not such a policy as this, so far from pursuing the original object of

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the war, to promote that very consummation which the war was undertaken to avert? Adding to these arguments the securities which Louis was willing to give against the union of the two monarchies, and Bolingbroke conceived that the case for peace was unanswerable."

Why should Bolingbroke forego an excellent opportunity of "humbling the power of France?"—this is the phrase that has been repeated *ad nauseam* by the enemies of the Treaty of Utrecht. But France was already humbled, and such was not the object of the war. Nor did Bolingbroke in 1713 make worse terms than were offered in 1710, when it is taken into account that the Austrian cause in Spain had so declined by the latter date that, except in one province only, the war there had dwindled to a farce, and, as Spain was no longer a lever in the hands of the allies, Louis was thereby relieved from one element of pressure. Under these circumstances what was really lost in 1713, when in 1710 the pressure upon France was greater, and it was reasonable to take this difference into account? The peace of Utrecht was wise and statesmanlike, though the means by which it was secured, on the part of England, are less capable of vindication. By one article of the Grand Alliance the allies were bound not to make peace separately. Nor was it competent for Bolingbroke to maintain, as he did, that Queen Anne's Government was absolved from the observance of this condition (because the allies had not adhered to the original object of the war), when he himself had assented to the departure

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from it, and assured everybody, as late as 1710, that "credit should be supported, the war prosecuted, the confederacy improved, and the principle on which we engaged be pursued as far as possible." Nor was his second line of argument quite conclusive, and which was simply the argument *tu quoque*—viz., that the Dutch and Austrians in the course of this very war had acted in half-a-dozen instances still more selfishly and with still less regard for the interests of England or each other; while, at the Treaty of Munster in 1648 and at Nimeguen in 1678 (so far back did. his logic revert), the Dutch themselves had set the example of deserting their allies, and, consequently, they had no reason to complain when England deserted them. But even if the separation from our allies was allowable—and the case is certainly a strong one—where was the necessity for deceiving them, for deliberately keeping them in the dark when he was making his preparations for deserting them and for a separate pacification? The treaty was wise and desirable, but the means by which it was procured were scandalous, and they must always remain a blemish on Bolingbroke's good repute.

Mr. Kebbel thinks that the end would in time have been allowed to justify the means, as in State affairs it mostly does, but for the one suspicion which has always hung around Bolingbroke's conduct, and disabled his apologists on the threshold. Had he, or had he not, any covert motive for propitiating the King of France, or was he actuated exclusively by dislike of our German allies,

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and zeal for the interest of Great Britain? On this point simple demonstration is impossible; yet there are so many straws which all blow in one direction, that we ourselves cannot doubt the existence of some such springs of action. Queen Anne herself, and two-thirds of the country gentlemen and clergy, were in favour of the Stuart dynasty, provided only due securities could be obtained for the Anglican Church. Bolingbroke saw in the succession of the Queen's brother his own best chance of continuing to rule this great empire. He may also have sincerely believed in the impolicy of mixing ourselves up with Dutch and Austrian interests, with all the obligations they involved. It seemed, therefore, that a reversal of the Act of Settlement would be popular with the people, beneficial to himself, and conducive to the true interests of England. But a French alliance was almost a necessary part of this scheme, which might possibly have involved us in a war with the German Powers, and would, at all events, have estranged those allies with whom we had acted since the Revolution. We can believe Bolingbroke when he assures us that no great party was formed during the Queen's lifetime for the elevation of James to the throne of England. But he, Attenbury, and some others, were secretly hoping for this issue, and working in the dark to promote it. Bolingbroke himself makes an admission to this effect in the letter to Sir W. Wyndham, where he divides parties into three—the Whigs, the Tories, and the "Whimsicals"—counting himself among the Tories. Now, the Whim-

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sicals, as Mr. Kebbel observes, were Tories, whose *differentia* consisted in being Hanoverians—the Whimsicals or Hanoverians, Bolingbroke himself often calls them; and if one section of the Tories was in favour of George I., and if preference for him was what distinguished them from the other, of whom or of what were the others in favour? The inference seems to be pretty obvious; and though there was an Act of Settlement in the way to stamp such sentiments as criminal, if they ripened into a distinct purpose, yet we must fairly recollect that it was a much milder form of treason to favour the title of the Queen's brother in her lifetime, than to conspire against a new dynasty when firmly established on the throne. Bolingbroke might have reasonably thought it right to set aside the Act of Settlement before it had been acted upon. He might have seen his way to accomplish it, and it might have been accomplished had Bolingbroke been quicker, or his party more agreed; but, with the death of Queen Anne, which people used to report many years after as the most significant fact they were aware of, the crash came, the Jacobites were checkmated, and Bolingbroke had to fly for his life. But was he such a desperate traitor, foiled or successful, as he has been represented to have been? Though we fully acknowledge the superiority of Parliamentary government to such a system as the Stuarts would have attempted, and may be thankful that the design of restoring them miscarried, it is only fair to reflect that before Parliamentary government had fully developed itself, statesmen had not

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the same reason that we have for approving the Hanoverian succession. Moreover, as above indicated, to prevent the succession of the Elector was a constitutional action compared with rebelling against a king. It is because people confound these two kinds of treason with each other that such deep injustice has been done to the memory of Lord Bolingbroke. Literally we may call him a traitor, but it may be denied that he was one morally, though practically this was of little account, for the *taint* even of his Jacobitism set the political world, as his scepticism set the religious world, against him; and he has been condemned most unjustly and almost unheard by his contemporaries and posterity. Mr. Kebbel has taken a more favourable view of this and his further proceedings, and we are quite ready to agree with him in the interests of historical justice.

Mr. Kebbel's volume contains no special essay on Lord Chatham, but in giving the whole history of the Grenvilles from first to last he necessarily includes Lord Chatham's relations with them in their earlier family combinations, and reoccupies much of the ground on which Lord Macaulay had preceded him. When the curtain draws up on the accession of George III., we find the representatives of Whig principles divided into three bodies, of which the Grenvilles were by no means the least powerful. Of these three, the oldest and the strongest consisted of a certain number of great families, who acknowledged the Duke of Newcastle as their head. The Cavendishes, the Seymours,

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the Lennoxes, the Bentincks, the Mannerses, the Conways and the Wentworths were the leading men of this connexion. A second party belonged to the Duke of Bedford, whose proper place, indeed, was in the ranks above mentioned, but who had been misled by personal ambition and the flattery of parasites into forming a connexion of his own. This was the weakest of the three, and the unprincipled character of its chief component members had drawn upon it the well-known *sobriquet* of "The Bloomsbury Gang." The third connexion of these divisions was the Grenvilles. It was the existence of these divisions among the Whig party, on his accession to the throne, which enabled George III. effectually to resuscitate Toryism, and to form a united and compact party, capable, in the long run, of setting the Whig houses at defiance. The position of the Grenvilles was the central pivot on which these changes were worked out. They had become a power in the State, able by a junction with the Bedfords to overrule the Pelhams, or by a junction with the Tories to overrule both. This was the game they played during the first ten years of George III.'s reign, and, *mutatis mutandis*, it is the game which they continued to play till the old system of government was finally extinguished by the Reform Bill. The Grenvilles, indeed, began their political career on principles more worthy of our respect than any which prevailed at that epoch. They were attached to Parliamentary Government, and to all the other guarantees for liberty which were secured at the Revolution; but

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they had no sympathy with the great confederacy of "revolution families," which had been omnipotent under the first two Georges, and which had now degenerated into a selfish and arbitrary oligarchy. They heartily supported Mr. Pitt in his first glorious administration, not more perhaps because he was their relative than because he was the rival of "the Families." So far their views had been productive of unmixed good to the community. But with the accession of George III. a new field was opened to their ambition, which they turned to a different account. As their antagonism to the Newcastle connexion made them more acceptable to the King than any other branch of the Whig party, they aspired to hold the balance between the remainder of the Whigs and the Tories, and to make themselves necessary to the Crown, whichever of the two might be in office. We see this system in operation during the Ministry of George Grenville; we see it in the refusal of the two brothers to join Mr. Pitt in 1766; we see it in the conduct of Lord Temple in 1783; we see it in the desertion of Mr. Pitt by Lord Grenville in 1804; and we see it in the behaviour of the family on various political emergencies in the Regency and the reign of George IV. It is gratifying to know, says Mr. Kebbel, that their policy was only partially successful. It prevailed against the King on some occasions, and it bored him on others, though once or twice it served his turn. It wrung bursts of indignation from Lord Chatham and his illustrious son. But it ultimately recoiled upon its authors; and we see the result in

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the sullen and discontented effusions which the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos used to issue from his retreat at Stowe, and in his futile efforts to regain the old ascendancy of his house. Speaking of the Grenville Ministry, which followed on the death of Pitt, Mr. Kebbel observes, it is curious, amid all their troubles, to notice the unfaltering confidence which the Grenvilles reposed in themselves. If there had only been enough of them the country might have been saved. Unhappily there were but three, and three were not enough to work the pumps, to steer the vessel, and give orders to the crew all at once. If Thomas Grenville could only have continued at the India Board, have been First Lord of the Admiralty, and Chancellor of the Exchequer at the same time, something perhaps might have been done. For almost a century the house of Grenville produced most able men, statesmen, scholars, swells of the very finest water, and it is impossible to question the force of their abilities, while in the successive changes of their principles of action they cannot be extolled as a model of political purity. But they were not much worse than their neighbours; perhaps they were not altogether so bad as their neighbours. If they were ambitious, they were not corrupt; and if they were often egotistic, they were never feeble or frivolous. Their greatness, however, belongs to a phase of our representative system which has now passed away. A few great peers have still a few little boroughs, but the tendency is every day to diminish them; and the power of any one great house to stand between the

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Sovereign and the Parliament has, whether for good or for evil, departed out of England for ever.

When Pitt became the head of the King's Government, the "Revolution families" and their nominees were his uncompromising antagonists in that life and death struggle which he terminated so triumphantly for himself. His sympathies and favourite studies brought him into contact with a different class in the community, and he was the first English Minister who appreciated the importance of the great mercantile interest. Here then was his chance. A great commercial aristocracy created by and devoted to himself would be a certain bulwark against the machinations of the oligarchy, and at the same time a legitimate development of our social progress. His scheme of Parliamentary Reform on the one hand, and the extraordinary number of peers whom he had raised out of the manufacturing classes on the other, sufficiently attest his purpose. But he was driven from this purpose by the crash of the eighteenth century; and the French Revolution, as the author of 'Coningsby' has observed with great truth, effected a complete change in his front. The reduction of the great families to a more equal position among the governing forces of society had to be postponed for quieter times. When a democratic anarchy threatened to overflow Europe, that was not the moment for social alterations in England. Pitt held his hand; and the same events which induced him to stop short in his original design, left him less to apprehend from those who had originally

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provoked him to adopt it. The language of the Whigs in relation to the affairs of France had rendered them thoroughly unpopular, while an influential section of their party, disgusted with Jacobinism, had passed over to the camp of the Tories. The further humiliation of the families might be postponed to a future day. This was probably the state of mind in which Mr. Pitt died.

Mr. Kebbel is judicious in estimating the effect of Pitt's example and his own later experience on the mind of Canning. Canning became at once more conservative and more liberal than his master. It became his aim, while preserving our form of government intact, to liberalise our policy in every other possible direction. Both Pitt and himself had begun their political career in an attitude of resistance to the nobility. But France had taken up the game in so dangerous a sense that it had been necessary to desist from it in England. The state of the Continent was still too threatening, the political world generally was far too unsettled, to permit of Canning taking up the scheme where Pitt had dropped it. Nor is it improbable that, reasoning from later events, Mr. Canning may have thought that there was no longer any good reason for treading in Mr. Pitt's footsteps. It may, therefore, be that it was owing to a prudent desire on his part to avoid habituating the public mind to a discussion of constitutional principles, that we find so little of them in his speeches on Parliamentary Reform. He was not deficient in prescience, but in his time the ebb of aristocratic

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power was barely visible. Even as late as 1827, it must be remembered, Parliamentary Reform was a mere speculation. The practical Whigs had abandoned it. There really seemed no call upon any statesman of the day to waste time in investigating the problem. When Roman Catholic emancipation, and a more liberal economic policy, were on the point of being carried, and the noblest Whig leaders had tendered their support to a liberal Tory Government, Parliamentary reform was really, and not only apparently, a subordinate question. A very mild measure of reform would have satisfied the public then, and, probably, none at all. And the only practical mistake on the subject with which Mr. Canning is chargeable, was unfortunately one over which he had no control—he died.

Mr. Kebbel has some very interesting remarks on page 218, though his subject there is still that of the Grenville family, in inquiring what was the secret of that dislike of Mr. Canning by which the leading men of all parties seem to have been actuated. Lord Grey, Lord Grenville, Lord Castlereagh, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, at different times of their lives, all betrayed the same sentiment. It can hardly have been his opinions which led to this common hostility, for in his political opinions he differed less widely from most of the above-mentioned statesmen than has commonly been supposed. During the latter part of his life, at all events, his views on foreign policy, on Roman Catholic Emancipation, and on Parlia-

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mentary Reform were substantially the same as those of Lord Castlereagh, Lord Grenville, and Sir Robert Peel. At all events, far wider differences of opinion have caused, in other cases, less personal animosity. Yet, from the death of Mr. Pitt to 1827, there was not a single Parliamentary crisis the central difficulty of which does not seem to have been Canning. He was the son of an actress, it is true, and that was no commendation to the great Lords of Stowe, Woburn, or Chatsworth. The Duke of Wellington, who shared in these ideas himself, had grafted upon them a military impatience of *finesse*, and a suspicion of literary statesmen, which carried him even further than the oligarchs from sympathy with a man like Canning. Yet, when we have made every allowance for the force of aristocratic prejudice, it seems difficult to believe that we have then got a sufficient explanation. Lord Liverpool loved and trusted him; and he had a host of admirers among the younger Parliament men. But Mr. Kebbel conjectures some want of taste or tact which ruffled the haughty magnates. Moreover the gaiety, the familiarity, nay, the very elegance of Mr. Canning, were exactly the qualities which provoke their resentment. An aristocracy is apt to believe that it ought to have a monopoly of such gifts, and to stare at a display of them in others as a species of impertinence. Canning, possibly, had not the tact to see this; or, if he had, was either too careless or too contemptuous to heed it. If so, it was a fault in him, as a Minister, not to consult these old gentlemen's foibles; and he could

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only expect, while living, to encounter exactly that series of petty and depressing mortifications which ultimately wore him out. But posterity will never remember kindly the old gentlemen who crushed him, and whose small animosity really bore him down.

Mr. Kebbel has separate articles on Burke, Pitt, Fox, Gladstone, and Disraeli, and an article on Party as indispensable to our Constitutional Government. In another article he brackets the memoirs of Lord Colchester and Lord Auckland, and has some pertinent remarks on this class of literature generally.

"We have recently had so copious an effusion from the press of political memoirs and diaries relating to the hundred years which extend backwards from the present day to the accession of George III., that our appetite for the kind of food is necessarily a little sated. Although, however, the political and public interest of such works is inevitably diminished by their frequency; yet the human interest attaching to them is ever vivid and engrossing. What our grandfathers thought fair or unfair in their political dealings with each other; round what manner of men the confidence of the nation gathered; what were the relative values of morality and genius in determining a statesman's position—these are inquiries of which the charm can never fade, nor the utility be ever exhausted. The study of constitutional government through the medium of these pages is like the contemplation of bees under a glass hive. We see the secret and inter-

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mittent processes by which great events have been matured; and how curiously patriotism and selfishness, a sincere faith in principles, and an obstinate love of power, may be united in the same men."

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